

FRIENDSHIP'S ORNAMENT



WILLIAM BENTLEY, JUN. CORNHILL, LONDON.

with so much
completed in

FRIENDSHIP'S
OFFERING.



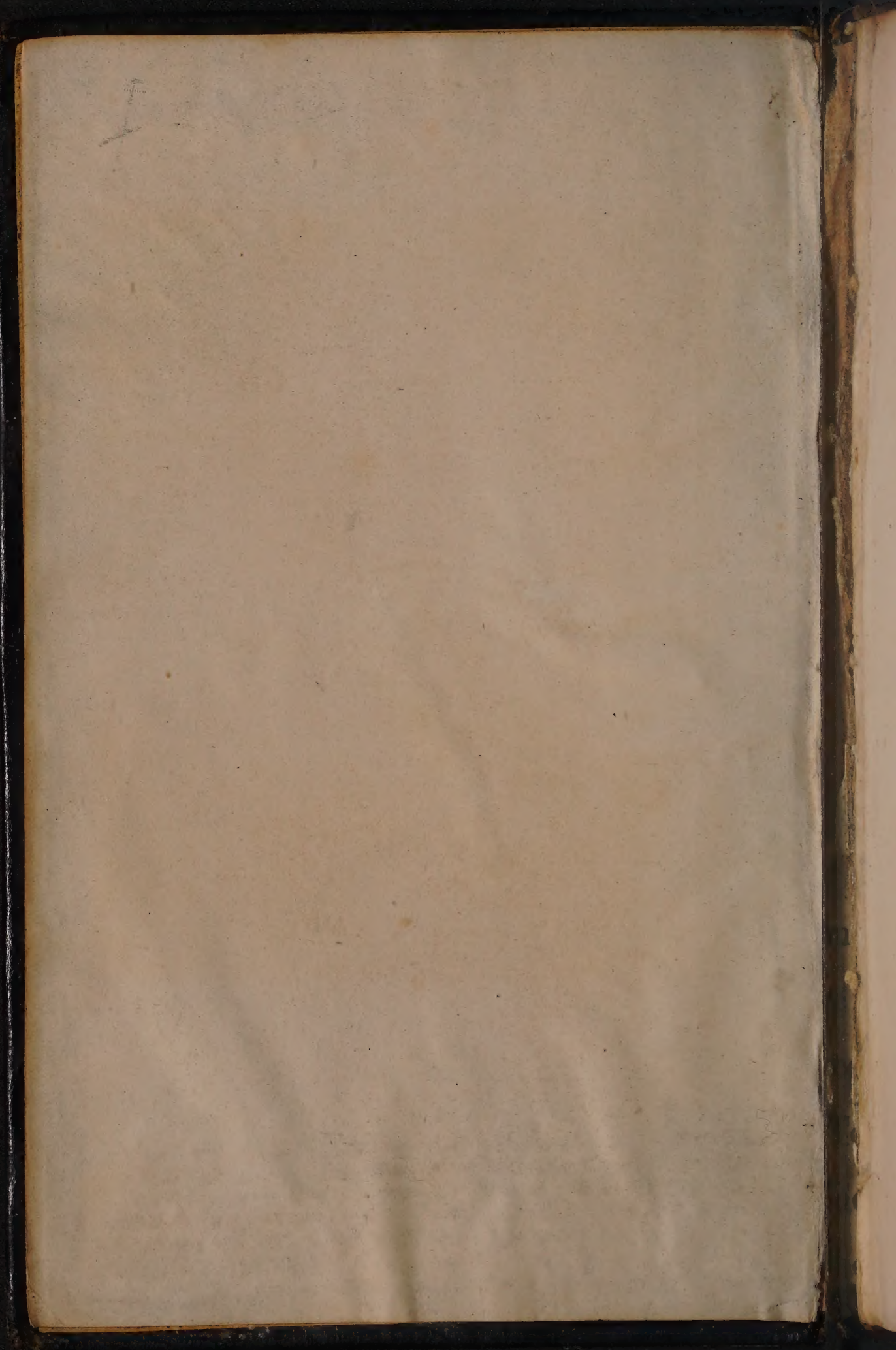
London.
MDCCCXXX











45

Charles
Knight

p. 75

Dear Mr. Knight,
263



Painted by J. Wood.

LYRA.

Engraved by T. A. Dean.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill.



FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.
A Literary Album
and
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.

"This is Affection's Tribute-Friendship's Offering;
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says — Forget me not!"

LONDON,
SMITH, ELDER & CO. ST. MARTIN'S LANE.
J. W. COOK & SONS, 15, N. MARK LANE.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING :

A Literary Album,

AND

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXX.

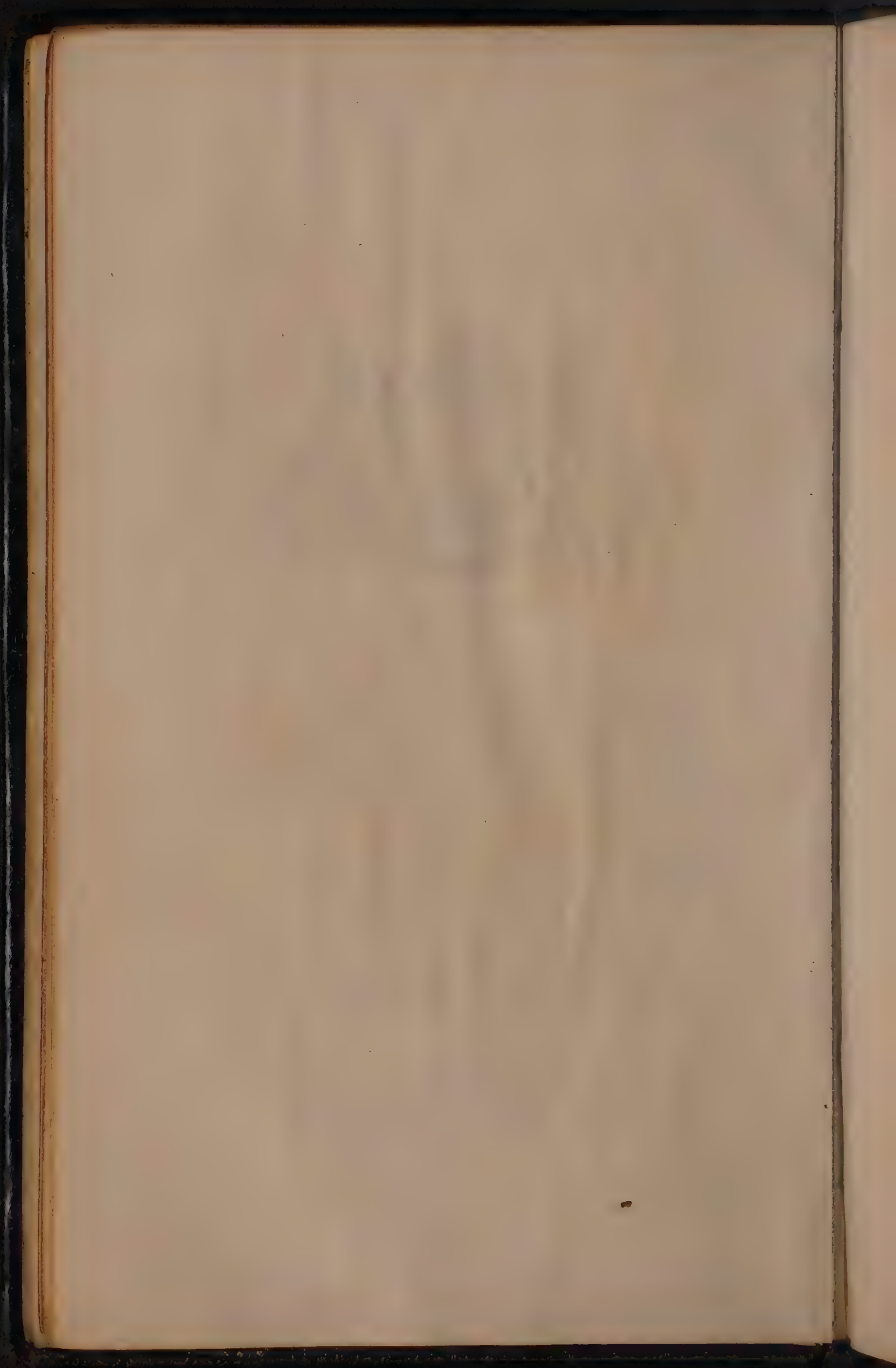
" This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
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And says — Forget me not ! "

LONDON :
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.
1830.

LONDON :
Printed by Littlewood & Co., Old Bailey.



OF LOFTY RANK, OF LINEAGE OLD,—
SPRUNG FROM A RACE 'IN HONOUR BOLD;'
WITH WORTH ENDOWED AND COURTLY GRACE
TO DIGNIFY HER DUCAL PLACE;
BELOVED THROUGHOUT HER NATIVE LAND
FOR KINDLY HEART AND OPEN HAND;
ADMIRER BY ALL THAT ON HER LOOK;—
TO HER WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



PROLOGUE.

(*Liber Loquitur.*)

KIND Reader—here thine ear incline :
I am the SEVENTH of my line ;
Before me six fair sisters passed,
Each new one lovelier than the last ;
With spells to witch both ear and eye,
They came—they charmed—and curtsied by.
'Tis now my turn : And I am told—
(For though I blush to seem so bold—
So vainly vaunting of my beauty,
I must perform a public duty)—
I'm told that I shall far outshine
The elder sisters of my line ;
That the first talents of the land
Have in my training had a hand ;

That money has been freely spent
In giving me accomplishment ;
In short, no effort has been wanting
To make me perfectly enchanting.

Nay more : my kind admirers hint
(Though I dare say there's nothing in't)
That even the brilliant SOUVENIR
Will be eclipsed when I appear ;
That the meek, prudish AMULET
With bitter jealousy will fret ;
That KEEPSAKE, GEM, FORGET-ME-NOT,
And some whose names I have forgot,
Who dress themselves in silk attire,
For very envy will expire.

I mention this by way of jest —
Not that I credit it the least :
Comparisons might seem invidious —
I just shall hint — I'm not *quite* hideous !
We ALL, I trust, shall lovers gain,
For men by diverse charms are ta'en ;

Some fancy looks demure and grave,
Such as my *serious* cousins have,
AMMY and WINTRY WREATH, dear creatures ;
Some like the more coquettish features
Of KEEPSAKE, that court-loving dame
Who sets all Bond-street in a flame ;
Some doat on pretty BIJOU ; many
Prefer sweet SOUVENIR to any ;
Others, again, have ne'er forgot
Their first fond love, FORGET-ME-NOT ;
Still, o'er them all—if friends don't flatter —
I bear the bell. But that's no matter :
We are a band of bright compeers —
Why should we pull each others' ears ?
Our competition brings much good,
If followed in a candid mood :
'Tis owned that our proud Native Land
Alone can boast so fair a band :
Then, let our jealousy be shewn
How best to keep that boast her own ;
And teach our offspring to inherit
A generous RIVALSHIP IN MERIT.

Oct. 1829.

F. O.

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LYRA.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

I.

MEET emblem of the fairest dreams
Of POESY art thou,
Sweet Lyra ! with thy locks of youth
Around a thoughtful brow.

II.

The sacred instrument of song
That woos thy high command,
May well give forth its holiest tones
Beneath so pure a hand.

III.

O were the minstrel's soul still warmed
By visions like to thee,
How blest in this world's wilderness
His quiet walk would be !

IV.

Quick-rushing tears of love would flow
From ardent eyes and proud,
Drawn by his voice, as grateful showers
Fall from a thunder-cloud.

V

And touched by him, dark Passion's dross
Would turn to Virtue's gold,
And scenes to Fancy only known
As yet, all might behold.

VI.

All might — all would — could Fantasy
Effect each airy plan —
Or could a fond wish separate
The minstrel from the man.

VII.

But bards of the least earthly mould
Have much of mortal leaven,
They match the eagle in his flight,
And soar — though not to heaven.

VIII.

O were this breast a temple fit,
Dear Lyra! for thy stay,
By the best blossom of my hopes,
Farewell, I could not say!

IX.

But there, from highways of the world,
Intrude a vagrant crew
Of thoughts unmeet to mate with thee,
So, Beautiful !— adieu.

X.

The rarest wind that blows will bear
Thee gladsomely along,
If, like the lark, thou'lt only cheer
Thy journey with a song.

XI.

Then on the pinions of the breeze
O'er mead and mountain sail,
Smooth the stern warrior's stormy front,
Console the lover pale.

XII.

And at those hours when most I feel
Heart-purified and free,
I shall invoke thee, that thou may'st
My guiding spirit be.

IL VESUVIANO.

A Neapolitan Tale.

ON one of the last evenings of a residence in Naples, I visited the grand Lion of the soil, Vesuvius. The sun was too fierce for an excursion over the five miles of fiery sand that have scorched the cuticle from so many a fair cheek of my country-women. I took a boat, and found the benefit of my prudence in at once escaping the death of St. Laurence, and hearing an infinity of Neapolitan gossip from my Lazzarone. But as we rowed under the little promontory that makes a rude landing-place to Portici, he insisted on my hearing the story of a pile of ruins that lay, covered with the green beauty of wild flowers and of rich Italian climbing plants, on a commanding point of the shore.

“There,” said he, with somewhat more of gravity than I expected from his bold and jovial visage—“there was the palace of the Conde Florestan de Alcantara. When I was first in his service they called him a hermit and I know not what; for never was there a man who more hated the fools and knaves of Naples. But of that there was an end, like all things beside.

“ Suddenly news came of the old king’s death, and of the arrival of the Duca di Santa Croce, from Sicily, along with the new king, as his chief minister. This intelligence gave my lord new life. He became instantly another man. He went to Naples in a few days; and from that time the Alcantara palace was a round of entertainments. I never saw so complete a change in man. I could scarcely remember the fierce brow and bitter lip of the Conde in the country, in the gay countenance and brilliant manners of the Conde at Naples. Our palace was the constant rendezvous of the first personages of the state; we had all the ambassadors, all the beauties, all the artists, all the distinguished strangers. Why there was no Condessa? was the question of every one; and undoubtedly if bright looks and noble offers could have established the daughters of the first names in the kingdom in the Alcantara palace, it would not have been long without a female head of the household.

“ But an extraordinary personage, of whom the Neapolitans talk, and with good reason, to this day, now came to check our festivity. The Conde had, like all other grandees of his fortune, palaces or villas in different parts of the coast; and as the weather changed, or the wind shifted, or it suited his humour, or possibly the still more changable humour of some fair lady of the court, we all hurried from one to the other at a moment’s notice. But after a whole summer spent in those rambles, to-night in Naples, to-morrow night in Calabria, the night after on the shore of Tarento, and the night

after here in Portici, as if we wore wings, intelligence began to be spread of the return of Joachimo d'Imola, or Il Fiorentino, or Il Diavolo, the name that belongs by right of highway to all our great men who dislike paying taxes, have a taste for collecting the public money, and scorn to die in their beds. This fellow began to molest our movements prodigiously. A mule laden with plate, a dozen hampers of Monte Pulciano, or a case of guitars, was sure to fall into his hands every time, and in fact we seldom made a journey without paying a royal price for leave to change our prospect. The Conde laughed at these losses for a while, and said that as robbery was the original trade of the country, that strangers like him were the natural prey, and that if every rogue in Naples were to be sent to the galleys, we should have the most crowded fleet and the thinnest court of any kingdom under the sun.

“ But Fra Joachimo's proceedings at length began to have their effect. In this very palace of Portici the Conde had assembled a party of the nobles. We had three days of feasting and gambling. The Conde played high, as was the custom of his class; but he played fair, which was not the custom, and he lost accordingly. His money was spent magnificently on all occasions, but at play it flew. On the last day of the week there was to be an entertainment surpassing all the rest; a general invitation was sent to every distinguished personage for twenty leagues round. All was as showy as possible. Dancing, singing, and masquerading were the order of the night. But, as

some of the peasantry had spread rumours of Joachimo's band having been seen crossing the Appenines in the course of the week, I was ordered out with the game-keepers to clear the roads of stragglers. We might as well have saved ourselves the trouble.

“ While we were beating every hedge along the high road for banditti, as if they had been hares ; and turning every sound into the blowing of horns or the firing of carbines ; Fra Joachimo had quietly walked into the palace with a party masked, taken his supper in the coolest style, and then marching up to the table where the Conde was at high play, pulled out a pistol, and transfered every sequin on the table to his pocket. The same operation was performed in the same moment at every table in the rooms ; the surprise was complete ; the little resistance that was attempted was soon finished by the sight of half a hundred fierce-looking fellows, armed to the teeth, and taking possession of the doors, while their masquerade brethren plundered the company perfectly at their ease. Never was there a more thorough purification of the vanities of the flesh. Away went bracelets and necklaces, drawn from the polished arms and swan-like necks of the fair dames of Naples with the grace of a master of the ceremonies. Tiaras of diamonds, and chains of pearl, followed with the same delicacy of touch. Shawls, watches, stars, epaulettes, and purses, bade a like adieu to their owners ; and by the time of concluding this new system of *douane*, never were generation of grandees less indebted to ornament. The banditti took their leave before day-

break; and the first glimpse of dawn saw the whole multitude of the brave and fair flying homewards in all directions, hating pleasure for the first time in their lives, and penitent without the help of a confessor.

“ This affair made a prodigious noise in Naples; for if you want to make a noise about any thing, there is no contrivance equal to engaging the women in it; and if you wish to make it eternal, you have only to give them an opportunity of talking of themselves. The Conde was indignant at the insult. I had never before seen him in a thorough passion; and this single specimen was enough to satisfy me, if I were to live with him fifty years. He offered enormous rewards for the seizure of the banditti, but they seemed to have sunk into the earth. He spent days and weeks galloping over the country, wherever there was a rumour of their having appeared; but he might as well have been asleep on his sofa. Fra Joachimo had the claws of a wolf, but he had the wings of a falcon, and we should as easily have caught either in fair field, as this swift-footed amateur of bracelets and necklaces. But the Conde had his enemies, like all other great men, and they made the most of the disaster; pronounced that the strong box of the palace had been thoroughly emptied by the band; that his bankers looked sullen; that equipages, establishment, and fêtes were at an end, and that the illustrious city of Naples was to be honoured with his presence no more.

“ These stories came flying about the country so thick, that they even reached us on our travels in chase

of Fra Joachimo. The innkeeper, at one of the most miserable places where we put up among the hills, had the insolence to ask 'by whom his bill was to be discharged,' with the addition, that he was beginning to think that 'neither master nor man was likely to be troubled with more money than they could manage.' I answered his hint by a lash of my whip, which will make his forehead a sign to all impertinent innkeepers while he lives, and answered his bill by taking that and his words directly to the Conde. He flung me a handful of sequins on the spot, and bade me 'pay the scoundrel, and keep the remainder for myself;' but as I had paid the scoundrel already in the only coin fit for him, I deposited the sequins in my pocket. The event, however, slight as it was, put a stop to our chase. 'For Naples,' was the order, and to Naples we instantly drove. Our entry was like an ambassador's, and the Lazzaroni swore by all the saints that the earth never produced such a Magnifico. The whole mob of fashion were exactly of the same opinion; and if popularity were to be measured by eating, drinking, and dancing, the king of the Two Sicilies had not in his dominions a cavaliero so much adored by man, woman, and child.

"It had been one of the wonders of the household, that among all the brilliant figures who flourished at our balls, the Conde had never selected any donna as the object of his particular attentions. He talked, laughed, danced, and made love; but unluckily it was with all alike, and the conjectures of the fair dames were turned upon all kinds of strange modes of accounting for this

prodigious breach of good manners. At last they were satisfied that the iron-hearted Conde was not accessible to any of the darts of Cupid. The Capitano commandante of Principato Citra had lately made his appearance at court with his Spanish bride. She must of course choose a cavalier. The Conde gallantly offered his services, but the lady's choice fell upon the emptiest coxcomb about the court; a fellow who bore the distinction without either joy or sorrow, and followed her to church, to the concert, and the ball-room with the most becoming punctuality of his profession. The Conde Florestan laughed at his defeat, and from that moment he had nothing to do but to outshine the world. Always splendid, he became now wildly sumptuous. He built a palace on the side of Vesuvius, as if in scorn of the chances of eruption, or as if he took for the emblem of his wild career the crater above. Nothing was heard of but the waste, the luxury, the boundless prodigality of the Conde Florestan. But his Spanish agents served him well; wealth flowed in to fill up all his expenses, and many a needy Italian prince envied him the possession of those American mines which lighted the chandeliers of the Vesuvio palace. But play was now his chief delight. He drove gaming to the most glorious excess; no man was welcome who would not play, and few were unwelcome who would. Italy is a nation of gamblers; and he of course had full rooms. But the Conde's inexhaustible purse was the grand attraction, and it bled freely: he seemed even to take a strange delight in losing; he absolutely flung away

his money, and in the delight of the game buried all his other feelings. If to one man on earth he had a determined personal antipathy, it was to the Capitano; yet that man made immense sums by my master's play, who actually threw the game into his hands: and many a rouleau have I seen flung over to him by the Conde with a smile of triumph, as if he were rejoiced to make his fortune. The Capitano was a sullen, rough soldier, haughty in his looks, and insolent in his language; he had served long in the Continental wars, and this was enough to give him ground for merciless contempt of the Neapolitans, army, fleet, and nobles. The Conde Florestan shared his sullen looks; but he laughed them off, and his purse was too useful to the Capitano to suffer a quarrel between them. But the bride was a creature of another mould. Among the Spanish beauties who were perpetually crouding to the gay court of Naples, the Capitanessa was beyond all comparison the handsomest, and, I might say, the most unhappy. In my attendance at the palace, I had often seen the very Lazzaroni round the gate kneel as if to worship her as she alighted from her carriage. She was in the very spring of life, with a pair of large black eyes that looked like stars, and an expression of face as fine as the picture of a muse; but the countenance of a marble statue was never more fixed in melancholy. It was only when the Conde passed by or spoke to her that life seemed to return, and then it was in bitterness. Her cheek flushed with indignation, which she took little pains to suppress; and her answer to his language of ceremony was always the language of

disdain. The cause perplexed me for a while, but a conversation which I overheard let me into the secret.

“On one of our masquerade nights, as I lingered under the windows to catch the fresh air of the gardens, two masks came out from the rooms and stood in the balcony.

“‘I have sought you, Conde de Alcantara,’ said a female voice, ‘and sought you to make a remonstrance.’

“‘Your excellency does me too much honour,’ was my master’s answer. ‘But how can I have offended?’

“‘No more of this, Conde. The life that the Capitano leads is owing to you: he plays perpetually, and to an enormous amount.’

“‘I was not aware that he had suffered at play. I think fortune, that smiled on him in the most essential crisis of life, seems not to have refused her smiles even in such trifles as the concerns of the hazard table.’

“‘Conde, I am not to be deceived. The passion for play has been pampered in him. He has been fortunate, if to be lured to ruin be fortune. His dangerous propensity might have slept but for his success in your palace; but now he lives only for gaming. Conde, this is your doing.’

“‘Your excellency must always be in the right; but how the remedy may lie in my hands, I am unhappily ignorant. Permit me to say that, delighted as I should be to attend to your excellency’s slightest wish, I can scarcely believe that the Capitano will be satisfied with receiving me in the character of a Mentor.’

“There was silence for a while; and the Capitanessa

seemed to have been weeping; at length she burst forth with a torrent of reproach.

“ ‘I know your design well; you are determined on his ruin. You have plunged him into a pursuit from which no man ever returned guiltless. His continual sittings here are observed. His enemies about the king are not idle. His absence from his government has been prolonged beyond royal patience. If I condescend to come under your roof, it is to watch over him, to force him away, if possible; to prevent him at least from some act of despair, when he finds that he is undone, for undone he will be.’

“The conversation then sank, or was broken off by the passing of a group of masks, and I heard no more.

“Two nights after, as we were returning from the opera, at the corner of one of the narrow streets that lead from the San Carlos by the Santa Croce gardens, some drunken quarrel stopped the carriage. The Conde impatiently sprang out to enquire the cause, and mingled with the crowd. In another moment I heard an outcry; he had been stabbed in the side; but whether by one of the mob accidentally, or by an assassin, none could tell. All fled instantly, and I carried him bleeding and speechless home. The wound was all but mortal, and the Conde languished for some days without hope of life. No discovery of the perpetrator of this act could be made: but it excited universal interest; and among the most frequent enquirers was the Capitano; a civility which by those who knew his iron nature was reckoned miraculous; but which

the multitude not unfairly attributed to his fear of losing a friend who was so useful to his revenue.

“ During the height of the Conde’s fever, the door of the chamber opened one night while I was sitting by his bedside, and a person whom I took for one of the monks of San Georgio appeared; saying that he was come to confess the patient. I left the room, of course, but waited within hearing. The confession seemed long; and fearful that it might exhaust my master, I approached. In the darkness of the chamber, lighted only by a single taper, I was unseen. The confessor’s words were those of no monk.

“ ‘ Florestan, I have learned too late the desperate treachery practised upon us both. But this day I heard it from my husband’s, my betrayer’s lips: in a transport of folly or absurd jealousy or frenzy, he insulted me with charges that he well knew had no foundation, but in his own taunting heart. He detailed the whole long tissue of artifice which separated us in Grenada; which had made me in my madness, pronounce you the most faithless of men; and in my still greater madness believe him capable of truth, fidelity or honour. With the bitter triumph, less of a man than of a fiend, he showed me the trivial suspicions that I had taken for proofs; the giddy surmises that I had shaped into facts; the whole system of willing deception into which I had plunged blindly, to aid his purposes and destroy every chance of my own escape. But you do not hear me—you close your thoughts against the miserable being who has come to make a last acknow-

ledgement of her own error, to solicit your last forgiveness, to relieve her burthened, her breaking heart, and to die.' A deep groan from the Conde was the only answer. I heard loud sobs and wild sighs. In the fear that he was dying, I drew aside the curtain. The stranger was kneeling beside the bed; the cowl was thrown back; but to discover the countenance baffled me; the hands covered it; and, on my making a movement towards my master, the cowl was instantly drawn down, and the figure started from its knees and was gone.

"But whatever my curiosity might have been, it was soon divided by the visits of others equally mysterious, and coming in all kinds of disguises, which though enough to escape the eyes of the household, were not sufficient to conceal them from mine, sharpened as they were by the first interview. Sellers of various toys, jewels, or embroidery, chiefly in the dress of females, were perpetually soliciting to see the Conde; and even in his feeblest state the request was seldom refused. On those occasions I was excluded. Those merchants were evidently the bearers of letters, and other intelligence which deeply agitated the invalid. But all my attempts to shut them out were useless. The Conde's command was for their instant admission; and I was left to conjecture. The Monk came no more. But I one day found flung on the *escrutoir* a fragment of a letter with these words: —

" 'To see you is impossible, if it were not unnecessary. I have ascertained on the fullest proof the hirer

of your assassin. The attempt will be made again and again, till it succeeds. Beware — but if a feeling remain in your heart for one who so deeply wronged you, and so fatally wronged herself, make no effort to revenge this crime — make no effort to see me — either would only make me miserable. Farewell, Florestan, and remember.'

"The Conde recovered, though he had four physicians of the court to attend him. But to complete the cure he was ordered to remove to his palace at Portici. The gardens were rich, the prospect was unrivalled, and the air health itself. But the pleasure had its peril. Fra Joachimo began to give notice of his movements towards the capital, by the plunder of some house or traveller every night. The troops stationed to guard the roads could do nothing in pursuit of this extraordinary personage, who seemed to be every where at once; and like honest Italians they resolved that, as to waste their time in running after a phantom was folly, the best thing they could do, was to pile their arms and go to sleep. Half a dozen of their patrols were carried off in this condition, arms, accoutrements and ammunition, — before they could find out that sleeping in the face of the enemy was contrary to prudence. But nothing could change the sumptuousness of the Conde's style of living. He laughed at Fra Joachimo, renewed his fêtes with his returning health, and established his hazard table on a more desperate scale than ever. Gaming had been his pleasure before; it was now his passion. He sat up whole nights at the table;

and losses produced no other effect on him than an extravagance of high spirits. But the effect was not the same upon all. The Capitano, in the interval of my master's illness, had continued to play, and, unluckily for himself, falling into harder hands than the Conde's, was on the edge of ruin. When he returned to our fêtes, I never saw a man so changed. The bold broad visage was dwindled down into narrowness and misery. Its soldierly bronze was as sallow as if he had been a sick girl; and the voice, whose very sound had been insolence, was broken and sunk into a whisper. Night after night he played; but fortune had deserted him. In his distress he borrowed of the Conde; and as fast as he borrowed, the loan flew from his fingers. At length a rumour went abroad that a large sum of money belonging to the Royal Treasury of the Principato, entrusted to the Capitano's care, had been unaccounted for. I saw him on the night when the rumour was first whispered in the palazzo; and if the Capitano had an enemy, that was the night for him to enjoy his triumph. He played with the madness of a man to whom death or life was in the stake.

“ On that night I marked the Conde's manner to be singularly disturbed. He was the Capitano's opponent, and as the piles of gold rose before him, he often smiled with an expression of fierce delight. As the stakes doubled, and the game grew at once bolder and more in his favour, his exultation perpetually betrayed itself. At length one critical throw came. All gathered round the table. There was not a whisper

among the multitude. Every eye was fixed on the board when the die was next moment to terminate this furious game. The box was in my master's hand. I glanced at him as he raised it to make the throw. His lips quivered, his countenance was burning; and if ever a prayer was made to the powers of chance or of evil by the eye alone, it was in that wild, upturned eye. The die was thrown. 'Ruin!' howled the Capitano, as with his meagre hands grasping the die he fell backwards on the floor. 'Revenge!' muttered the Conde, as giving one look of bitter triumph at his fallen enemy, he rushed from the room.

"Events of this kind were so common among the higher ranks of the nobles, that the wreck of the unfortunate gamester made no pause in the entertainment; the same ruin was going on at fifty tables through the house at the same time, and when the summons for supper came, no one thought of the Capitano. The Conde was in his usual temper, neither elevated nor depressed, but doing the honours of the banquet with the ease and high courtesy of his rank. Never was there a more sumptuous entertainment, even among the extravagances of the noblesse; and seldom assembled a party who less thought of care. In the midst of the festivity a note was handed to the Conde, and he followed the messenger to his study. As I passed the door I heard voices in rapid conversation; and a small window looking into the garden gave me the opportunity of gratifying my curiosity to know the occasion of this unseasonable billet. To my utter

astonishment, I saw the handsome and haughty wife of the Capitano kneeling at the Conde's feet. I could catch but a fragment of her words.—'Florestan, you have had your revenge. You have undone my unhappy husband. He deserved your abhorrence and mine. I acknowledge that he had deceived us both—that all my early hopes of happiness were blasted by his treachery.' Her voice was lost in sighs. The Conde raised her from the ground, and led her towards the casement to restore her by the cool air. She had been incomparably the handsomest and most superbly attired of the crowd of ladies at the palace during the evening; and when the Conde drew the mantle from her head, I was actually dazzled with its sudden blaze of diamonds. But when she turned, and looked on the single twinkling lamp that lighted the chamber, as if she saw in it some image of her own unhappy heart, I never saw so much melancholy and beauty in the face of a human being. After gazing awhile, she suddenly turned and said, 'Conde, you have heard my misery. I have made my last confession to the ear of man. I may not live long. I must not live long. There is at this hour an impression on my mind, that speaks, as if it were the voice of a spirit. But I implore you, if you ever remembered me in the long and wretched years that have passed since our parting; if you still do not hate me; if you would wish me to think of you in that world to which I am hastening, save my wretched husband.' The Conde had listened till now, with a declining head and eyes

fixed on the ground. But at the mention of the Capitano, he sprang up. His eyes blazed with sudden fury: he cursed him as his destroyer. 'Save *him!*—save the cold-blooded traitor! Save him who has made me for years the most miserable of mankind—who has stretched me on the rack of disappointed hope, of degraded honours, of undone love—save the Capitano, save *your* husband? No! may this right hand perish from my side, if I would not give it—if I would not give fortune, name, and life, to strike him at my feet, and to ring in his dying ear—that I knew his treacheries and thus at last repaid them!'

"The lady shrinking from his fiery violence of gesture and language, buried her face in her hands and wept aloud. But suddenly recovering, and dashing the tears from her cheeks, she advanced towards him with the step of an empress. 'Conde!' pronounced she in a solemn tone, 'you have scorned my entreaty—now refuse, if you dare, my command. From this hour we are strangers to each other. It is my first duty to save my husband from ignominy, wretched and guilty though he be. Your revenge, bitter and deadly revenge, first tempted him to the gaming-table. You alone are answerable for the consequences. You are high-minded, determined, and sagacious: he is weak and worthless, a tyrant and a fool. He has embezzled the money of the state; he has lost it under your roof: this night he has made a desperate effort for its recovery. The sum that he has lost within this hour was the sum which he had gathered to stop enquiry to-

morrow, until he should be enabled to repay the whole. I have left him in the agonies of one over whom public shame, perhaps public death, is impending. Refund that money which you have won of him, and entitle yourself to my prayers while I live.' She paused: there was no answer. 'Then, Florestan,' she added, in a low, sepulchral tone, 'I know what you have been; I know what you are; and I know what you *shall* be.' She remained with her mysterious eyes fixed on him, her lip compressed, and her cheek pale as death.

"The Conde had been leaning against the pedestal of a bronze, as motionless as itself, but at those words he started, and gazing haughtily on the fair accuser, pronounced—'You know what I am! So be it. But who has made me so? Who flung me from my rank in life? Who drove me, despairing and undone, into my degradation? Who has made the face of woman hateful to me for life, and the face of man seen only as an enemy or a victim? Who has driven Florestan out into the wilderness as a beast of prey; to run through a career of abhorred life, and to perish in the midst of public execration? Your husband has done this; and now, by every power that exists in the mind of man, he shall rue what he has done. Lady, I am a lover no longer: our only tie is that of mutual misery. Years have subdued all that was fond or feeble in my nature. I have extinguished my weakness in the bitterness of privation, in flight, in rapine, in the scorn of the idle and contemptible beings that make up the sons and daughters of greatness in this contemptible land; in

the association with the daring, the merciless, and the ruined like myself; and, more than all, in the determination, the solemn, sacred, sworn determination of revenge.'

"The lovely lady struck her hand on her forehead as if she had heard her sentence of death. The blow forced an aigrette from her hair, and the diamonds flew sparkling over the floor. She uttered a scream of joy. 'Why did I not think of this before?' she exclaimed; 'he may yet be saved.' She tore the jewels out of her hair; and with her raven locks disordered, and her hands full of precious ornaments, she rushed to the door. The Conde made an effort to detain her; but she sprang from him with the fleetness of a deer, and darted from the room. My master's countenance continued in its gloomy mood. He went to a secretaire, wrote a few lines, with which he dispatched me to Naples, late as the hour was, and I saw no more of him for the night. The nobleman to whose house I was sent was either absent or indolent, and I was kept waiting during the day for his reply.

"Towards evening I lounged down to enjoy the cool air at the port. A crowd of cavalry, round some carriages, were coming along the Strada di Toledo. I climbed a balustrade to see what they escorted. To my wonder, I saw several of my fellow attendants tied with cords in the carriages, and at the close of the train, doubly guarded, the Conde. I was overwhelmed with alarm and sorrow; and followed the escort. They stopped for a few minutes at the palace of the minister

of justice, and then turned off and entered the castle of St. Elmo. A confused story soon made its way through the city; but all agreed that the Capitano, returning from the Conde's entertainment, had been stopped by a banditti, who robbed him of a vast amount in jewels: that the story of the robbery had been at first conceived to be a contrivance to screen him from the effects of a charge of embezzlement, but that evidence had suddenly come forward which fixed the plunder upon the Conde de Alcantara! All Naples was in astonishment; but other intelligence came in rapidly, which made it more than probable that the splendid Count Florestan was one with Fra Joachimo himself. The clue once given, the discovery was not far off. That he was a Spaniard of noble family was known; but where his estates lay, by what means his extraordinary expenditure was supported, or how his occasional deficiencies of revenue were so suddenly and profusely supplied, was a national riddle. Among other recollections that now grew upon the public were his strange periodical absences, his declared passion for wandering among the wildest districts of the mountains, and the mysterious interviews which he held during the time when he was unable to stir from his chamber. Even his singular personal activity, his power of enduring fatigue, his seamanship, and his skill in the use of the pistol and sabre, at which I never saw his equal, made a part of the general proof. I resisted the evidence long, and, where I dared, argued fiercely for the honour of the Conde; but how was I to resist all the world?

“ The story at length passed away like other wonders of a week. The Conde lay in chains in St. Elmo; and the Capitano was sent back to his government, where he soon after died. Two years passed over my head,—while I was catching tunnies or carrying passengers between Sorrento and Naples, with now and then, I will confess, a little smuggling to amuse the dulness of life, and cheer the donnas of Ischia and Capri with rum and coffee. But one wild evening, I carried over in my boat a passenger, whose voice I well knew through all her muffings. It was the Capitanessa; I found that she knew me too. We steered for the back of the mole. The wind blew a gale; the rain fell heavy, and there was no fear of meeting any of the customhouse-officers. There never was a finer night for contraband. But we had other things to do. The lady asked me, whether, if I had the opportunity of helping my master to escape, I had the will. I swore by the bright eyes of my mistress, that to save the noble Conde, if he were ten times Fra Joachimo, I would go through fire and water. I need not say how the affair was done; but before the clock of St. Elmo struck twelve that night the wall was scaled, the Conde's fetters knocked to pieces, and himself and the lady tilting over the waves a mile down the bay.

“ Yet whatever service I might have done to my bold master, I did but little to the traders and travellers within fifty miles of Naples. For from that moment, scarcely a man of them arrived without leaving a pack or a purse on the road. The old stoppages were child's

play to what happened now every day in the week, and every hour from sunset to sunrise. It was less like the desire of plunder than of revenge. The cavalry were sent out to hunt down the banditti, and were always either baffled, or fairly met and thoroughly beaten. But the chief scene was the neighbourhood of the mountain, and not a philosopher dared look for a pumice-stone, nor a pilgrim say an ave beyond Portici. Il Vesuviano was the name of this new terror of the land. The royal couriers were no longer able to carry cheesecakes and compliments for the use of the princesses, and the ministerial profits by stock-jobbing were cruelly suspended. Il Vesuviano went on flourishing more and more. The veterans of the service walked off to him by whole companies, and their officers were, perhaps, only sorry that they could not follow their example. The pomp of Il Vesuviano, the pay, the feasting, and the fine clothes of his troop were the universal talk; and if it had been the time of sending kings about their business, Il Vesuviano might have figured as the founder of a dynasty.

“ But the affair was now become serious, and little less than an army was ordered on the pursuit of this king of the banditti. I was lying by the mole in the evening, as they marched along the Chiaja, and I followed them in my boat along the edge of the bay. It was known that Il Vesuviano had been seen on the mountain within the last twenty-four hours. The troops took possession of the passes before night-fall, and the

attack was to be made on all quarters at once, by signal from the city.

“ I lay on my oars watching the course of affairs, and half inclined to spring on shore, and take a part with my old master. But how could I be sure that he was on the mountain, or that I could find him if he were. As I watched eagerly for every sight and sound, I saw the lights hoisted on the battlements of St. Elmo, and immediately after came the rattle of musketry. But a deeper rattle than ever was made by musketry, soon echoed over the shore. I looked up and saw a heavy cloud slowly creeping up the crater and spreading over the sky. The firing went on as the troops advanced up the road, and they seemed to be desperately resisted. But the lightnings over their heads began to glisten, and the flashes of the engagement were like the light of glow-worms to it. The cloud now rolled up with great swiftness, and spread over the sky, in a thousand branches, like an immense palm tree. As the darkness increased, every branch became a column of fire. The roar from the crater was now tremendous, and with every explosion up burst volleys of rocks, red as metal from the forge. Vesuvius was in full eruption! I pushed into the centre of the bay to escape the falling rocks, and there, Santa Vergine! the sight was grand and terrible beyond all that I can tell. From Posilippo to Portici, round the whole semicircle of the city, all was as bright as if it were in a furnace. The sulphur-blue of the flame touched every thing with a wild and





Engraved by M. W. Turner R. A.

W. G. & W. J. L. S.

Engraved by T. Jenkins

ghastly look. But, as is common in the eruptions of the volcano, with the more furious explosion, its colour changed : and for some time it threw a golden hue over the whole city. The castle, the mole, the chiaja, looked as if they had been suddenly sheeted with gold. The bay was liquid gold : the mountain, the sky, all were covered with this glorious blaze. I could see the crowds on the roofs and battlements waving their caps, and hear them shouting with delight and wonder at the magnificent spectacle. But another and more awful explosion came, and Vesuvius shot up a pillar of flame the whole width of the crater, and which was said to be three times the height of the mountain. The mighty column, ten thousand feet high, was of the deepest colour of blood, and it covered the whole scene with fierce crimson. All Naples seemed to be deluged with a sea of blood. I saw the crowd, smitten with horror at the conflagration, which they thought the beginning of the conflagration of the world, rushing away along the shore, and dropping from the roofs and walls to hide themselves from the coming of the hour of judgment. The lava now came burning and bursting down to the sea-shore, and some of the villages began to blaze. I pushed towards Portici to render what service I could. As I was rowing round a point of rock, a man sprang into the boat. ‘Have you seen the captain?’ were his first words.

“ ‘What Captain?’

“ ‘Il Vesuviano. I left him a few minutes ago, making his way down the ravine to the beach.’

“ ‘Has he beaten the soldiers?’

“ ‘How can you ask such absurd questions? Did they ever stand him? We gave them one volley, and they did not like it well enough to make them wait for another. But the lava is another sort of enemy; and Il Vesuviano himself may not be able to make battle against that. Row for the thicket on the right of the point.’

“ I asked no further; but shot the boat among the rocks and climbed up the precipice. There, indeed, I saw a tremendous spectacle. The lava in taking its way to the shore had been divided into several streams by the ridges of rock that lined the beach. On one of those ridges I observed two figures standing—one of them leaning on the other and apparently hurt. We bounded over the crevices and soon reached them. Their worn-down countenances and wasted forms gave me no recollection of them; but the Conde’s voice soon made him known. He thanked me for my offer of service; but said that he believed he had received his death-wound in the skirmish, and at all events had no power to move further. It was the Capitanness who was by his side! He implored her to leave him; but she refused, and bursting into bitter cries, charged herself with having betrayed him to his ruin—with having in a moment of mad wrath and rash zeal to save a worthless husband, revealed her knowledge that Fra Joachimo and the Conde were one. She declared that her only hope now was to die with him. I proposed to my comrade that we should carry the Conde

to the boat ; but we had not gone a dozen steps, when the volcano exploded again. The roar deafened us. A shower of fiery stones fell ; and in my blindness and suffocation I was flung, I know not where. When I recovered, dawn was breaking over Lorrento ; and I found that I had been thrown within a few feet of the shore. My first effort was to look for my master and the Capitanessa. I found them both, but they were lifeless ; they had fallen clasped in each other's arms, and had probably died in the fiery blast, and without a struggle. Their features were, of course, still pale and wasted away, from the anxieties and hardships of their late life ; but they had recovered their calmness and noble beauty. With the help of a monk from a neighbouring convent, I had the rites of the church performed over them ; and with more tears than I ever wish to shed again, I buried the lovely and the bold in one consecrated grave."

Αλκμαιων.

THE BECHUANA BOY.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

The chief incidents of this little Tale were related to the Author by an African boy, whom he first met with near the borders of the Great Karroo or Arid Desert. The expression of the orphan stranger, when asked about his kindred, was literally (as translated by him into broken Dutch) --- "Ik ben alleenig in de waereld !" i. e. "I am all alone in the world." A few slight circumstances, characteristic of the country, are almost all that has been added to poor Marossi's affecting narrative.

The system of outrage and oppression, of which this story exhibits a specimen, has been ably developed by the Rev. Dr. Philip, in his 'Researches in South Africa.'

The following terms perhaps require explanation for general readers :

Bergenaars --- Mountaineers, a marauding horde of Griqua or Mulatto lineage, inhabiting the skirts of the Stormberg mountains, beyond the north-eastern frontier of the Cape Colony.

Bushman --- A wild Hottentot.

Gareep --- Native name of the great Orange River.

Springbok --- Antelope Pygarga or Euchore.

Wild-dog --- *Wilde-hond* of the Colonists --- Hyæna Venatica.

Sea-cow, or *Zeekoe* --- The Colonial term for the Hippopotamus.

Utika, i. e. Beautiful --- The Supreme Spirit.

I.

I SAT at noontide in my tent,
And looked across the Desert dun,
That 'neath the cloudless firmament
Lay gleaming in the sun, —
When from the bosom of the waste
A swarthy stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod and naked limb,
And a tame springbok following him.

II.

He came with open aspect bland,
And modestly before me stood,
Caressing with a kindly hand
That fawn of gentle brood ;
Then, meekly gazing in my face,
Said in the language of his race,
With smiling look yet pensive tone—
“ Stranger—I’m in the world alone !”

III.

“ Poor boy,” I said, “ thy kindred’s home,
Beyond far Stormberg’s ridges blue,
Why hast thou left so young—to roam
This desolate Karroo ?”
The smile forsook him while I spoke ;
And when again he silence broke,
It was with many a stifled sigh ;
He told this strange sad history.—

IV.

“ I have no kindred !” said the boy :
“ The Bergenaars — by night they came,
And raised their murder-shout of joy,
While o’er our huts the flame
Rushed like a torrent ; and their yell
Pealed louder as our warriors fell
In helpless heaps beneath their shot—
One living man they left us not !

V.

“ The slaughter o’er, they gave the slain
To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey ;
And with our herds across the plain
They hurried us away —
The widowed mothers and their brood :
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried — they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captives smote.

VI.

“ Three days we tracked that dreary wild,
Where thirst and anguish pressed us sore ;
And many a mother and her child
Lay down to rise no more :
Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down ;
And heard, as the grim night was falling,
The gorged wolf to his comrade calling.

VII.

“ At length was heard a river sounding
Midst that dry and dismal land,
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding,
We hurried to its strand —
Among the maddened cattle rushing,
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drenched,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

VIII.

“ Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep
Loud snorting as we passed ;
But that relentless robber clan
Right through those waters wild and wan
Drove on like sheep our captive host,
Nor staid to rescue wretches lost.

IX.

“ All shivering from the foaming flood,
We stood upon the stranger's ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The white men gathered round :
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn,—
And roughly from each other torn.

X.

“ My mother's scream so long and shrill,
My little sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still !)
Rose wildly to the sky.
A tiger's heart came to me then,
And madly 'mong those ruthless men
I sprang !— Alas ! dashed on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

XI.

“ Away — away on bounding steeds
The white man-stealers fleetly go,
Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capped with snow, —
Each with his captive, far and fast ;
Until yon rock-bound ridge was passed,
And distant stripes of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

XII.

“ And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the white man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot —
Harsh blows and burning shame.
Oh, English chief ! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondman's bitter woe,
When round his heart, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts, that madden while they sting !

XIII.

“ Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught in time my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning breast forlorn
But found a single friend :
My race extinct or far removed,
The boor's rough brood I could have loved —
But each to whom my bosom turned
Even like a hound the black boy spurned !

XIV.

“ While, friendless thus, my master’s flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
By wolfish wild-dogs chased :
I rescued it, though wounded sore,
All dabbled with its mother’s gore,
And nursed it in a cavern wild
Until it loved me like a child.

XV.

“ Gently I nursed it — for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good UTIKA it was brought
To bid me not repine —
Since in this world of wrong and ill
One creature lived to love me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.

XVI.

“ Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task the proud boor’s flocks to tend ;
And this pet fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend ;
When, suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

XVII.

‘ High swelled my heart ! — But when the star
Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favourite forth, and far
Into the Desert fled.
And there, from human kind exiled,
Four moons on roots and berries wild
I’ve fared — and braved the beasts of prey
To ’scape from spoilers worse than they.

XVIII.

“ But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were here,
And now rejoicingly I’ve sought
Thy presence — void of fear ;
Because they say, O English chief,
Thou scornest not the captive’s grief :
Then let me serve thee — as thine own —
For I am in the world alone !”

XIX.

Such was Marossi’s touching tale.
Our breasts they were not made of stone —
His words, his winning looks prevail —
We took him for ‘ our own :’
And one, with woman’s gentle art,
Unlocked the fountains of his heart,
And love gushed forth, till he became
Her CHILD — in every thing but name.

A CRY FROM SOUTH AFRICA.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."--- *Mark i. 3.*

AFRIC, from her remotest strand,
 Lifts to high heaven one fettered hand ;
 And, to the utmost of her chain,
 Stretches the other o'er the main ;
 Then, kneeling midst ten thousand slaves,
 Utters a cry across the waves,
 Of power to reach to either pole,
 And pierce, like conscience, through the soul,—
 Though dreary, faint, and low the sound,
 Like life-blood gurgling from a wound,
 As if her heart, before it broke,
 Had found a human tongue and spoke.

" Britain, *not now* I ask of thee
 Freedom, the right of bond and free ;

* These lines were written for the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, of Cape Town, in aid of his appeal to British benevolence to enable him to build a place of worship there for the Slaves, of whom there are about forty thousand in the Colony. *Sheffield, Nov. 28, 1828. J. M.*

Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
The bones and blood of living man ;
Let tyrants scorn, while tyrants dare,
The shrieks and writhings of despair ;
An end *will* come, — it will not wait,
Bonds, yokes and scourges have their date ;
Slavery itself must pass away
And be a tale of yesterday.
But *now* I urge a dearer claim,
And urge it in a mightier name ;
Hope of the world ! on Thee I call,
By the great Father of us all,
By the Redeemer of our race,
And by the Spirit of all grace,
Turn not, oh ! turn not from my plea,
— So help thee God, as thou help'st me !

“ Mine outcast children come to light
From darkness, and go down in night —
A night of more mysterious gloom
Than that which wrapt them in the womb :
— Oh ! that the womb had been the grave
Of every being born a slave !
Oh ! that the grave itself might close
The slave's unutterable woes !
But what beyond that gulph may be,
What portion in eternity,
For those who live to curse their breath,
And die without a hope in death,
I know not, — and I dare not think ;
Yet while I shudder o'er the brink

Of that unfathomable deep,
Where wrath lies chained and judgments sleep,
To thee, thou Paradise of Isles !
Where mercy in full glory smiles ;
Eden of lands ! o'er all the rest,
By blessing others, doubly blest,
To Thee I lift my weeping eye,
Send me the Gospel or I die ;
The word of Christ's salvation give,
That I may hear his voice and live."

A POET'S FAVOURITE.

OH she is guileless as the birds
That sing beside the summer brooks :
With music in her gentle words,
With magic in her winsome looks.

With beauty by all eyes confessed,
With grace beyond the reach of art ;
And, better still than all the rest,
With perfect singleness of heart.

With kindness like a noiseless spring
That faileth ne'er in heat or cold ;
With fancy like the wild-dove's wing,
As innocent as it is bold.

With sympathies that have their birth
 Where woman's best affections lie ;
 With hopes that hover o'er the earth,
 But fix their resting-place on high.

And if, with all that thus exalts
 A soul by sweet thoughts sanctified,
 This dear one has her human faults,
 They ever 'lean to Virtue's side.'

T. P.

 SONNET.

BY T. ROSCOE.

I saw thee in thy lost heart's hopelessness.
 The ruby lip, clear brow, and laughing eyes
 Were sadly changed ; the eloquence of sighs
 And tears was thine ; — that language of distress
 The world had taught thee in its bitterness.
 But thou hadst hid thy soul's worst agonies
 With HIM who hears the contrite spirit's cries ;
 And then thy breaking heart could meekly bless
 The cruel hand that, in thy vernal day,
 Plucked thee, a fragrant lily bright with dew,
 And rifling life's young sweetness, lightly threw
 The floweret like a worthless weed away.
 Now thou art trod, poor lost one ! in the dust —
 But let the spoiler fear — for God is just !



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THE RETREAT OF ECHO.

GOMEZ, DIEGO, GUIDE.

GOMEZ. For the first time, ye mountains of old
Greece!

Deep streams, and vales, and rushing cataracts!—
For the first time I come to visit ye.
I bring with me a spirit to be raised,
And moulded from its rude original,
Into more beauty. From this loftier air
I claim that inspiration which belongs
To those who serve the Muses long and well.
Have I not, from my boyhood, given my hours
To high imaginations and fair thoughts,—
And dwelt amongst the haunting sounds that come
At midnight wild and stiller evening,
Like spirits from a charmed and distant shore?
Hush! hark! what hearest thou?

DIEGO. I hear thy fears:
Shout loud, and scare them skywards.

GOMEZ. Methought I heard

A sigh, deep drawn amidst the underwood,
As from some wretch toiling with pain or death.

DIEGO. Peace, it was Fancy,—the small faery
queen.

This is the very hour she leaves her home,
Where'er it be (cave or dark dell) she lies
Asleep through the lazy noon,—and comes abroad
With shadows and faint whispers compassed round,
Filling the cheated eye and credulous ear
With false belief. Pale Superstition now
Begins her revels.

GOMEZ. 'Tis a mournful spot.

DIEGO. Tush, 'tis not so: The world has nothing
mournful,
Save man's own heart which mourns,—because his
dreams

Have limits though large,—because he may not learn
What 'twould be death to know. Ambitious worm!
Whom fate treads down to dust—

GOMEZ (*to Guide*). Didst thou not say
That hereabouts the shadowy virgin dwells,
Who saddens all the forests with her song?—
Ever-complaining Echo?

GUIDE. For two thousand years
(So says the story) she hath lingered here,
Scarce better than a sound. She answers all,
But all most dimly. Grief becomes more sad,
And Laughter perishes when she replies.
Companion hath she none, save Solitude,
And caverned Silence, who ne'er leaves her home

Unless affrighted by the cries of men :
With them dwells mournful Echo. Seldom seen
Is she, save by some stream wherein she looks
In pretty mimicry of him she lost,
(Narcissus, long since dead); or 'tis, perhaps,
That in the river where he loved to gaze
She hopes to find him.

GOMEZ. I' the meantime she dwells --
Where -- ?

DIEGO. In the foolish brains and dreams of men,
As true as is a ghost, substantial too,
Solid as air, and firm as fable, Gomez.
Lie down and sleep and thou shalt see her strait.

GOMEZ. Look! where she stands, forlorn and
beautiful,
Beside the glassy waters, — oh! how fair,
How sad, how lovely! Doth she pine for love?
Jove! I'll go comfort her. A thousand years, —
And *still* she pines and wanders! *still* she loves!
Fine constancy! Break not your beggar jests,
Infidel cousin, on a tale so fair.
Let it be true; and look! if't be *not* true!
He died, you hear, and yet she fled the grave,
Fled rest, and change, and comfort, — all to mourn!
Adore her, peasant! She doth shew to men
A virtue, — heavenly Hope, — sweet constant Hope,
Undying, undespairing, — wisest Hope,
Who sees below the dust and past the stars
Things which the ignorant scorn. Well, jeering cousin?
DIEGO. By Jove, and all his fables, thou sayst true!

How little men believe until they see !
I see—what ? whom ?—a phantom ?—be it so :
Why not a phantom likely as a cloud,
When both are vapour ? Men believe in words,
Profession, smiles, and very wild old stories.
'Tis famed that in Arcadian forests, once,
The laurel laboured, and the writhing oak
Groaned and gave forth its young ; the shadowy ash
Teemed with strange children, and the willow sighing
Sent forth its brood, who all with wondering eyes
Gazed at the sun. What thinkest thou ?

GOMEZ.

I believe

More than my fettered reason well commends.
We cannot always make opinion good
By absolute proof ; but must in *something* trust
For ever, from the cradle to the grave.
'Tis likely that sublimer marvels come
Never to sceptic sights, while strong believers
See, as through optic tubes or prophets' eyes,
All that fills air and hell. A cynic, now,
Will swear all hearts are false ; yet there are friends
(And, cousin, *thou* art one, with all thy faults)
As true as truth, unswerving, unalloyed
By selfish dross ; and Love may also be—
As firm as courage, like a virtue pure,
And true as is a friend's fidelity.
Oh, if such things may be, believe there are
Strange things the cynic world believes not in ;
Bright wonders in the earth, and in the skies
Paths which the human reason never trod.

THE OUTLINE OF A LIFE.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

I.

Richmond, Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 182—.

Two years in England ; and still, as when I reached its shores, a foreigner, hopeless, helpless and unfriended ! —These Britons boast of their kindness to the stranger ; but who among them has been kind to me ? —No smiling host has welcomed me to a home ; no seat has been reserved for me by the happy firesides of this prosperous land !

London, the stony-hearted — London, the bloated city of crime, of sorrow, of despair and gold ; I have passed from its polluted bounds, never to enter them again ! — My soul has shaken the dust of the world from its wings, and longs to commence its journey.

Though in the blossom of my years, I have felt of late as if both mind and body had rapidly grown old. To-day the spring-time of existence has returned to me — my spirit harmonises with the appearance of this beau-

tiful landscape ; and like the waters of yonder untroubled river, which night and day travels onward in tranquil majesty, it reflects the gladsome images of nature glowing and fair, such as they seem to all eyes but those that grief has clouded.

I heard the reapers singing their songs in the fields. They were not the airs of Germany, and yet they called up a thousand recollections of my country. It was in the season of harvest that I first saw my beloved. When shall I see her again ? — On Monday night—yes, on Monday night. I have frequently experienced the power which agreeable odours possess over my associations. Music itself does not awaken so vivid a remembrance of the past. This vase of flowers brings before me, in all its loveliness, a scene most grateful to my memory. I am carried in fancy to the romantic wood-walk where I received my first lesson in botany from the lips of Adelaide.

Tears are not always bitter. Man has resources undiscovered until the moment of trial. I am calm — quite calm — my heart is as still as the branches of the paternal oak through which the rays of an autumnal sun are tremulously floating on this breathless evening.

II.

I was born in the Austrian dominions, near C——, famous for its mineral waters. My father, when employed as a travelling secretary to a Bohemian noble, fell in love with the only daughter of an independent

burgher of H——, in Prussian Silesia. They were married, and I was the earliest pledge of their union. For some time they lived together very happily on a farm, of which my father was a free proprietor; but circumstances occurred that altered their condition, and reduced them to a state of abject poverty. My grandsire, of H——, was, for his station, wealthy, and his assistance was requested. He returned a refusal, accompanied by reproaches; and the young couple, whose family was increased to three children, one of them an infant but a few months old, were obliged to seek a temporary residence in a hovel near a forest. Pain leaves impressions much more permanent than those received from pleasure; at least so says my experience. I could not then have been more than six years of age, and yet there is a scene of that period which I can revive as completely as if it were included within the occurrences of the last four-and-twenty hours:—nay more; the picture is not merely perfect in itself, but whenever it rises before me I am again invested with many of the feelings that belonged to the occasion.

I am once more the inmate of a low hut, framed of logs, and of the rudest construction. The openings in the timber have been filled with moss and clay, but the natural plaster has suffered by the influence of the seasons; the fissures are frequent, and the whistling winds are felt as well as heard within the cheerless dwelling. There are two dingy apartments, furnished with a few domestic articles, clean and neatly arranged,

but of the plainest material and workmanship. I supply the faggots which burn upon the hearth; and I do it the more willingly, as I am shivering with cold. My clothing is scanty, and the tops of the mountains, from the neighbouring Erzeberg to the farthest Carpathian, are luminous with snow. The hour is thickening twilight, and by the flickering fire-flame I perceive my mother, whose pale cheek shades the face of a sleeping child. A little girl cowers at her foot, and joins with me in complaining of hunger. She caresses us, and tells us that our father will soon return—with good cheer for his favourites. Her gentle tone and loving look soothe us to silence, and we are rewarded with a story full of marvellous adventures. The tale is ended; and we flock to the door to look abroad for him whom we have anxiously expected. The moon has climbed above the tallest pines—a host of stars are twinkling in the heavens, and the earth overlaid with elemental silver, gives back their lustre. The outward world is clear and tranquil, but we cannot discern his form, nor hear his footsteps on the frozen ground. The last bell of evening peals in the distance,—disappointed, we resume our seats,—my sister becomes impatient for food, and I again mingle in her murmurs.

Some one approaches in the dress of a hunter. It is he at last; he brings us provisions, and kisses us affectionately; but he refuses to eat, or to answer our congratulations; and his head rests dejectedly upon his gun. My mother holds his babe before him, with a melancholy smile. He starts as if from a dream, and, address-

ing her with a hurried voice, flings something bright and tinkling upon the floor.

The hound bays without—a loud knocking is heard—and strange men, armed and fierce-looking, enter and surround my father. His hands are bound, and he is forced with violence from the grasp of his shrieking wife, who falls senseless at the threshold of our miserable home. The babe cries bitterly; and my sister and I sob distractedly, to see our parents' sorrow.

I remember nothing farther. I have learned that shortly after this event we were visited by fever. My mother and two of her children found a resting-place in the churchyard of C——. The slow humanity of my grandfather removed me to his residence in Silesia. Why was I separated from those I loved?

III.

My protector was a singular man. In worldly matters he was an unerring oracle, but in almost every thing else the slave of prejudice. His affections vacillated between God and Mammon; and to keep on good terms with both, he observed all the ceremonials of religion, while he neglected no device that tended to increase his possessions. Had it not been for his dislike to the nobility, I believe he would have confounded piety with affluence, for the general turn of his sentiments indicated an opinion that he who did not grow in fortune could not grow in grace. He was a zealous Lutheran, and opposed his daughter's marriage, not less on account of my father's limited means,

than from the circumstance of his being of the established faith of Austria. He used to assure me that I was as 'a brand snatched from the burning,' and seemed to think that, by reserving me for the ministerial calling, he was in a fair way to expiate all the transgressions of our race. In planning my future pursuits he never dreamed of consulting either my capacity or my inclinations.

Yet the old man was as much attached to me as he could be to any human being. After I had passed through the preliminaries of education at a neighbouring school, he employed an unbeneficed clergyman to give me lessons at home. My progress was creditable to the assiduity of my preceptor, who mentioned me favourably at the Count of G——'s; to whose son, Frederick, he also imparted occasional instructions. Frederick was my senior; but it was whispered that I was his superior in acquirements; and the unbending burgher, proud of this fancied triumph over aristocracy, took some pains to publish his feelings. The Count placed his son at a distant and fashionable seminary. Thither my grandfather resolved that I should likewise proceed, and thither I did go.

I remained three years at that gymnasium, under a cold and supercilious linguist, from whom I received the treatment which he considered due to the worst-clad and lowest-born of his pupils. My school-mates used me barbarously, deeming me a plebeian intruder. I was delicate both in frame and temperament, and the daily laceration of mind to which I was subjected

nearly crushed my spirit. Of all my persecutors Frederick Von G——, the heir of our haughty neighbour, was the most persevering and malicious. He was taller and more robust, but his face and figure were strikingly like mine, and his companions, when inclined to mortify him, reminded him of the resemblance. His greatest delight was in showing how my grandfather hobbled upon his stick. Nature had not made me malevolent; but the unceasing malignity of this overbearing boy turned my life-blood into gall.

I did not dare to complain to my protector, lest he should reproach me with ingratitude. Accident, I believe, effected my liberation from the gymnasium. One of my books left behind on a vacation visit, fell into my grandfather's hands. In moments of despondency I had inscribed the blank parts of the volume with exclamations strongly indicating my aversion to my teacher and my young associates. The perusal of these, I have reason to think, was the immediate cause of my recall: at all events I was recalled; and never did the captive bird return more joyously to its free haunts in the green wood, than did I, heart-wearied with scholastic thralldom, to the sombre town of H——.

IV.

I spent some time in seclusion, ostensibly reading the ancient authors, and devoting myself in secret to modern works of imagination, procured, not without difficulty, from persons of kindred taste. At length I was sent, much against my will, to study theology,

under the roof of an eminent divine. The pastor discharged his trust with fidelity, but his eloquence failed to reconcile me to the choice of his profession. The impressions left upon a susceptible fancy by the high-wrought conceptions of poetry and romance, unfitted me for the sober duties of the sacred office, which, indeed, nothing but the consciousness of the shock it would have given my guardian, prevented me from openly rejecting. This obstacle was ere long removed. The old man died, leaving me the entire fruits of his frugality; a sum much more considerable than is usually amassed by an unenterprising trader in a remote provincial town. I was now alone in the world, with no one either to control or to direct me. I saw my benefactor consigned to the tomb; and having converted all my property into cash, I resolved to travel.

To Berlin and Vienna I first directed my uncertain steps. An acquaintance with these cities elevated my notions of social life, and generated an ambitious wish to equal the leading actors in the stirring scene. The splendour of military show, the finished loveliness of the women of the luxurious classes, music varied through the different gradations of sublime, sentimental and voluptuous, the galleries of art, the dazzling theatres and the crowded promenades, bewildered me with mixed emotions of astonishment and delight.

The gloss of novelty, however, wore away, and I began to feel the irksomeness of strolling listless and unconnected among a swarm of my fellow-creatures.

I was passing through a narrow street in Vienna on an evening of general festivity, when my way was impeded by a random group of passengers, from one of whom I inquired the reason of their assembling. I was informed that a foreigner had been shockingly injured by the carriage of an officer of state, which had just passed over him at full speed. I forced my way through the circle, and took a glance at the wounded person. His limbs were dreadfully shattered; and as he lay extended on the pavement, he presented a most painful spectacle. His features were handsome, his dress respectable, and he was apparently about my own time of life. There was no clue to his residence; no one knew him nor cared for him, beyond the fleeting sympathy of the moment. The police had him borne off to a neighbouring hospital.

I returned to my quarters, whither the recollection of the unfortunate stranger accompanied me.

At twelve o'clock on the following day I was four German miles from the gates of the imperial city.

V.

Dear art thou, O Rhine, to the land through which thou rollest! and pleasant wert thou to me as I wandered along thy banks, happy at exchanging the tainted abodes of the overwhelming capital for the uncorrupted atmosphere of the country, the verdant meadow, the vine-covered slope, the reverend mountain, the exuberant forest and tower-crested cliff. Like a child let loose to play, I submitted to the most

capricious impulses of my bosom, and held fellowship with all things wild and wonderful, visible and invisible, birds, flowers, and the mute inhabitants of the waters, and the genii who command the elements, and roam with printless feet over the dominions of nature. For him who is severed from the multitude, who has no portion at the general banquet, rural solitude is the appropriate sphere. To me it was so. At peace with all things animate and inanimate, each day was as a Sabbath to my soul. Delighted with my journey, I resolved on tracing the magnificent river of Almaïne to its birth-place in the mountains, and I reached the Lake of Constance without finding any cause to regret my determination.

A few miles from the city of Constance, and on the border of the lake, stands a very picturesque cluster of houses, too small to deserve the name even of a village. In one of these houses—an indifferent inn, called, I think, ‘The White Eagle,’—I had rested as the sun was going down, to recruit myself after the fatigues of a long excursion. The hostess had made preparations for dinner in her best room, when the rolling of wheels was heard, and a carriage stopped at the door.

The hostess announced the arrival of a baron, and his lady and daughter, adding that she had no accommodation for them, unless I consented to occupy an inferior apartment. I signified my willingness to resign my privileges to the new comers. The baron, however, would not assent to the arrangement, unless I would agree to partake of the fare provided for him

and his family ; and with some hesitation I accepted the proffered civility.

The Baron S—— was from the neighbourhood of Jena. His daughter had lately recovered from a tedious illness ; and change of air and place was resorted to for the purpose of completing her convalescence. The baron had spent his youth in the army, and displayed the character and manners of the military gentleman. He was proud ; but his pride was tempered by knowledge of the world and softened by courtesy. His wife was serious and conciliating. Their daughter Adelaide was as perfect in mind as she was captivating in form. She united the simplicity of a country maiden with the nameless grace and delicate loveliness of the patrician beauties of Vienna. As she appeared then do I best love to remember her still. She was dressed in deep mourning, and the black ribbon that confined her rich tresses heightened the lustre of the fairest and noblest brow I have ever beheld. Adelaide ! I see thee now looking out upon the lake—thy snowy hand resting on the sash of the low window ; and the light tints on thy cheek going and returning, as if it were the ebbing and flowing of the faint flush of colour in the leaf of a wild rose.

I had never before mingled on easy terms in polished society ; and the conversation of the baron and his family imparted a pleasure I had not previously experienced. We talked of the writers of Germany, with the most distinguished of whom the baron was

acquainted. I expatiated with enthusiasm on the works of our leading national poets; and declared that I should die contented if I could but approach their excellence. Adelaide fixed her blue eyes upon me with a singular expression; and her father smilingly observed, that to youth, ability, and perseverance nothing was impossible.

I had forgotten my weariness; and when the ladies spoke of retiring for the night, I was surprised at the lateness of the hour, and ashamed that I had trespassed so long on the politeness of my entertainer. As I rose to withdraw, I stammered forth an apology.

The baron interrupted me by a compliment to my colloquial powers, and concluded by wishing me an agreeable tour, and a safe return to my friends. He observed that we should not probably meet again, as he proposed leaving the inn early in the morning. His lady bade me a cordial good night; and Adelaide murmured an adieu in a tone like distant music.

I threw myself on the bed without undressing, with the intention of spending the hours in reflection until the strangers had departed. I strove to shut out the recollections of the past, and to gladden my fancy with visions of the future, in which Adelaide was the presiding spirit. Absorbed in meditation, slumber stole upon me.

When I awoke, the sun was shining broadly in the chamber; and, in answer to my inquiries, I was told that the baron's carriage had taken the great road to Germany some hours before.

VI.

Rome and its antique memorials, to inspect which I entertained a classic longing, led me across the Alps. Amidst the ruins of ancient skill, worthier of admiration than the triumphs of modern art, I gave ample scope to my imaginative temperament, and indulged myself without measure in the elevated aspirations excited by the interesting traveller at the inn on the lake of Constance. Often at midnight, pacing the Forum, gazing on a dishonoured temple of the deities dethroned, or leaning against some proud columnar relic, have I conjured around me the shades of the grand old republicans, whose sublime simplicity dignified the sanguinary trade of war, and whose unhappy sagacity perfected that system of spoliation which made their seven-hilled city the world's despot and her own victim. And I said to myself, why might not minds of the same giant mould arise in the light of a more auspicious day? Why might not the devotion of the Decii, the self-denial of Cincinnatus, the manliness of Cato, the energy of Marius, and the innumerable virtues that conferred immortality on so many illustrious Romans, break forth anew, purified by the lustre of eternal truth, to stir the waters of a stagnant world; and out of misery, disorder, and corruption, to generate happiness and concord, and the untainted elements of public good? I felt within me the will to achieve an act fitted to deserve the blessings of the human race; and I repined at destiny, which, by

allotting me an obscure position in the walks of society, had deprived me of the power which external rank peculiarly possesses of persuading men to be happy.

Though without introductory recommendations, I was favoured with the acquaintance of a number of eminent persons at Rome. I was indebted for this to the ardour I exhibited in appreciating the labours of genius, which brought me in contact with the most celebrated professors of art. My stay among them would have been longer, but for the arrival of my insolent school-fellow, Frederick Von G——. I first recognised him in a group of young nobility on the Corso. Our eyes met; and as I proceeded onward without farther notice, he made an observation to his companions, conveyed in dubious language, and capable of being translated into insult. I could not be positive, but it struck me as an imputation on my birth. I distinctly heard him say—‘He is the son of a ——.’ The concluding word was equivocal in sound, but from the tone and emphasis with which it was pronounced, I was convinced that it implied disgrace. I became feverish, and then faint. In the solitude of my apartment I deliberated what course I should adopt, if he continued his persecution. I felt that, for one of my station, to challenge him, would be only productive of ridicule. To watch his movements, to steal upon him when alone, to force him to the combat, or to cut him down if he refused it;—this I might have done—and to this I was inclined in the whirlwind of passion; but reflection rejected a desperate impulse, uncongenial to my nature. I again met my

tormentor in a gay evening assembly. He surveyed me as if I had been a loathsome reptile that had suddenly crawled to light. I thought he pointed me out, as the theme of his remarks, to a titled flutterer. I retired to a recess, and deadly determinations crowded hot and thick upon my brain. A plaintive melody, sung by an English lady, brought me to myself. I walked tranquilly to my home. Before I closed my eyes, I had resolved to leave Italy immediately, and to enter the university of Jena, there to qualify myself for the profession of the law, which I had lately selected as the lever by which I was to accomplish my plans of glory and aggrandisement.

The evening before my departure, curiosity led me into a noted gambling-house, much frequented by foreigners. During the time I remained, an altercation ensued between an Italian and a young German of warm temper and apparent inexperience. Provoked by an irritating epithet, the latter snatched a mace from a billiard-table, and inflicted a blow on his opponent. I saw the Italian thrust his hand into his bosom, and knowing the national disposition, I arrested his arm just as he raised a dagger. My countryman was induced to quit the house, and the prudence of his friends decided his speedy retreat from the seat of sensuality and superstition.

VII.

At Jena I avoided the boisterous fraternities of the students, toiled incessantly, and managed my resources

with a regard to economy demanded by the inroads which travelling, and the absence of pecuniary wisdom, had made upon my fortune. I formed no intimacies, went abroad merely for exercise, and devoted the intervals of relaxation to dramatic composition. Having completed a historical play, I submitted it to one of the professors, and he not only honoured it by his approbation, but despatched it to Iffland, then the theatrical sovereign at Berlin.

During a morning walk, while plunged in a reverie, I was startled by a salutation from an unknown voice ; and a stranger of prepossessing appearance, and resembling some one I had seen before, offered me his hand. It was the young German, whom I had saved from the Italian's dagger at Rome. He overpowered me by expressions of gratitude, and begged that I would accompany him for a few days to the family mansion in the neighbourhood of Jena. His father, the Baron S——, would, he said, be delighted to shew his regard for Frederick Von G——, the son of his old associate in arms, and the preserver of a life which parental affection estimated far beyond its value.

I disclaimed the name of the detested aristocrat, intimated my sense of the intended honour, and declined the invitation.

When I mentioned the probable cause of my being mistaken for the heir of the Count of G——, Albert S—— smiled incredulously, and added that as I was a genius I had a right to be eccentric, but that never-

theless he must insist upon my being a guest at Rosendahl, on his sister's birth-day. "If you do not consent," said he, "Adelaide will be disappointed, and I shall feel unhappy. Assume whatever *incognito* you please, provided you will but come."

I had a presentiment that evil was to follow my compliance with his wishes; and I felt vexed and humiliated at the supposition that I was chiefly acceptable to the family as Frederick Von G——. I endeavoured to summon up fortitude for a reply that would silence importunity, and I paused for a moment. In that space all was lost. My thoughts had flown to the lake of Constance, and the opportunity of meeting again with her who had fixed its scenery for ever in my remembrance was not to be resisted.

I presented a rose to Adelaide on her birth-day.

VIII.

Visit after visit followed, passion had infatuated me, and at length I was almost domiciliated at Rosendahl. Health had returned to the object of my attachment, and with it an elasticity of manner that lent innumerable graces to all her looks and actions. Her person was yet more attractive than at the period of our casual interview; but the charm of outward loveliness formed only the dim emblem of a mind that each succeeding morn put forth some new blossom of excellence. Her society had not merely the effect of adding strength to the sentiments with which I regarded her, but of increasing my self-

respect by chastening every wayward tendency, and shedding a benignant influence on the latent seeds of virtue. With her I was happy — placidly, purely happy — for the transparent spirit of this German-hearted girl could not exhibit an indifference she did not feel.

A circumstance, however, in my connection with the baron and his family, which it was impossible not to remark, frequently embarrassed, and occasionally pained me. I was received on the most favoured footing, and treated in every particular as an equal. It seemed to me, also, that my suit was countenanced, and my alliance desired. But there was a mystery in my first reception which accident revived at intervals, and there were times when I was oppressed by the belief that I was actually still mistaken for Frederick Von G. Let me not conceal the fact, that having originally disavowed the name, I made no opposition to the Baron when he afterwards assigned it to me, as I conceived, in sportiveness. That mystery I had not courage to penetrate. I had centered my whole soul in Adelaide, — her image was stamped upon my bosom, and the brand that would have effaced it, must also have dried up the sources of my being. Yet I had secret misgivings that, in the loneliness of night, drew the ice-damp to my brow. From Strasbourg to Vienna, there breathed not a noble who dwelt with greater fervour on the ancestral honours of his house than did the Baron S. And could it be possible that such a man would select a homeless and lowly-born

wanderer as a son-in-law, with nothing to recommend him but a service rendered by chance to an imprudent youth, and the possession of a superior order of intellect, which, improved by education, elevated him a degree above the multitude ?

These were the reflections that marred my felicity ; but I resolved to repel them, and to enjoy the summer of existence, come winter when it might.

IX.

I had been absent somewhat longer than usual from my friends, when I received a note from the Baron expressing a particular wish for my company on a day set apart for an entertainment in honour of the expected arrival of a Prussian general of veteran reputation, who was about to sojourn for a little under his roof. He stated that the general had expressed a strong desire to meet me there. The cause of this officer's solicitude I was at a loss to divine ; but I determined on going, and desirous to see Adelaide without the interruption of visitors, I left home on the evening before, with the intention of remaining all night at the castle.

The road in the vicinity of the demesne of Rosendahl serpentine through a wood ; the turnings are abrupt, the trees are unprotected by hedges, and are broken here and there by long and grassy glades. In one of the sudden windings of the way I came upon a horseman who appeared endeavouring to adjust his saddle-girth, which hard riding and over-feeding had

rent asunder. As I neared him he seemed to relinquish the effort in despair; and passing his arm through the bridle-reins, proceeded to lead the animal forward. He turned round on hearing my approaching footstep, and hastily inquired the distance to the residence of Baron S.

I knew the voice. It was Frederick Von G. In an instant the recognition was mutual. Hatred has the eagle's eye. I cannot, would not repeat the terms with which he loaded me. He charged me with the criminal and audacious assumption of his name—stigmatised me as the offspring of a convicted felon, and threatened me with the pillory—the pillory!

Could I have annihilated him by a word, I might have spoken—as it was, I placed myself before him and pointed to an opening in the wood. I carried a cane containing a concealed sword-blade, such as the members of the Burschenschaft used in their duels. I lost no time in fitting it for action.

I suppose he read my purpose in my face, for he said not a syllable about disparity of rank, but deliberately fastening his horse to a stump, and drawing his sword, walked side by side with me until we reached a green and spacious spot of a circular form, fringed by stately beech-trees, and silent as the sepulchre.

The struggle was brief—its character such as no calculation could have anticipated. Both had skill in the weapon. He had early acquired the name of a master of fence, and I had become a proficient by making

it my exercise at Jena. There must have been some mischance dealing with him; for in the second or third pass his sword was jerked from his hand, and it spun like a rocket into the air. I could not recall the thrust—my slight triangular blade passed simultaneously right through his body, and he fell forward on the hilt. I withdrew the instrument of death, and flung it as far as I could among the beeches. Its work was done.

X.

Let me hurry on to the conclusion of my dreary tale.

I proceeded to Rosendahl, and entered the castle-hall as the clock struck nine. I found Adelaide alone and seated at her harp. My tones were firm, and the beams of the full moon, which poured their pale light through the Gothic windows, rather served to conceal than betray the colour and expression of my features. I leaned over her until she played my favourite air. I then placed her arm in mine, and requested her to accompany me to the gardens.

I learned from her that the Prussian general, expected by the Baron, was a friend of the count of G. of H. in Silesia; and that in me he hoped to greet Frederick, the son of that nobleman, who it was understood had, in obedience to his father's wishes, resumed his course of study at Jena.

I farther learned that Adelaide's brother Albert had been repeatedly assured, by one who knew the young noble well, that he to whom he owed his preservation from Italian vengeance, was no other than Frederick,

whose eccentricity prompted him to remain at the university under a feigned name. Notwithstanding my assertions to the contrary, the Baron and his family had persevered in that opinion. My subsequent conduct had confirmed their error. I narrated the particulars of my history, as they are here recorded, to her who was my sole anchorage to earth.

When I came to an end, she took my hand, and pressing it between her small white palms, said — “Wilhelm, I am still thine.” She looked more composed than usual; but in every other respect she displayed nothing beyond her natural simplicity.

But it was written that it should not be; and my soul acknowledged the decree. I clasped her in my arms as if for the last time, and her lip quivered and grew lily-pale and cold, as tear after tear streamed upon her beautiful forehead, and faint was her response to my prayer that our Creator would at that moment take us to his presence.

She knew not yet that I was polluted with blood; but the knowledge came soon enough. The Prussian General arrived with tidings of Frederick's death, and I was arrested for murder that very night. The Count of G. was a relentless prosecutor — circumstances were against me—I was tried and condemned to die.

The day fixed for my execution was at hand. I regarded its approach with indifference. Had it not been for the public exposure and degradation, I should have hailed it with pleasure, for I longed to be in my grave. As I lay upon my dungeon bed, at midnight,

the door was unlocked, and the keeper of the prison, a man of sullen and time-worn aspect, stood before me. Having freed me from my fetters, he gave me the means of disguise and a brace of pistols; and motioning me to follow, led me beyond the walls. Two horses were ready for us, he mounted one of them, and telling me to ride for life, guided me to the frontiers. We reached Hamburgh in safety. A vessel getting under weigh for England afforded us a passage, and the wind proving favourable, we landed at Harwich after a speedy voyage.

I wished to proceed direct to London, but my conductor complained of illness, and expressed his inability to travel. I was deeply grateful to him for the risk he ran in effecting my escape; and as he grew rapidly worse I remained constantly by his bedside. At length the medical attendant pronounced his case hopeless, and symptoms of dissolution became apparent. At a time when all but myself had withdrawn from his apartment, he requested me to make fast the door and attend to his dying words.

"I was once," said he, "the owner of a happy home. Without a witness I entrusted my little fortune to a man who had my unlimited confidence. He deceived me, and misery, grinding misery became the portion of my wife and children. In a moment of despair, I wrested by force part of his spoils from the villain whose perfidy had caused my ruin. For this I was sent to labour for life in the mines. By singular vicissitudes I became keeper of the prison in which you

were confined. I resolved to liberate you or perish—I have succeeded—accept now my blessing and this gold, the savings of years of wretchedness. When I am gone, see this poor exhausted body deposited in the clay. Give me your hand—may God protect you, unhappy boy, and shield you from farther sorrow.”

“And what name,” I asked, “shall be inscribed upon your tomb?”

“Your father’s, Wilhelm!—your father’s!”

XI.

O! would that with my sire I had slept in the churchyard of the pretty English village that borders on the sea! It had been better than to exist as I have since existed, sinking daily under the dull, dead pressure of affliction.

I have suffered both from grief and want. My parent’s gift did not last long; and the supply I gained by my skill in languages came but seldom, and too sparingly to save me from the common necessity which reminds man of his fellowship with the wolf. I had no princely patron to procure me the hospitality of Britain by the magic of a name. Among my countrymen I was and am abhorred as a murderer.

Eight days since, a French Journal announced the death of Adelaide, the daughter of Baron S. of Rosendahl, at Pisa, of a lingering decline. What remains for me but to go to my beloved. Thanks to the benevolent stranger whose kindness has enabled me to taste tranquillity in a place like this.

XII.

Monday night, September 6th.

I have wrestled hard with pain. I did not think this wasted form would have struggled so long. The hour has come, and all will soon be over. Blessed be the power which has sustained my mind upon its throne!

Yet a little longer, and the gelid fingers of death will withdraw the curtain of eternity. Surely, O God, thou wilt give peace to thy creature?

I was framed to look upon every man as a brother; but they refused to look thus upon me. The doors of human sympathy have been closed upon me almost from the dawn of my existence. Society, thy laws are written with a pen of iron filled with blood from the core of the wounded heart!

I am like one who sails through an unclouded sky in an aerial car, and who sees the inhabitants of the world, their works and their possessions, diminished to insignificance.

In a sphere of celestial quiet and unutterable beauty repose the spirits of the good. There art thou, my Adelaide, and there will my soul hope to find thee, though it should wing its way through ten thousand circles of stars.

Troubled are the waters that roll between earth and heaven. O that my morning would at length appear!

* * * *

No more — no more — no more!

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN MAID.

I.

Oh, weel I mind ! the moon flang bricht
 Upon the wave her quivering flame ;
 The birds sang love frae howe and heicht, —
 An' ane was by I daurna name.
 The fields are mute, the sangsters flown ;
 The leaves hae left the silent tree ;
 In haste awa the Spring has stown ;
 An' my fause love's forsaken me.

II.

Forgotten is that minstrel strain,
 Sae loved an' lost ; without regret
 The wave in darkness sleeps again —
 An' why maun I remember yet ?
 Oh, gin that lesson I could wrest
 Frae thy deep heart, thou darksome sea !
 An' whare suld I sae saftly rest,
 Sin' my fause love's forsaken me ?

L. R.

TO A LOST ODOUR.

TWENTY—thirty summers past
Since I met thee last !
And never since that pleasant hour
Found I gum or wood or flower
That the self-same odour cast.
And now—what is 't the lost scent bringeth,
That round my saddened memory clingeth,
And bears me backward (like a truth
Early taught) into my youth ?

Tender fragrance ! like a friend
Do I hail and love thee :
Other things perhaps there are
Twice as fair and sweeter far,
But no bud the summer sends
Will I place above thee.
What to *me*'s the perfume frail
That haunts about the lily pale ?
What the fainter fragrance hid
Underneath the violet's lid ?

What to me the richest rose
That breathes upon the eves of June,
Burthening every wind that blows
Underneath the moon,
With her odours? *Thou* dost bear
Me far away to that sweet air,
Where, beside the brawling river,
I was wont to play for ever:
Touching some most subtle nerve
Thou hast forced my mind to swerve
From its course, and borne me back
(As the wind doth force the wrack)
Unto days of hope and flowers,
Away from a world of wintry hours.

So it is! Some little thing
To the sternest mind will bring
Sweet thoughts o'er the waters wide,
From the rough world's farthest side;
Or, when scorn and anger fail,
Will pierce philosophy's sullen mail,
And check the double dealer's scheme,
And 'wake the miser from his dream!
'Twas always thus, since *Æsop* old
Beat out his fable all of gold,
Which ever since men's praise hath won,—
“The traveller 'tween the wind and sun.”

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

BY GEORGE DARLEY.

I.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow swift we fly ;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

II.

By the grassy-fringéd river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep ;
'Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

III.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolick things we say,
While aside her cheek we 're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

IV.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

V.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain
Till its little breakers foam.

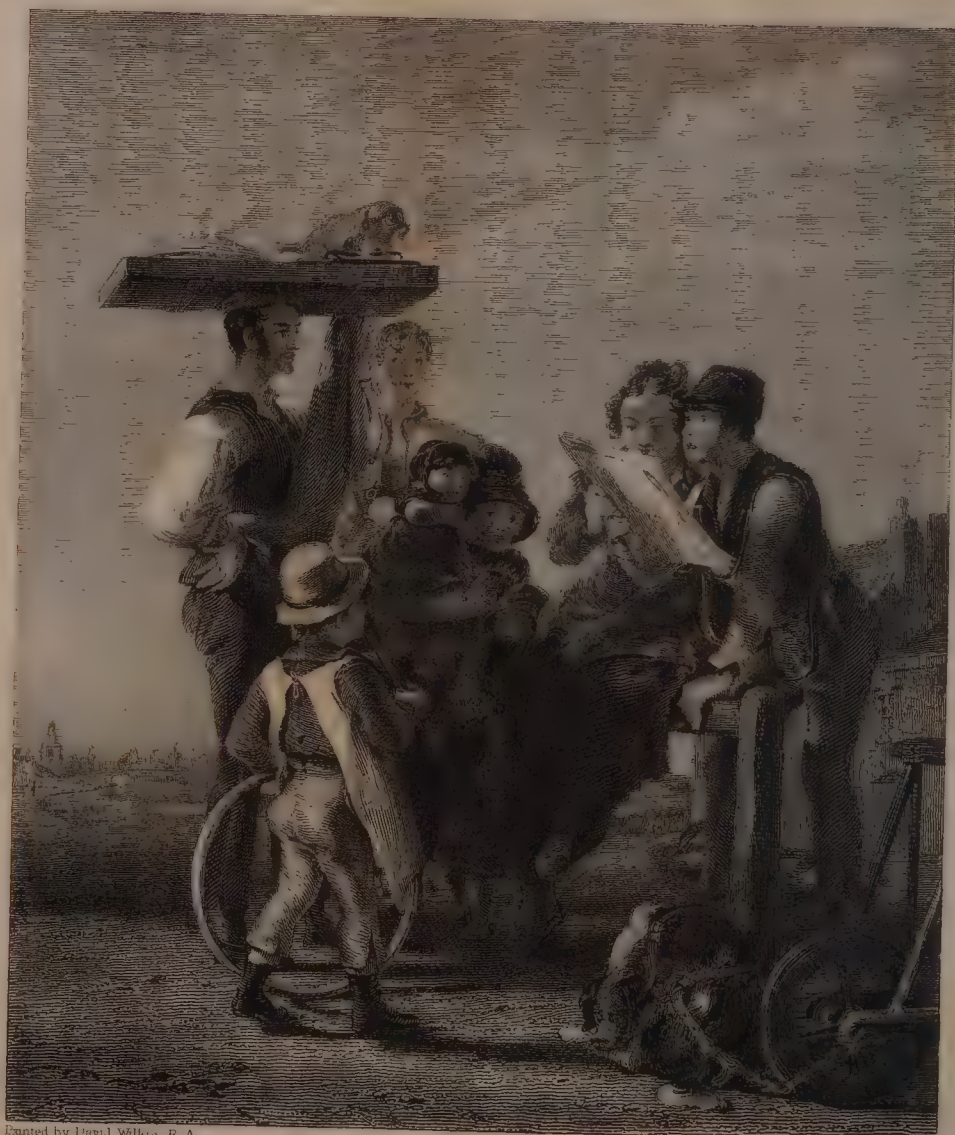
VI.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh ;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

VII.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we 're at our play again.





Painted by David Wilkie R.A.

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READING THE NEWS.

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READING THE NEWS.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

ONE of the most beautiful spots on the banks of the Thames is the famous Runnemede. Independently of its glorious associations, the loveliness of the plain itself would ask the traveller to linger on the 'margent green' of the river which bounds it on the one side, or wander amidst the pleasant hedge-rows of the hills which run parallel to it on the other, even if his soul responded not to those holy thoughts of a people made free which have here their peculiar abiding-place. Stretching for somewhat more than two miles under these delicious hills, the plain is terminated by the pretty town of Egham; and here are those races held, which, in their tumultuous merriment and their false excitements, are ill-adapted to the quiet beauty of a scene which ought to be dedicated to glorious recollections. Those races have fallen into decay—and we are not sorry for it. How much more appropriate a festival on this plain would be an annual commemoration of Magna Charta, where the sports should have some relation to the locality; and old games and old

costumes might give the people some notion of the manners of those ancestors, who here first taught their kings how perilous an ambition is that of a tyrant,—and how ‘the oppressor’s wrong’ recoils upon himself, when it is directed against men who ‘know their rights, and, knowing, will maintain them.’

The annual Races of Runnemedede were just past. The crowd of idlers and gamblers, of buffoons and ballad-singers, were dispersed over the country again, to cheat or to be cheated. In a few hours the temporary booths had been cleared away, and the voice of noisy revelry was no more heard in that peaceful valley. The busy feet had indeed left their traces behind them;—for the brown patch of the course, contrasting with the delicate verdure all around, shewed that multitudes had been here to mar the face of nature. The plain, as we have said, runs up to the town of Egham; and the cottages of the suburbs appear gradually to have encroached upon its ancient limits. Within a day after the races of 18—, a group was assembled near those humble dwellings. There were rumours of a fearful calamity which had befallen a party, returning from the races by water to their distant home, full of boisterous merriment; and the weekly paper came to confirm the tidings of misery. It was an all-absorbing subject; and thus, while the maiden, who within a year had attained the most distinguished honours of the Free-School of the town, read the journal aloud, the gardener gave his wheelbarrow and his dog a brief rest—the baker suffered his meats to pour forth their savoury

steams under an August sun, instead of placing them upon the board of the tradesman's kitchen—even the school-boy paused to listen, with his hoop in hand—and the nurse of six years old clasped her little sister closer to her bosom, while she heard how the mother and her two children were drowned in that rapid stream by Datchet hedge. Fatal, indeed, was the calamity, and sad the story. An overloaded boat, returning in the twilight with passengers rendered tumultuous and unsteady by the excitements of such scenes, was suddenly overset, and nine persons, mostly women and children, perished.

The group which we have described, and which Wilkie has so truly painted, as he has done many another scene representing

“Familiar matter of to-day; ---
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
Which has been, and may be again;”---

gave a tear to the mother bereft of her child, and the husband of his wife. There were no relatives or lovers in the list of the sufferers;—but the maiden had danced in the same booth with one who had thus suddenly perished in the bloom of youth;—and the gardener had seen the boat leave the shore, as the sun was going down without a cloud,—and he had envied the party their pleasant row homeward in that dewy eve—their songs and their laughter—their

“Quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles.”

When the group separated, the little boy ran away to tell his playmates the story, with the exaggerations

which belong partly to the heedlessness, and partly to the desire of effect, in most children; the baker was pathetic for at least a week, as he slowly went his rounds amongst his customers; the gardener moralised, for his is a moralising occupation, upon the uncertainty of all human things; and the maiden wept outright when she first told her grandmother, although she rejoiced that John Thomson was not of the party. In a week the whole occurrence—its salutary terrors, and its lessons of caution and preparation—were all forgotten. The newspaper again made its weekly visit; and that brought some new calamity to read of, or the agreeable details of some new merriment,—a murder or a cricket match, a burial or a boat race.

And thus it is that the events which belong to a highly civilised state of society, when newspapers and mails and steam boats have their full employment, are soon chased out of our thoughts by other events; while amongst a scattered population,—the pastoral inhabitants of inaccessible hills and valleys, where the horn of the newsman never resounded,—those calamities, which in their very nature are strongly exciting, are scarcely ever forgotten. The swollen ford where a poor shepherd perished a century ago, is still waded through with caution; and the glen which was the outlaw's grave is trodden hastily, as the shadows of evening hang over it, although even his name is long since forgotten. It is probable that, with our present rapid interchange of ideas, what we have gained in intellect we have lost in heart; and that at any rate the constant

and ever-recurring excitement of those journals which penetrate even to the dwellings of the humblest, produces no effect of permanent instruction, compared with the hallowed legends of a simpler people—the country lays of

“ Old, unhappy, far-off things,”

whose recollection taught the young and the careless that they were the tenants of a world of change and trouble, and responsible, therefore, for the proper use of every occasion of gladness which was presented to them. Their happiness was not the less for such a sense of the tenure upon which they held it.

FALLING LEAVES.

THE leaves are falling from the poplar trees ;
And through their skeleton branches I behold
Glimpses of clear blue daylight. Thus, methinks,
As one by one the joys of life decay,
Withered, or prematurely snapped, the eye
Of age contemplates, with a clearer ken,
The opening vault of Immortality
O'er-arching Earth and Time.

BRITISH CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

OH, Children of the Islands,
Of the glorious, and the free !
Your's is a noble heritage,
A proud old ancestry.

The spoiler dare not enter
Your homes by day or night ;
And the poorest peasant in the land
The oppressor may not smite.

The ground ye tread is holy ;
Your names were known of yore ;
Ye dwell, where dwelt the wise and good,
In the light of ancient lore.

Ye dwell in towns whose stories
Are known beyond the isle ;
And kneel among the glorious dead
In each cathedral pile.

The green trees in your valleys,
The rivers that roll by,
The grey towers on the lone hill side,
Have histories old and high.

Your very names are watchwords
In battle for the right ;
And the nations, in their darkest days,
Look towards your land for light.

Ye are children of the merchant,
Of the rulers of the seas, —
And afar on perilous oceans lie
Their laden argosies :

And in each far-off island,
In desert lands and lone,
And the richest ports of every clime,
Your fathers' names are known.

Ye are children of the warrior,
Of the high-souled and the brave,
Of the fallen for their land, who lie
Within a soldier's grave :

Pilgrims, on weary travel,
With reverence there have trod ;
And patriots pour their ardent vows
Upon each verdant sod.

Your sires are wise philosophers,
Whose science can divine
All mysteries of the ocean depths,
And of the delv'd mine :

They watch through silent midnight
All stars that fade and burn ;
And pour their wondrous knowledge forth,
As from a ceaseless urn.

Ye are children of the poet—
Of men whose souls are wrought
To feel the beauty of all things
By their sublimest thought :

They walk in sunny gladness,
In love and joy refined,
And have high communings and hopes
Too solemn for mankind :

Their wing'd thoughts, like lightning,
Have riven each moral cloud,
Till the world has started from its trance
And blessed their names aloud.

Your fathers, at the altar,
God's Holy Book unseal ;
And the frozen heart of man grows warm
Before their righteous zeal :

They have knowledge high and holy ;
And, in death's dreary hour,
Assure the trembling, drooping soul
With faith's triumphant dower.

Oh, children of the islands !
Your guarded rights are sure :
Your's is a glorious heritage,
A birthright proud and pure !

Look to your mountain-bulwarks ;
To each unwalléd town ;
To the free flocks on the pastoral hills,
And the scenes of old renown :

Look to the peasant's dwelling ;
To the city's busy crowd ;
To the port with its ten thousand ships ;
And well may ye be proud !

Turn to the household virtues —
To your mothers' loving eyes ;
To the watchful kindness round your hearths,—
And what deep love will rise !

Oh! by all precious memories,
By the stedfast hearts of yore,
By the glory of your fathers' names
In freedom, faith, and lore,—

Keep ye your hearts inviolate,
Pure soul, and spotless hand !
And in your manhood's noble strength,
Make glad your native land !

Make glad the glorious Islands,
And light their history's page —
For the beauty of their old renown
Is a noble heritage !

SONNET.

I DWELL not in the desert, nor am cast
On some stern island of the sea, forlorn ;
Yet is the present day, as was the past,
Away in solitary sadness worn.
I move unknown amid the multitude,
Unknown, yet not unsocial ; and I sigh
For hearts with feelings like my own imbued,
For love soft beamed from some diviner eye.
Better to die than thus wear life away —
To wither thus in loneliness apart ;
To find no gladness in the beaming day,
My love a sealed-up fountain in my heart.
Yet are there souls with whom my own would rest —
Whom I might bless — with whom I might be blest.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

BY MRS. BOWDICH.

THE miseries of a sea voyage are loudly blazoned forth by those who, making their passage in an East or West Indiaman, or in one of His Majesty's frigates,—are hoisted into her, seated in a gaily decorated chair; who sleep in beautiful little white beds trimmed with smart fringes, and walk over a carpeted drawing-room into a handsomely-furnished dining-room; who have milk with their tea and coffee; whose stock of preserved fruits, vegetables, and eggs, makes their table resemble that of a house in Portland Place; whose ample space gives them all their wonted amusements and employments: but, after all, they know nothing of going to sea. Put them into a boat from which they are obliged to jump, as the waves heave them up, into the chains of the vessel; put them into stifling berths, too low to sit upright in, and so narrow that, unless they are expert packers, every roll thumps them from side to side; let their only sitting-room be a space of six feet square, surrounded by such berths, and encumbered by chests, hampers, and part of the cargo. Give them tea infused in bad smoky water; set them down to a piece of hard

beef or pork that has been in pickle for fifteen years, accompanied by hard tough biscuit, and on Sundays by a roll-pudding made of flour and stale suet. Let them rise from their sickness to be assailed by the smell of grog, cheese, and bilge water. Let every thing they touch feel damp and cold. Let the sea which is shipped on deck run through to their bedding, so that every movement they make on it produces a squashing noise. These, and many worse things than these, would entitle them to complain of the sea. And yet I am inclined to think that not a little of the suffering arises from the dispositions of those exposed to it; and some notes taken from the journal of a traveller may perhaps prove, that variety is not always wanting in these expeditions.

We were eleven days in the Irish Channel; foul winds and thick weather only affording us occasional peeps at the blue mountains of either coast, and retarding our progress in a manner that considerably tried our patience.

As we left the land to larboard, we were gratified by the sight of two fine Indiamen, homeward bound, that shot athwart our bows within hail. Their sails, to the sky-scrapers and moon-rakers, were all set, and while we rolled from side to side with every wave, they glided smoothly along, as if impelled by some invisible hand. Their decks were covered with troops and sailors; every cabin window was filled with passengers; and in the chains stood numerous servants, who came out to gaze at us. At such a spectacle as this, the work of human hands proudly conveying hundreds of human

beings across the broad ocean, human frailty might be forgiven for the flush of pride which glowed in our cheeks as we watched the majestic movements of these mighty machines: but how soon is man brought to his proper level!—at sea especially, where we feel that one billow, raised with a single gust of wind, may sink us into the mass of waters;—and when we lay our heads on our pillows, with the waves rushing round us, and think that there is only a plank between us and eternity, we cannot but acknowledge how necessary is Divine aid. Nothing gives us so correct an idea of the vastness of creation, of the laws which keep all things in their proper places, as the contemplation of the broad expanse of waters; and nothing humbles a man more towards his God, than to feel, turn which way he will, there is no human assistance to be found.

A beautiful but calm day, in the latitude of Lisbon, saw us borne along with the current. Not a ripple disturbed the glassy surface, and we watched the fishes swimming in the depths below. The sun set most gloriously, and all round us appeared to be a sheet of flame; the red and violet hues tinged the sails, and even the faces of our crew: but the streaky clouds which succeeded, the low flight of the gulls, the numerous Mother Carey's chickens, made the sailors shake their heads; and an hour after sun-set the gale commenced in low whisperings. A broad streak of light still gleamed across the horizon, and shewed us one or two small vessels in the offing. The whispers of the wind were succeeded by moanings, which became louder every moment;

every thing was involved in darkness, and a heavy south-wester regularly set in. There was neither thunder nor lightning; but the blast roared in angry bellowings; the waves rose higher and higher; and our vessel, now pitching, now rolling, seemed to me to be going down at every heave. The steward and first mate lashed every thing in the cabin; the lamp was extinguished, and a candle and candlestick fastened to the table; and the watch put on their frieze coats, preparing for a drench. All hands were soon called on deck; the royals were close furled; and the top-sails were taken in a reef. The captain paced up and down in evident anxiety as the storm increased. Another reef was taken in;—in five minutes more the top-sails disappeared; the mizen was lowered;—and in less than half an hour the canvas had dwindled to a small sail, scarcely bigger than a pocket handkerchief, on the jib-boom, to keep the head right, as they told me. Now we were driven furiously along the summits of the waves, now plunged into the trough of the sea; and as I stood on deck I tried to discover the tops of the waves on each side, but finding they were higher than the topsail-yard, I followed the captain's advice, and slunk to my berth.

In the course of the night a violent shock almost threw me from my mattress. It was accompanied by the most piercing cry I ever heard: and concluding in my ignorance that we had struck on a rock, and that all was lost, I rushed upon deck to die with the rest. I there found the captain, who said — “Do not be frightened; as yet we are safe.”

"What was it then?" I asked.

"I very much fear," he replied, "that we have run down one of the small vessels we saw at sun-set; for our men thought they heard voices about the bows the moment before we felt her, and heard the cry of the poor creatures as they sank."

I could ask no more; I could not again go to bed; I was in the way on deck; I therefore went into the cabin, where I sat upon a chest the rest of the night, my hands over my ears, as if dreading to hear such another sound. At length morning broke,—tremendous indeed, and rendered still more so by the appearance of a hat, some spars and casks which floated close to us,—and painfully convinced us of the catastrophe of the preceding night.

For three days did the gale continue without intermission. It then gradually subsided, and left us with a heavy swell on our way to the lovely island of Madeira. The breeze favored us so much that we did not touch at this little earthly paradise; but we were quite near enough to discern its lofty mountains, its rich verdure, and the charming villas with which it is studded. We also saw Teneriffe rising like a sugar-loaf at the distance of ninety miles at least. But the day we crossed the Tropic is too memorable to be passed over in silence. Several on board had never been so far south; and as our captain was as fond of mischief as his men, he gave them free licence to enact absurdities which would have been reserved for the Line had our ship been destined to those latitudes.

Children and sailors are but synonymous terms ; and with their characteristic simplicity, they gravely assured me, that Neptune would announce himself the evening before we crossed. Accordingly, a grim wretch raised his head out of the chains at twilight, and summoned myself, the coopers, and one of the boys to appear the next morning. " There he is !" said the steward ; " I told you he would come." A gun was fired, and a tub of lighted pitch set afloat, when the steward continued — " And there he goes off again, till to-morrow, in his car." It blew so fresh that on the morrow I was particularly ill, and locked myself into my state room, secretly hoping that I should escape the promised visit. Neptune however came, whirled on a gun carriage to the door of the cabin, and on my refusing to appear, three stout fellows, acting as his constables, brought me a piece of painted cloth representing a fish, and told me that Neptune's wife having sent me that, I must see her, willingly, or by force. I accordingly rose ; and I am certain that captain, surgeon, supercargo, and mates, secretly enjoyed the apprehension I but ill concealed. Seating myself behind a large table, I gave audience, and caused rum to be plentifully handed round. Neptune had on a wig and beard of oakum, an old tattered sail for a mantle, a very respectable wooden trident, and his face was smeared with black. A dark Italian, who personated Amphitrite, exerted his fine falsetto in squeaking with great success. He had fastened strings to a white night-cap, and tied them under his

chin; and having added a red handkerchief, and a border of frizzled red oakum for curls, the coëffure was complete. His petticoats were made of dirty sail cloth; his brawny arms were bared by way of adding to his feminine appearance; and as he had not been shaved for a week, he was irresistibly ludicrous. I was very polite, and the royal pair very obstinate. However, a gallon of rum and a pint of brandy for their private drinking softened their hearts, and they promised to leave me in peace. I was, notwithstanding, cautious of trusting them, and did not go on deck till I heard peals of laughter, and till the first mate had promised me his protection. I arrived just in time to see a poor unhappy cooper led blindfold to execution. He was stripped to the trowsers; and had he really been about to be hanged he could not have looked more wretched. He was first seated on a plank across a tub of dirty water: Neptune asked him his birth, parentage and education, and at each reply, a brush dipped in tar was thrust into his mouth; he was then shaved, his face being scraped with a piece of old iron hoop notched like a saw. Amphitrite gave him a maternal welcome in a stifling hug; and plunging him into the tub, bucket after bucket was emptied upon him. When sufficiently soused, he was allowed to see, and stagger back to his hammock. This barbarous sport continued till all the inexperienced were initiated, when the victims were allowed a repose, which had become necessary even to their health.

As we approached the coast of Africa, our rigging was covered with the red sand of the desert, and even insects were blown along with it. We fished for sharks; and hooking one of the largest by enticing him with a piece of pork, we succeeded in getting him upon the deck, where the men fell to work, cutting out the parts they chose to eat after being smoked over the caboose, extracting his back bone to make walking canes, and separating the vertebræ for rings to their handkerchiefs. We were all very glad to get rid of the huge carcass as quickly as possible; and nothing but curiosity could have prompted me to have tasted his flesh. I found it something like that of an old goose which had been fed in a salt marsh for twenty years.

We passed the Cape de Verdes, and unhappily steering too close to land, got into a bay, where we were detained for some days with contrary winds. We at last turned the point, and anchored before Goree, a little rocky island, easily traversed in half an hour, and peopled by one of the handsomest and best behaved races of Western Africa. Our crew here, notwithstanding the prohibitory measures taken to prevent liquor coming on board, contrived to procure quantities of rum, and consequently fell sick; and during their drunken inactivity, some discontented individuals sowed the seeds of a mutiny which afterwards broke forth. Here an unhappy-looking sailor came on board to see an old messmate, whose relation of his own history could not but cause a shudder. He was going

home for trial, on a charge of murder, having, while a passenger, killed the ringleaders of a rebellious crew, and restored the ship to its proper command. He had chopped off the head of one while asleep, and had cut off the hands of the other as he clung to the chains; and it was horrible to hear him describe the looks of the latter as he fell into the sea. He was acquitted afterwards, but I was not sorry to bid adieu to him and Goree.

The day after, I was summoned from my sleep to behold a fleet of Portuguese men of war; and, with the remembrance of the Indiamen strongly imprinted, I joyfully obeyed. I was not a little surprised, however, at finding, instead of a squadron of three-deckers, the whole ocean covered with little pink and blue bladders, the novelty and beauty of which prevented me from feeling angry at the trick played on me, by the use of the sailors' term for these pretty little mollusca.

We passed the mouth of the Gambia, and anchored between the luxuriant Isles de Los, where the ship was to trade with the resident European merchants. These specks of land are covered with the richest vegetation, produce exquisite fruits and vegetables, abound in birds of beautiful plumage, and are altogether as like the islands of fairy lore as reality can allow. We here caught two huge turtles, one of them full of eggs, and so large that we thought the boat would have been swamped in taking it. I who had never eaten the flesh, except disguised in alderman fashion, was agreeably surprised by its affording a dish of sweet

wholesome food, and vowed for ever to rail against the false taste of our gourmands. I also eat here of the large lizard called the Guana; its flesh was extremely delicate, and resembled that of a young chicken.

Tired with working in the hold under a tropical sun, our crew, as before-mentioned, here broke out in mutiny during the absence of the captain. The first mate, though as excellent a creature as could breathe, was rather hasty; and, upon finding fault with the dinner, he received an insolent reply from the cook. This so provoked him, that he threw part of it at him, and beat him forward to the caboose. The signal thus given, the majority of the men ranged themselves against the rest, and a scuffle ensued. The second mate seized a brace of loaded pistols, and calling to the steward to second him, defended the cabin door. I besought him not to act on the offensive, but he assured me I knew not my danger, and that he must protect the chest of small arms in the cabin at all risks. I crept under his arm and found myself on deck in the midst of the fray; I fortunately arrived just in time to snatch a large carving knife from the cook's hand, as he was about to plunge it into the heart of the first mate; and thus deprived of his weapon, he was soon mastered. The other ringleaders were also seized, ironed, and confined in the forecastle. In the evening the captain returned; and all the men came round him, some to accuse, some to complain, and others to defend. Fatigued, and almost overpowered with heat and active employment, our good chief requested the matter might

stand over till the next morning, upon which one of the mutineers struck him. He who was as mild as a lamb in general, became a lion when roused, and, dealing his blows very plentifully with a good aim, the offenders were soon secured. Threats and forgiveness restored comparative order the next morning: but so much sullenness and ill-humour were still visible, that a brig of war coming in sight, our captain went on board to demand assistance. Fortunately he found her under the command of a brother sailor (for he too had been in the navy), and received all the succour he required. The men, being menaced by a naval officer, as old sailors, perfectly well knew they had no alternative between punishment and complete obedience; and feeling he was constantly in their track, never again brought forward grievances, which had no existence but in their own imaginations, for a more indulged crew never came together.

We started from the Isles de Los and, having no wind, floated on to Sierra Leone with the current; having thereby an opportunity of seeing the fine line of coast which presented itself, but taking three days to perform that which generally is accomplished in a few hours. On one of these days we were amused by the sight of a large water spout, the form of which was very perfect; but it came on us so quickly, and threatened so much mischief, that, loading a small cannon, we fired into it, and dispersed it at the expense of a slight wetting. It was also here that I saw a white squall, uncommon in these latitudes, but

of frequent occurrence near the equator. We were all at dinner in the perfect security of calm weather, when the man at the helm exclaimed — “All hands!” Plates, knives, forks, and food, were tossed into a mass, for we were completely reeling, and every one rushed on deck. My astonishment was great at seeing the men fly to the halyards, which were instantly lowered; and raising my eyes I saw a small white cloud passing rapidly over us, while all the rest of the sky was quite clear. In its progress it split the hanging sails to ribbons, and shivered the topsail yard. All was then immediately calm; and we reached Sierra Leone without further adventure, except being within a hair’s breadth of striking on the bar of sand which lies outside the mouth of the river.

The appearance of this place is highly picturesque: the mountains, with their forest-covered tops, rising loftily behind the town; and the river winding beautifully, and gradually losing itself in the dark masses of foliage which line its banks. But our arrival here opens a new chapter of adventures and remarks, and concludes that of THE VOYAGE OUT.’

SONG.

THE IRISH MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

BY JOHN BANIM.

I.

Now welcome, welcome, baby boy, unto a mother's
fears,—

The pleasure of her sufferings, the rainbow of her tears ;
The promise of a father's hope in all he hopes to do,—
A future man of his own land to live him o'er anew.

II.

How fondly on thy little brow a mother's eye would trace,
And in thy little limbs, and in each feature of thy face,
His beauty, worth, and manly strength, and every thing
that's his,

Except, my boy! the answering mark of where the
fetter is.

III.

Oh ! many a weary hundred years his sires that fetter
wore ;

And he has worn it since the day that him his mother
bore ;

And now, my son, it waits on you the moment you are
born,
The old hereditary badge of suffering and scorn!

IV.

Alas! my boy, so beautiful! alas! my love, so brave!
And must your manly Irish limbs still drag it to the
grave?
And thou, my son, yet have a son, foredoomed a slave
to be?
Whose mother, too, must weep o'er him the tears I
weep o'er thee!

1828.

MEMORY.

FOND Memory, like a Mocking-bird,
Within the widowed heart is heard,
Repeating every touching tone
Of voices that from earth have gone.

THE COBBLER OVER THE WAY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

ONE of the noisiest inhabitants of the small irregular town of Cranley, in which I had the honour to be born, was a certain cobbler, by name Jacob Giles. He lived exactly over-right our house, in a little appendage to the baker's shop,—an excrescence from that goodly tenement, which, when the door was closed (for the little square window at its side was all but invisible), might, from its shape and its dimensions, be mistaken for an oven or a pigstye, *ad libitum*. By day, when the half-hatch was open, and the cobbler discovered at work within, his dwelling seemed constructed purposely to hold his figure; as nicely adapted to its size and motions, as the little toy called a weather-house is to the height and functions of the puppets who inhabit it;—only that Jacob Giles's stall was less accommodating than the weather-house, inasmuch as by no chance could his apartment have been made to contain two inmates in any position whatsoever.

At that half-hatch might Jacob Giles be seen stitching and stitching, with the peculiar regular two-handed jerk proper to the art of cobbling, from six in the morning to six at night,—deducting always certain mornings and afternoons and whole days given, whenever his purse or his credit would permit, to the ensnaring seductions of the tap-room at the King's-head. At all other seasons at the half-hatch he might be seen, looking so exactly like a Dutch picture, that I, simple child that I was, took a fine Teniers in my father's possession for a likeness of him. There he sat—with a dirty red night-cap over his grizzled hair, a dingy waistcoat, an old blue coat, darned, patched and ragged, a greasy leather apron, a pair of crimson plush inexpressibles, worsted stockings of all the colours known in hosiery, and shoes that illustrated the old saying of the shoemaker's wife, by wanting mending more than any shoes in the parish.

The face belonging to this costume was rough and weather-beaten, deeply lined and deeply tinted, of a right copper-colour, with a nose that would have done honour to Bardolph, and a certain indescribable half-tipsy look, even when sober. Nevertheless, the face, ugly and tipsy as it was, had its merits. There was humour in the wink and in the nod, and in the knowing roll with which he transferred the quid of tobacco, his constant recreation and solace, from one cheek to the other; there was good-humour in the half-shut eye, the pursed-up mouth, and the whole jolly visage; and in the countless variety of strange songs and ballads

which, from morning to night, he poured forth from that half-hatch, there was a happy mixture of both. There he sat, in that small den, looking something like a thrush in a goldfinch's cage, and singing with as much power, and far wider range, — albeit his notes were hardly so melodious: — Jobson's songs in the ' Devil to Pay,' and

"A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served him for parlour, for kitchen and hall,"

being his favourites.

The half-hatch was, however, incomparably the best place in which to see him, for his face, with all its grotesqueness, was infinitely pleasanter to look at than his figure, one of his legs being shorter than the other, which obliged him to use a crutch, and the use of the crutch having occasioned a protuberance of the shoulder, which very nearly invested him with the dignity of a hump. Little cared he for his lameness! He swung along merrily and rapidly, especially when his steps tended to the alehouse, where he was a man of prime importance, not merely in right of his good songs and his good-fellowship, but in graver moments, as a scholar and a politician, being the best reader of a newspaper, and the most sagacious commentator on a debate, of any man who frequented the tap, the parish clerk himself not excepted.

Jacob Giles had, as he said, some right to talk about the welfare of old England, having, at one time of his life, been a householder, shopkeeper, and elector (N.B.

his visits to the ale-house may account for his descent from the shop to the stall) in the neighbouring borough of D., a place noted for the frequency and virulence of its contested elections. There was no event of his life on which our cobbler piqued himself so much as on having, as he affirmed, assisted in 'saving his country,' by forming one of the glorious majority of seven, by which a Mr. Brown, of those days, a silent, stupid, respectable country gentleman, a dead vote on one side of the house, ousted a certain Mr. Smith, also a country gentleman, equally silent, stupid, and respectable, and a dead vote on the other side. Which parties in the state these two worthy senators espoused, it was somewhat difficult to gather from the zealous champion of the victorious hero. Local politics have commonly very little to do with any general question: the blues or the yellows, the greens or the reds — colours, not principles, predominate at an election, — which, in this respect, as well as in the ardour of the contest, and the quantity of money risked on the event, bears no small resemblance to a horse-race.

Whatever might have been the party of his favourite candidate, Jacob himself was a Tory of the very first water. His residence at Cranley was during the later days of the French revolution, when Loyalty and Republicanism, Pittite and Foxite divided the land. Jacob Giles was a Tory, a Pittite, a Church-and-King, and Life-and-Fortune man — the loudest of the loyal; held Buonaparte for an incarnation of the evil spirit, and established an Anti-Gallican club at the King's Head,

where he got tipsy every Saturday-night for the good of the nation. Nothing could exceed the warmth of Jacob's loyalty. He even wanted to join the Cranley volunteers, quoting to the drill serjeant, who quietly pointed to the crutch and the shoulder, the notable examples of Captain Green who halted, and Lieutenant Jones who was awry, as precedents for his own eligibility. The hump and the limp united were, however, too much to be endured. The man of scarlet declared there was no such piece of deformity in the whole awkward squad, and Jacob was declared inadmissible;—a personal slight (to say nothing of his being debarred the privilege of shedding his blood in defence of the king and constitution) which our cobbler found so hard to bear, that with the least encouragement in the world from the Opposition of Cranley, he would have ratted. One word of sympathy would have carried Mr. Giles, and his songs and his tipsyness to the 'Russell-and-Sidney Club' (Jacobins Jacob used to call them), at the Greyhound; but the Jacobins laughed, and lost their proselyte; the Anti-Gallicans retained Jacob,—and Jacob retained his consistency.

How my friend the cobbler came to be theoretically so violent an Anti-jacobin is best known to himself. For certain he was in practice far more of what would in these days be called a radical; was constantly infringing the laws which he esteemed so perfect, and bringing into contempt the authorities for which he professed such enthusiastic veneration. Drunk or sober, in his own quarrels, or in the quarrels of others, he

waged a perpetual war with justice ; hath been seen to snap his fingers at an order of sessions, the said order having for object the removal of a certain barrel-organ man, 'his ancient trusty, drouthy crony ;' and got into a *demelé* with the church in the person of the old sexton, whom he nearly knocked down with the wind of his crutch (N.B. Jacob took care not to touch the old man) for driving away his clients, the boys who were playing at marbles on the tomb-stones. Besides these skirmishes, he was in a state of constant hostility with the officials called constables ; and had not his reputation, good or bad, stood him in stead, his Saturday-nights' exploits would have brought him acquainted with half the roundhouses, bridewells, stocks, and whipping-posts in the country. His demerits brought him off. "It's only that merry rogue, Jacob !" said the lenient : "only that sad dog, the cobbler !" cried the severe : and between these contrary epithets, which in Master Giles's case bore so exactly the same meaning, the poor cobbler escaped.

In good truth, it would have been a pity if Jacob's hebdomadal deviations from the straight path had brought him into any serious scrape, for, tipsy or sober, a better-natured creature never lived. Poor as he was, he had always something for those poorer than himself ; would share his scanty dinner with a starving beggar, and his last quid of tobacco with a crippled sailor. The children came to him for nuts and apples, for comical stories and droll songs ; the very curs of the street knew that they had a friend in the poor cobbler. He

even gave away his labour and his time. Many a shoe hath he heeled with a certainty that the wretched pauper could not pay him ; and many a job, extra-official, hath he turned his hand to, with no expectation of fee or reward. The 'Cobbler over the way' was the constant resource of every body in want of a help, and whatever the station or circumstances of the person needing him, his services might be depended on to the best of his power.

For my own part, I can recollect Jacob Giles as long as I can recollect any thing. He made the shoes for my first doll — (pink I remember they were) — a doll called Sophy, who had the misfortune to break her neck by a fall from the nursery window ; Jacob Giles made her pink slippers, and mended all the shoes of the family, with whom he was a universal favourite. My father delighted in his statesmanship, which must have been very entertaining ; my mother in his benevolence ; and I in his fun. He used to mimic Punch for my amusement ; and I once greatly affronted the real Punch, by preferring the cobbler's performance of the closing scenes. Jacob was a general favourite in our family ; and one member of it was no small favourite of Jacob's : that person was neither more nor less than my nursery-maid, Nancy Dawson.

Nancy Dawson was the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, a lively, clever girl, more like a French *soubrette* than an English maid-servant, *gentille* and *espiègle* ; not a regular beauty, — hardly perhaps pretty ; but with bright laughing eyes, a ready smile, a plea-

sant speech, and altogether as dangerous a person for an opposite neighbour as an old bachelor could desire. Jacob became seriously enamoured; wasted half his mornings in watching our windows, for my nursery looked out upon the street; and limped after us every afternoon when she took me (a small damsel of three years old, or thereabout) out walking. He even left off his tobacco, his worsted night-cap, his tipsyness, and his Saturday-night's club; got a whole coat to his back, set a patch on his shoe, and talked of taking a shop and settling in life. This, however, was nothing wonderful. Nancy's charms might have fired a colder heart than beat in the bosom of Jacob Giles. But that Nancy should 'abase her eyes' on him: there was the marvel. Nancy! who had refused Peter Green the grôcer, and John Keep the butcher, and Sir Henry's smart gamekeeper, and our own tall footman! Nancy to think of a tippling cripple like the cobbler over the way,—that was something to wonder at!

Nancy, when challenged on the subject, neither denied nor assented to the accusation. She answered very demurely that her young lady liked Mr. Giles, that he made the child laugh, and was handy with her, and was a careful person to leave her with if she had to go on an errand for her mistress or the housekeeper. So Jacob continued our walking footman.

Our walks were all in one direction. About a mile south of Cranley was a large and beautiful coppice, at one corner of which stood the cottage of the woodman, a fine young man, William Wheeler by name, whose

sister Mary was employed by my mother as a sempstress. The wood, the cottage, and the cottage garden, were separated by a thick hedge and wide ditch from a wild broken common covered with sheep — a common full of turfy knolls and thymy banks, where the heath flower and the hare-bell blew profusely, and where the sun poured forth a flood of glory on the golden-blossomed broom. To one corner of this common,—a sunny nook, covered with little turfy hillocks, originally, I suppose, formed by the moles, but which I used to call Cock-Robins' graves,—Nancy generally led; and there she would frequently, almost constantly, leave me under Jacob's protection whilst she jumped over a stile inaccessible to my little feet, sometimes to take a message to Mary Wheeler, sometimes to get me flowers from the wood, sometimes for blackberries, sometimes for nuts,—but always on some ostensible and well-sounding errand.

Nancy's absences, however, became longer and longer; and one evening Jacob and I grew mutually fidgetty. He had told his drollest stories, made his most comical faces, and played Punch twice over to divert me; but I was tired and cross; it was getting late in the autumn; the weather was cold; the sun had gone down; and I began to cry amain for home and for papa. Jacob, much distressed by my plight, partly to satisfy me, and partly to allay his own irritability, deposited me in the warmest nook he could find, and scrambled over the stile in search of Nancy. Voices in the wood—her voice and William's—guided him to

the spot where she and the young forester sate side by side at the foot of an oak tree ; and, unseen by the happy couple, the poor cobbler overheard the following dialogue.

“ On Saturday then, Nancy, I may give in the banns. You are sure that your mistress will let your sister take your place till she is suited ?”

“ Quite sure,” rejoined Nancy ; “ she is so kind.”

“ And on Monday fortnight the wedding is to be. Remember, not an hour later than eight o’ clock on Monday fortnight. Consider how long I have waited—almost half a year.”

“ Well !” said Nancy, “ at eight o’ clock on Monday fortnight.”

“ And the cobbler !” cried William ; “ that excellent under-nurse, who is waiting so contentedly on our little lady at the other side of the hedge”—

“ Ah, the poor cobbler !” interrupted Nancy.

“ We ’ll ask him to the wedding-dinner,” added William.

“ Yes ; the poor cobbler !” continued the saucy maiden ; “ my old lover, the ‘ Cobbler over the way,’ we’ll certainly ask him to the wedding-dinner. It will comfort him.”

And to the wedding dinner the cobbler went ; and he was comforted :—he kissed the pretty bride ; he shook hands with the handsome bridegroom, resumed his red cap and his tobacco, got tipsy to his heart’s content, and reeled home singing ‘ God save the king,’ right happy to find himself still a bachelor.

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Engraved by T. Cawson

S. P. O. L. E. T. O.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill.

Drawn by H. P. from a sketch by Capt. M. de la Haye

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SPOLETO.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

"The ancient town of Spoleto is situated on the side and summit of a hill. It is well known that Hannibal attacked this town immediately after the defeat of the Romans at Thrasimenus; and the inhabitants still glory in having repulsed the Carthaginian general, flushed as he was with conquest, and certain of success. An ancient gate commemorates this event, so honourable to the people of Spoleto, in an inscription on the great arch. . . . Some vast masses of stone, forming the piers of a bridge, the ruins of a theatre, and of a temple said to be dedicated to Concord, as being Roman, deserve a passing look. The Cathedral, in a commanding situation, presents a front of five Gothic arches, supported by Grecian columns, and within, consists of a Latin cross, with a double range of pillars. The order is Corinthian. The two side altars are uncommonly beautiful. Two vast candelabra, near the high altar, deserve attention. . . . The view from the terrace of the Cathedral is very extensive and beautiful. Near it, a very fine fountain of an elegant form pours out, though near the summit of a high hill, a torrent of the purest water. . . .

"The Castle is a monument of barbarous antiquity, built by Theodoric, destroyed during the Gothic war, and repaired by Narses, the rival and successor of Belisarius. It is a vast stone building, surrounded by a stone rampart, standing on a high hill that overlooks the town. . . . Behind the Castle, a celebrated aqueduct, supported by arches of an astonishing elevation, runs across a deep dell, and, by a bridge, unites the town with the noble hill that rises behind it, called Monte Luco. This latter is covered with evergreen oaks, and adorned by the white cells of a tribe of hermits, established on its shaded sides. . . . The aqueduct is Roman, but said to have been repaired by the Goths."---*Eustace*.

This romantic town and its monumental environs have been particularly mentioned also by Forsyth, La Lande, and other travellers in Italy; but the following cursory notice, brief as it is, by the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' (extracted, by his kind indulgence, from his travelling note book), will probably be esteemed by most readers more interesting than pages of further details from more ordinary tourists: ---

"Spoleto, with its walls and turrets, soon appeared on the mountain side. . . . The gate of Hannibal. . . . The gigantic aqueduct crossing a deep and unfathomable chasm. . . . Saw it by moonlight; and its vastness and entireness, connecting us at once with some mighty and unknown people, affected me deeply."

SPOLETO.

A SCENE such as we picture in our dreams :
 Grey castled rocks, green woods, and glittering streams ;
 Mountains in massive grandeur towering high ;
 Spires gleaming in the soft Ausonian sky ;
 Groves, gardens, villas, in their rich array ;
 Majestic ruins, glorious in decay ;
 Marvels by Art and Nature jointly wrought—
 And every stone instinct with teeming thought :
 Such look'st thou, fair Spoleto !—And the Art
 That through the eye speaks volumes to the heart,
 Lifting the veil that envious distance drew,
 Reveals thee, bathed in beauty, to our view ;
 Each feature so distinct—so freshly fair,
 We almost seem to scent thy mountain air—
 Breathing upon us from yon clump of pines,
 Where the blithe goatherd 'mid his flock reclines.

How rich the landscape !—opening, as we look,
 To many a sacred fane and sylvan nook ;
 While through the vale, by antique arches spanned,
 The river, like some stream of Fairyland,
 Pours its bright waters,—with deep solemn sound,
 As if rehearsing to the rocks around
 The tale of other times. Methinks I hear
 Its dream-like murmur melting on the ear,—
 Telling of mighty chiefs whose deeds sublime
 Loom out gigantic o'er the gulphs of Time ;

Of the stern African whose conquering powers
Recoiled abashed from these heroic towers ;
Of him who, when Rome's glorious days were gone,
Built yon grim pile to prop his Gothic throne ;
Of Belisarius, Narses——But 'twere vain
To weave such names into this idle strain ;
These mouldering mounds their towering aims proclaim,
—The historic Muse hath given their acts to fame.

Spoieto! midst thy hills and storied piles,
Thy classic haunts and legendary aisles,
'Twere sweet, methinks, ere life hath passed away,
To spend one long, reflective summer's day ;
Beneath those quiet shades my limbs to cast,
And muse o'er all that links thee to the past ;
To linger on, through twilight's wizard hour,
Till the wan moon gleamed high o'er rock and tower,
And, with her necromantic lustre strange,
Lit up the landscape with a solemn change —
Gilding its grandeur into sad relief,
Like a pale widow stately in her grief.

So rose the scene on ROGERS' classic eye —
And thus, embalmed in words that ne'er could die,
Its touching image had remained enshrined,
Had *he* to verse transferred it from his mind.
Far other fate awaits this rustic lay,
Framed for the passing purpose of a day :
Enough for me if he its tone commend
Whom 'tis a pride and grace to call my Friend.

THE HIGHLANDERS.

Addressed to Sir Walter Scott.

BY HENRY MACKENZIE.

(Written on occasion of His Majesty's visit to Scotland.)

YES — by a Monarch's voice a people brought
 From trackless mountains, and from isles remote,
 Where other standards once their tartans ranged
 In rebel ranks, — by gentler measures changed,
 Exultingly from their wild regions came, —
 And pibrochs chaunted royal George's name.

Those loyal clans, — that on their distant farms
 Once timid statesmen feared to trust with arms,
 A Chatham mustered and his generals led, —
 With Wellesley conquered, as with Wolfe they bled :
 Like the ger-falcon from the sportman's hand,
 He loosed on foreign foes each gallant band ;
 Dashed on a hostile shore the mountain-surge,
 With long remembered deeds their swords to urge ;
 With the wild notes — that carolled ancient days
 And fired to emulate their fathers' praise ;

Till prostrate France her lily ensigns furled,
And Britain triumphed o'er a prostrate world.

In those wild regions, reason's eye might trace
For warlike toils a soldier's chosen race,
Active and bold the craggy hills to climb,
Where rack the clouds and thunder rolls sublime.
The tuft that trembles o'er the lonely rill,
The blooming heather on the sloping hill,
These form the couch on which his limbs are laid,
Unsheltered save where folds the tartan plaid :
These custom'd hardihoods, from boyhood known,
Make half a soldier's habitudes his own ;
While his spare diet for endurance forms
A frame of iron, fostered midst the storms.

Nor less the mental powers that from a child
His opening mind had borrowed from the wild ;
Not lost in sluggish sense his fancy's fires,
He feels the sentiment the scene inspires,
Thinks of the heroic course his fathers ran—
Thinks of their fame, and feels himself a man.

The lonely brook that, o'er the matted blade,
Creeps underneath the quivering alder's shade,
The thin white birch that o'er the shelving steep
Hangs its long tendrils age has taught to weep,
These are his mute associates, when at noon
He lays him listless on the heather's bloom :

The roe that bounds across the rocky dell,
The bittern booming from the green-sward well,
The shieling peeping from the tufted glade,
The hoary elder in his chequered plaid,
And with her scarlet snood the blushing maid, —
These are the real objects in his eye :
But others Fancy's vision can descry —
The warrior-spectre dimly gleaming near,
Armed with its thin-wove bow or misty spear —
Blind Ossian with Malvina's fading form,
Seen by the moon-beam of the fitful storm.

To fabled beings solemn faith he gives,
While every object round him breathes and lives :
For such the faith that ruled in every clime,
Amidst the darkness of the olden time,
Creative fancy, prodigal of mind,
All nature to some ruling power assigned ;
Through all its parts, earth, ocean, fire, and air,
Left to some genie's, or some demon's care :
The fairy people rule the daisied green ;
The mermaid on the heaving wave is seen ;
The water-kelpy swells the river's tide ;
And wizard-hags on driving tempests ride :
Full on the Highland faith these truths are pressed,
And unresisted fancy fills his breast.

But real virtues, duties of his state,
When called to act, upon his actions wait ;

Those untamed virtues, virtues that remain
Free from the worldly or the selfish stain :
The meed of fealty, friendship they may claim
With the loved Chief that owns the family name,
Unbought by interest, unsubdued by fear,
That live unknown in humble mansions here.
Such was the faith that bound the lawless tribe
Whom perils could not daunt nor treasures bribe ;
Who, though their trade was theft, combined to save
The Prince they owned, in dark and secret cave,
Else owned by rapine for the close-hid lair
Of savage men whose spoils were sheltered there.
Such virtue a just monarch loved to own,
Though it was treason to his righteous throne ;
In his own generous mind their merit saw,
And bade his mercy supersede the law.*

Now milder counsels have redressed the wrong
Their chieftains suffered patiently and long ;
But still some hardships wait the faithful clan,
Felt, though unnoticed, in *their* rights of man.
Too numerous flocks, mistaken wealth, displace
The smoking hamlet and its hardy race,
Force from their hills the tenants of the cot,
Or starve the few that still endure their lot :
For not to them its largess rolls the flood,
While dikes and dams destroy the finny brood ;

* Alluding to the well-known anecdote of the late king granting a pardon to a man convicted at a Highland circuit, on being informed that he was one of that faithful set who sheltered Prince Charles Edward in 1746, and whom the reward of 30,000*l.* offered for his discovery, could not bribe to betray him.

And while unequal laws of sport restrain,
The heath-cock flutters round their huts in vain.

'Twere but an envious task to point your view
To men who ne'er such fields of fancy knew —
To Lowland, useful, working, clay-built folk,
Who drag through life's stiff soil the patient yoke—
Ah! how unlike those tribes, whose eagle plume
Waves in the wind—the warlike chief's *costume*;
Unlike, as is yon heavy slow-paced steer
To the swift bounding stag, the mountain deer.
Peace to their humble toils in useful arts —
Iron and wood that joint the meaner parts.
Yet let the haughty clansman prize his state;
Though sometimes, sneering at their vulgar fate,
The sluggish Lowlander, he says, may live
Content with all the ease his lot can give —
Content, he says, to trudge the dusty road,
Or stretch his lubber length across his load,
His lumpish body overlays his mind,
He cheers his horse, and leaves all sense behind;
Unconscious of the rural scene around,
He plods with measured pace his daily bound;
Begrimed with coal or mud, the face is lost
In one wide grin, by no expression crossed;
His vacant mind by no idea wrought,
He whistles on, and hugs his shaggy coat.*

* I am aware of the seeming plagiarism from Goldsmith; but the original of the portrait here drawn, may be seen by any person who strolls but a mile from Edinburgh, at any hundred yards of his walk. *Note by the Author.*

Or, if within the many-windowed mill,
A lazier race the crowded benches fill,
With this close-huddled flock in wintry fold,
He hears the paper read or story told ;
With glimmering thought he ponders dangerous things,
The fall of statesmen, and the fate of Kings ;
Or, deep-immersed in dark fanatic gloom,
Anticipates eternal-fated doom.

Not so the meanest of the mountain-race,
Who know their clan, and fear that clan's disgrace ;
Not so the Chief for whom your magic lays
Have even from virtue won immortal praise ;
Not so his Clansman in succeeding days
Who felt his title to his chieftain's praise,*
Bore, from his fancied sires, his bosom high,
'Pride in his port, defiance in his eye' :
Even when, unawed by all the legal pains
Of sentenced death or more detested chains,
Amidst his lawless daring lived a soul
Which honour's law, more powerful, might controul ;
In robbery generous, and in vengeance just,
True to his friend, and faithful to his trust ;
And oft compassion smoothed his rugged breast,
(The legend lambkin in the eagle's nest,) †

* The noted Rob Roy, of whom many traits of generosity are told in the Highlands similar to the English stories of Robin Hood.

† The Highland story is, that an eagle having carried a lamb uninjured to her eyrie, was so overcome by the gentle bleating of the intended victim, as to keep it in her nest unhurt, and feed it, on such vegetable food as she could provide, along with her own young.

And gave the widowed poor or orphan child
The wealth his rapine from the rich had spoiled.

Those proud aspirings you will not disown :
A poet's lofty feelings all your own,
'Twas yours to make those kindred feelings known ;
To bid a monarch know your tartaned band,
The sovereign now of one united land,
From Erin's kindred spirits come to hail
The same warm loyalty from Inisfail :
You bade the travellers from each distant isle
Share in that winning, that paternal smile,
Which made each subject feel himself a son,
Restraint disowned, but by affection won ;
Of genuine loyalty the best reward,
The throne's best prop, the monarch's surest guard.—

O! when you woo the epic muse again,
From cloud-capped hill, or isle-besprinkled main,
Give us a tale tradition's void to fill,
And bid the Highland virtues flourish still.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

A Highland Legend.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

NEAR the village of Inverneith, in the north of Scotland, there is a lake which has only lately been subjected to the visits of the rhyming, story-telling travellers of the present day. The comparative obscurity in which it remained so long, was not owing to any deficiency in those attributes of beauty or sublimity which attract the real or pretended worshipper of Nature to her wildest shrines, but rather, I should imagine, to its remote and hidden situation. The unfrequent traveller, who was induced formerly to wander from the main road, to visit, from motives either of whim or business, the neighbourhood of Inverneith, returned, in most cases, without having become aware of the existence of the most remarkable object in its scenery; but occasionally a stranger, while wandering among the rugged and somewhat unsightly mountains of the neighbourhood, was startled into awe and admiration, by arriving suddenly at the borders of the unknown lake.

The spot, when seen at a little distance from any point of the compass, presents the appearance of a jungle of stunted fir, hazel, and mountain-ash; and the visitor, already tired with his clambering walk, is often glad to descend to the level of the earth without encountering the additional obstacle; but when conducted, either by accident or love of adventure, through the skirt of trees, growing among masses of rock, that look like the ruins of some primeval edifice, he is surprised to find himself on the brink of a truly frightful gulf. A clear, cold, placid lake lies at the bottom, in an amphitheatre of rocks several hundred feet high. The descent is rugged and uneven, affording, in one place, an avenue to the water not more inconvenient than a very steep stair-case; about the middle of which precipitous road, a leap of a few feet, to him who has a heart and head steady enough to perform the feat in such a situation, lands the adventurer upon a large level rock, from which he may view at his ease one of the most remarkable scenes he probably ever beheld. The sides of the precipice are decorated, in some places, with small mountain-ashes, which appear to be growing out of the rock, and whose clusters of bright red berries, in Autumn, have a pleasing and lively effect; in other quarters, a rich drapery of blaeberry bushes, or flowering heath, contrasts finely with the naked brown of the surrounding surface; and here and there, in some clefts or insterstices, where a few handfuls of fine earth have been deposited by the rains, the wild strawberry raises its modest head, and diffuses a faint sweet odour

around. Approaching the top, the mountain-ash mingles with the hazel, the glittering holly, and the tall fir; and the edges of the precipice, broken into fragments which thrust their grey angular heads through the foliage, look like the ramparts of some fortress of giants fallen into decay.

The tabular rock we have mentioned juts out from this wall of nature in a very singular manner, resembling an artificial scaffold, but without support from beneath; and we believe there are few, even of the boldest visitors, who do not feel a thrill of terror as they look down from its edge into the smooth, black, distant waters below. While performing a feat, however, which custom has made indispensable, the timid or weak-headed tourist may grasp, with his left hand, a rugged point of the rock, which, rising gradually at one side from the wall, attains near the outer edge the elevation of a man's breast. The name of the rock is the LOVER'S LEAP, and the point just mentioned is called the LADY'S GRIP. The former name is so common, that I at first despaired of arriving at any authentic legend appertaining to the spot; and the latter seemed to have been given merely with reference to the sex of the visitors supposed most likely to make use of the support in looking over the precipice. Accident, however, threw me in the way of that most valuable of village chroniclers—an old woman; and from her I learnt the following legend of the lake of the Lover's Leap, the circumstances of which, I was surprised to find of comparatively recent date.

At the time I allude to, there lived near the village, in a house the ruins of which are still standing, a family of the name of Gordon. The father of the then inheritor of the name had been a man of considerable importance in the neighbourhood. His lands were extensive, although consisting, in the greater part, of barren rocks and hills; and his moderate income, arising chiefly from the precarious source of a sheep-farm, was sufficient to place him at the head of the district in point of wealth. Moving along, however, I hardly know by what steps, in the revolution which seems to have swept this class of proprietors from the soil of Scotland, he gradually sunk from his elevation: the circle of his property became narrower every year; the sheep which had once whitened his native hills, spotted the heather like some lingering patches of snow when the winter has departed; and at his death, the heir of the waning house found himself the possessor of little more than a few acres of heath, and the barren title of Laird.

Having arrived at middle age, before his father's death, Mr. Gordon had witnessed the gradual decline of his family — which had been brought home to himself in particular, by many a token of pain and deprivation. The only male scion of the once stately tree, he had been fixed, as if by destiny, to the spot where he grew; seeing, no doubt, with a withering heart, the companions of his studies at the county town launching one by one from the land upon some high and gallant course of adventure, and returning in later years to fertilise the hard soil of their country with the riches of the East and

the South. Chained, like Prometheus, to his rock, with the vulture of pride gnawing his heart, a gloomy reserve was gradually superadded to the family hauteur which had been for many generations the characteristic of the Gordon brow. He shunned society; confined himself exclusively to the business of his farm, and the more arduous business of making the two ends of the year meet, by the most rigid economy; and contented himself with recognising the shadow, at least, of his former power in the traditionary respect of the peasants.

He was now a widower, with an only child growing up into a woman. It is said that when gazing on the lovely countenance of the young Marion, a glow of hope sometimes mingled with the father's pride; and he was observed to look around on the domain which had once been his own, with a certain inquietude of glance very different from the cold gravity of his usual manner.

Marion herself, as far as might be predicated from her early youth, was but little calculated to become the representative of a line of Highland chiefs. She was gentle, yet gay and inconsequent; careless of rank, kind and compassionate. She never wept but when her heart was stunted by her hand; and she never frowned at all. Of books she had few; of visitors none: her only business was the superintendence of a simple economy; and her only pleasure to give free play to the unquiet elasticity of fifteen, by bounding like a doe upon the hills, or flitting like a spirit among the rocks and precipices of the lakes. The latter favorite haunt, however, a few years before, had nearly solved the

problem of the mortality of that 'dancing shape' which was sometimes seen by the lowland traveller leaping from rock to rock, or skimming along the edge of precipices which it made his head giddy and his heart sick but to measure at a distance with the eye.

While stooping to gather some wild strawberries which grew near the water's edge, her foot had slipped, and she fell with a sudden plunge into the lake. She had been alone as usual; and the hour was so early, that even the cattle which were accustomed to browse among the bushes on the distant summits of the precipice, had not yet repaired to their morning's meal. The waters closed over the solitary child; and it seemed as if she had been swept from the world without leaving so much as a vestige wherewith to trace her exit. It happened, however, that a boy, a few years older than herself, had already betaken him to his usual occupation of fishing, and at this moment lay upon a rock at a few yards distance, without motion or apparent consciousness. Startled by the plunge, the young fisher, with no higher feeling, it is to be presumed, than the instinct of a water-dog, jumped into the lake, dived, brought up the drowning girl, and placed her upon a ledge of the rock. He then wrung his hair, shook his tattered clothes, and springing to the place where he had left his fishing-tackle, removed the apparatus to another part of the lake without turning his head.

The hero of this exploit was the only child of a cottar in the neighbourhood, one of the few remaining dependants of the house of Gordon. The family were wretch-

edly poor, and owed a considerable part of their daily subsistence to the boy's fishing rod. Malcom was well qualified for the occupation to which he seemed to be destined. His temper was reserved and sullen, and his habits were so unsocial, that he had not a single companion in the village. He plied his solitary trade without either liking or disliking; lying whole days gazing upon the water, with no more apparent consciousness than if he had formed part of the rock. If his clothes were drenched with rain, the sun dried them again as it might; and if no sun appeared for the purpose, it did not much matter, for, on returning home in the evening, he threw the dripping rags before the fire, and crept naked into his bed of heath. With all the deprivations, notwithstanding, incidental to this mode of life, he had grown into a fine manly-looking boy: he was unusually tall and stout of his age; and although his complexion was a deep brown, his features were regular, and even handsome. A singular contrast, however, was observed in his dark eyes to the general air of sullenness, if not stupidity, which he exhibited. When he looked up, there was a peculiar fierceness in their expression, which, taken conjointly with the rest of the physiognomy, excited surprise; and some of the old men of the village, who are usually curious in such matters, when the friends of the lad proposed to make an effort to procure him some education, exclaimed, in an undertone, and with an ominous shake of the head—"Tak tent, sirs, tak tent—'let sleeping dogs lie!'"

The dog, however, was at length roused from his

intellectual slumber. The laird's gratitude to the preserver of his child knew no bounds, except those which were prescribed by his poverty. When old Malcom died, an event which happened soon after, the orphan was taken to his own house, and fed, clothed, and educated at his expense. What Mr. Gordon's intentions were, is not known—or whether he had any precise intentions at all; but, to the surprise of the village, instead of receiving the appointment of herdsman, or some other subordinate post, Malcom in a few years was found seated at the table of the laird. A line of conduct more injudicious, and indeed more cruel with regard to the poor lad, could hardly have been devised. The wonder and envy of the villagers he could have borne, but the sneers and taunts with which these were indicated were insupportable. The naturally proud and violent spirit, which had been smothered almost to extinction by the circumstances of his former situation, had now not only a vent, but occasion for its ebullition. He became tyrannical and inflexible to those below him, determined to extort that deference from their fear, which he could not command from their respect; and in the company of those of his new rank, he maintained his equality by a suspicious sternness of demeanor, which awed some and enraged others. Without a friend but his patron, without a companion but his patron's child; without a definite station even in the family of which he formed a part; without money—profession—expectation, he at length found himself on the verge of eighteen.

It is impossible to say how long the youth might have continued to bear the indignity of such a state of dependance, had not a change in his patron's manner awakened him, with a start, to painful recollection. Marion was now no longer a girl, but a beautiful young woman of sixteen; and her father seemed to have suddenly discovered the circumstance with a mixture of surprise, pleasure, and alarm. Her walks, in which Malcom had been her constant attendant, first in the character of a kind of feudal guard, and afterwards, in that of a companion—their visits to the lonely lake—their studies in the ill-chosen library of the laird—all were put a stop to with an injudicious suddenness which roused curiosity with respect to the cause, while it added poignancy to the effect. The grief depicted in the ingenuous features of Marion, and the stern sullenness which lowered upon Malcom's brow, at what the former deplored as a misfortune, and the latter writhed against as an oppression, soon taught the laird to appreciate the danger he had escaped; and with a characteristic decision he resolved to follow up his blow.

“Curse on the boy!” he exclaimed, as he strode to his daughter's apartment; “can it be that he is forgetting himself?”—and a deep flush broke upon the brow of the last of a line of petty chiefs at the thought. While seizing on the door-handle, however, when Marion answered to his voice, some gentler and more rational suggestions presented themselves to his mind. “It is my own fault; it is my own fault,” he muttered. “Poor Malcom! he saved her life; they were brought

up like brother and sister ; they drank out of the same cup, read from the same lesson—fiend take the folly of teaching a beggar's boy to read ! —Who knows what mad lessons he may have learnt and taught from that pile of books, which I did not even open that I might read their titles, before putting them into the hands of my child ! ”

“ Marion,” said he aloud, with recovered gentleness of manner, as he entered the apartment, “ the time has now come when I must pay, to the last farthing in my power, the debt I owe to my cotter's son, for saving my daughter's life. He departs this evening for the coast, to push his fortune, like a brave lad as he is.—Come, give me your silken purse, that I may put into it what wages I can afford ; it will keep him in mind, when he looks upon it, of old times, and old faces, and the bonny grey hills of Inverneith.” Marion answered this sudden communication with a bewildered look ; and then, turning deadly pale, put the purse hurriedly into her father's hands, without uttering a word. The laird waited a moment for some answer from his daughter's lips ; but at length, pitying her confusion, kissed her cold cheek, and then muttering something about their meeting in the afternoon, to bid ‘ God-speed ’ to the adventurer, hastened out of the room.

While striding up the hill, however, which hides the village of Inverneith from the more populous parts of the province through which the great road wanders, he mentally resolved that no further meeting should take place. “ What is come and gone,” said he, “ cannot be helped ; but, in Heaven's name, let us have no more of it ! ”

At the top of the hill he met Malcom, as he had expected, on his way home; and the dependant stopped to receive the commands of his patron.

After a momentary hesitation, the laird took him by the arm, and wheeling him round in the direction from which he had just come, pointed with his finger to a range of hills in the distance.

"Beyond those hills," said he, "lies the sea!"

"I have heard so;" was the brief and sullen reply.

"On its coast," continued the laird, "there are villages, and towns, and cities—the marts of commerce, and the depôts of arms—where the youth of our country, in hundreds and thousands, detach themselves from the land, to fling their light shallops upon the ocean-stream, and seek for fame and fortune in other climes." Malcom sighed as he gazed; but the next moment turned a quick glance of alarm and suspicion upon the laird.

"You are eighteen," the latter went on, looking pertinaciously upon the far blue hills; "I have no farther employment to give that could repay your trouble—go in peace, and carve out a fortune for yourself. There, take this purse and its slender contents—I have nothing more to bestow but my blessing and my prayers. Go, go—God speed you!" The young man went in the way he was bidden, without turning his head, and without accepting the purse.

"Malcom!" cried the laird, in a voice broken with contending emotions of anger and pity—and Malcom returned with a more unsteady step, and taking off his bonnet stood uncovered before his patron.

"The purse is my daughter's," said Mr. Gordon ; " she gives it to you as a token of her gratitude and remembrance—the contents you have fairly earned." Malcom received the token ; and, stooping down kissed the hand which presented it. When he raised his head, an ominous brilliance shone in his dark eyes, undimmed with a single tear ; and he turned silently away, and pursued his solitary journey. The laird gazed with a yearning look at the receding figure of the youth, whom habit had taught him to regard as his own son. It went steadily and proudly onward towards the hills, and Malcom vanished from the eyes of his patron without once turning his head.

Marion wept bitterly at the loss of a companion whom habit had endeared to her. There was no sullenness, however, in her grief ; and no anger mingled with the surprise which his sudden departure excited. Her father, notwithstanding, took care that if she walked it should not be alone as heretofore, and watched narrowly every means of communication from without. On the fourth day, however, as no trace nor tidings of the dismissed dependant were heard of, his suspicions relaxed, and Marion was permitted to return to her usual habits.

The first use she made of her recovered liberty was to visit the lake ; and, standing on the tabular rock where she and Malcom had so often stood together, to give way to her tears. Her meditations were suddenly interrupted by their object in person,—for Malcom stood like a spirit by her side.

"Hush!—not a word!" said he, speaking in a distinct whisper, as he pressed her hand; "I know that you are watched—and these rocks have echoes like a traitor's ears."

"But where! dear Malcom, where in Heaven's name have you been? and what does all this strange mystery portend?" Malcom pointed with his finger to a thick belt of shrubs which hung at some distance above their heads.

"In that jungle," said he, "have I lain couched these four days, my only food such hyssops and blackboids* as were within reach, and my drink the rain-rivulets coursing down the rock:—and there would I have lain, if it should have been for four years, till I had seen you. The mystery is this: I am banished because I love you—and because my love is returned; but only give me an assurance that you will remain unmarried till I return—nay, that you will be mine when I come to claim your hand—and we shall both have reason to bless the tyranny which has roused me from my sloth." Marion instinctively drew back with maiden pride at the demand. The ideas of love and marriage had never yet presented themselves to her mind; and the very sound of these words of power, when pronounced by a suitor, is terrible in the virgin ears of sixteen. But yet, was the love of a wife so very different from that sentiment which so long had made her heart bound at the

* The former, which grow on the wild rose bush, can hardly be called a fruit, although they are eaten by Scottish children; the latter are bramble-berries.

sound of her companion's voice? Was marriage with Malcom any thing but an indissoluble continuance of a union delightful in itself, and felt to be disastrous in its interruption? As these questions flashed across her brain, a sound was heard above their heads.

"It is your father hallooing to the herd," said Malcom. "You are missed, and sought for. Promise, Marion—by Heaven you must—you shall!" A flash of anger lighted up the Highland maiden's soft blue eyes at the words and tone of dictation; but the next moment the sound of descending steps was heard on the rock, and Malcom sinking on his knees looked imploringly in her face.

"I will—I do promise!" she cried, gasping for breath, and terrified at she knew not what: and the words were scarcely uttered, when Malcom kissed passionately her trembling lips; and grasping, first with one hand, the branch of a tree which hung down near their heads, and then, with the other, some ivy which tapestried the rock, swung himself up the perpendicular precipice, and disappeared in the jungle.

A year elapsed, and no tidings had arrived of Malcom. His play-fellow was now grown into a woman; and when she reflected on what had passed at their last interview, her face was covered alternately with the paleness of a woman's terror, and the blushes of a woman's shame. She was now able to discriminate between the sentiment of habitual affection, and the passion of love—for girls are wondrously learned at seventeen;—and it was with some perplexity she dis-

covered, that although her mind still dwelt with delight on the anticipated success of Malcom, he held no place in those faint, but glorious dreams which convert the young heart into a paradise. These as yet, it is true, were only an unconscious foreshowing of that golden promise which God makes to his creatures—hidden afterwards from our eyes by the clouds of sin, or the shadow of death:—but in every Eden of the mind there is an Adam to every Eve; and Marion strove in vain to identify the far dim features of hers, with those of the friend of her infancy. Less bold, yet as brave, seemed the shadow; less haughty, yet as proud; less jealous, yet as devoted; less stern, yet as firm; less reserved, yet as prudent: and with instinctive alarm she turned away from the recollection of the past, to lose herself in dreams of the future.

A second year elapsed; and with the philosophy of eighteen, she began to reason on the difficulty in which she was placed. Had she ever loved him? That was a question she could not now answer. Her grief, her tears, however, at his departure, were troublesome evidence—and the fullness, even to saturation, of her youthful mind with his idea. But again, her perceptions of that awful and mysterious passion which she dared to investigate, had changed—or rather, not changed, but grown, with the development of mind and body. With the enormous exaggeration of an age at which the imagination attains its maturest growth, while the judgment is yet a child, she pictured Love in the form of a giant. A devotion, deep, headlong,

and everlasting, was his worship; the world was his football; the elements were his slaves; the sun passed at highest noon under the arches of his temple.*

Was this a personification of the feelings of her early youth? How absurd an idea! Was a promise, then, binding, which she did not, and could not, understand—demanded on the instant—extorted almost by violence? Would it be generous, even to him, to fulfil, in the letter, an engagement which never existed in the spirit—

“To keep the word of promise to the ear,
But break it to the hope”?

A third year elapsed; and if the visions of Marion had lost aught of their glory, they were corrected and materialised in the same proportion, as far as they affected the destiny of Malcom, by that knowledge of the world which nineteen imbibes, even from the stones and clods of the base earth—from the water—the air—the light—from wherever floats the inevitable curse of an original sin. “*Does he love me still?*—after three years!” The question was answered by its corollary. A flush of proud alarm, and almost indignation, was succeeded by a smile of habitual benevolence. “He will come home,” she exclaimed, “and we shall laugh together—ay, and his lowland bride shall laugh at the follies of our childhood: we shall roam as we were wont, by our beloved lake: he shall once more be my brother; and I, once more, shall be his sister and his friend.”

* Related in the Cingalese traditions of the Giant Ravana.

A fourth year elapsed; and the idea of Malcom, which had been gradually receding, was now almost lost in the distance.

“A change came o'er the spirit of her dream;”

or rather her dream was now realised. The original of the picture was found; shadow was converted into substance; the earthly site of the paradise was discovered; and Marion was about to become a bride. The transition was natural, although somewhat too gradual for nature; and yet, at intervals, a sudden pang—she knew not whether of pity or terror, but assuredly not of regret—would dart across her brain.

One evening she felt an unusual depression of spirits—that sentiment, no doubt, of mingled terror and regret with which the youthful bride points to the future, and looks back on the past. To dissipate her anxious thoughts, and tire out a kind of restlessness which had beset her, she wandered from home when the moon was just rising to light up one of the loveliest nights that ever shone. Her path was towards the lake; but she hesitated to cross the dark fringe of woods at so late an hour. Curious, however, to see the effect of moonlight upon the water, which the anxious care of her father had hitherto denied her, she conquered this reluctance. On emerging from the gloom of the trees, she stood upon the edge of that vast casket, at the bottom of which the lake reposed like a precious jewel.

Almost unconsciously she glided down the precipice, watching the multiform changes of the view during her progress; and at length, bounding across the chasm,

she found herself on the tabular rock. The enormous shadows of the southern part of the precipice covered nearly a third of the expanse of water; but what remained was like a sheet of burnished silver. Approaching the brink of the rock, she looked down upon the distant deep; and, as her eye, unable to catch the surface, seemed to wander in a fathomless abyss of light, for the first time within her recollection she felt a sensation of giddiness. Wheeling slowly round to take in the whole details of the scene before returning, her gaze rested upon the dark jungle which hung midway above her head.

The sight recalled to her mind that dim epoch in the recollections of her youth, when she had stood on this very rock, listening to the prayers of a lover, and binding herself by a solemn promise to grant them. In vain she repeated what she had till this moment believed—"It was the prank of a wayward boy—the weakness of an ignorant and motherless girl." In the depression of the moment, she dwelt with a kind of remorse on her present conduct; and the things and personages of her youth's story, emerging gradually from the shadows of distance, stood distinct and definite before her.

It seemed as if some mysterious power resided in her imagination to realize its illusions; for the breathless silence of the air was disturbed as she gazed—the bushes far above her head moved, and the next moment a human figure projected from the foliage. Swinging himself down with the rapidity of lightning, by the ivy

and shrubs which grew from the precipice, a man leaped upon the rock beside her—whom she recognised in the same instant, in spite of the revolutions effected by time and climate, to be her companion, her friend, her lover, Malcom.

With a searching and burning glance, fixed as if on her very soul, he stood for some moments without speaking. At length, in a low and broken tone, yet mingled with a certain haughtiness, he remarked—"After four years' absence, this is a gratifying reception to give your betrothed!" Marion recollected herself. A fearful crisis was now arrived—one which almost unconsciously she had been looking forward to for some years—and she summoned her courage to meet it.

"You are welcome, Malcom," said she, extending her hand, "welcome to your native home, from which you have been so long absent; but we have time enough to smile at the follies of those early days, when we were both too young to know the meaning of our words." Malcom's eye fell, and his dark-brown cheek turned frightfully sallow as she spoke.

"They told me," said he, in a tone scarcely audible;—"but I did not believe them. I *do* not believe them," repeated he, with sudden frenzy, his sunken eye lighting up into fury—"I *will* not believe them! You are mine by every law of God and man. I tore you from the arms of death--I haunted you, for years, like a shadow—I submitted to insult and degradation to be but near you. You have been my thought by day, and my dream by night; the only deity of my worship

—the only heaven of my hope! I have bought you, Marion — yes, bought you with a price; I have bought you with my blood, and with my sweat, — with my body and with my soul. Mine you are; mine you must be; mine you shall be!” These words were uttered with an almost maniac rapidity; and, at their conclusion, he seized her arm with a grasp of iron, as if to enforce his claim. The action restored the sinking energies of Marion, and she darted a look of indignation at her assaulter.

“See,” he continued, relaxing his hold; “I do not invite you to share the fortune of an idler or a beggar” — and he held up in the moonlight her own token-purse, through the silken meshes of which she could see that it was filled with gold and bank notes. Somewhat affected by the recollections which this memento excited, she could but wave it away with her hand — and the next moment she saw it skimming through the air, and a faint plunge in the distant lake told the fate of Malcom’s fortune.

Marion shuddered at the sound, and her eye instinctively, but hopelessly, looked round for aid, as she retreated to the side of the rock.

“Will you be mine?” said Malcom, approaching. —
“Will you be mine in beggary, since not in wealth?”
No answer.

“Will you be mine, then, in death, since not in life?” and seizing her in his arms, he rushed to the edge of the cliff. A wild scream, silenced in the midst, startled the most distant echoes of the lake, as the tragedy swept to its catastrophe.

Marion, with the instinct of despair, grasped, as they passed, the narrow rock, since called the Lady's Grip; and such force did the convulsive energies of life impart to her delicate hands, that they were able to stay for a moment, the course of the maniac.

Malcom looked up. Her eyes were bent upon the far, bright heaven; and the moonlight shone with awful lustre upon her face—that temple of beauty which he was about to desecrate and overthrow. His hands, at the sight, relaxed gradually their hold; the fury of his eyes melted into grief and despair; and without a single effort to save himself, he staggered and fell over the rock.

During the few moments that Marion hung in silence and solitude, by the cliff, the thought flashed across her brain that she was in the midst of some frightful dream—but a sudden plunge in the distant waters below recalled her to the more terrible reality. She turned down her head at the sound, and looked into the abyss. The only token of what had taken place, was the moonlight broken into millions of fragments, in one minute point of the surface: but the next moment, a human face appeared in the midst; and Malcom seemed to look up once more to his lost heaven before he sank and disappeared forever. Overpowered with horror, she loosed her hold of the rock, and was with difficulty saved from what seemed inevitable destruction, by a shepherd whom her cry had reached upon the summit of the precipice.

A CHARACTER.

BY S. C. HALL.

I.

HE was a very old man—and had seen
His children's children flourish as they grew ;
Yet strong in mind as he had ever been —
Unworn by fourscore summers—still he drew
The eyes of all men on him ; for his fame
Had gone forth to the nations ; and his name
Was, like himself, time-honoured,—and his look
Was as the index to some well-penned book.

II.

It was his age's winter ; yet he bore
His years with dignity, for, in his spring,
His wild shoots were well pruned —so that he wore
His summer garment bravely ; age might bring
His full boughs nearer earth, but could not kill
The root that sent forth fruit and blossoms still ;
The tempest o'er it many a time had passed,
Yet left it firm and noble to the last.

III.

He had a winning softness when he would ;
Yet sometimes he was like the shower that sheds
Apparent wrath while it produces good,
And bends young buds to bid them raise their heads
That with more profit they may hail the sun ;
And some were even by his harshness won,
Because they knew 'twas kindly meant, and kept
But as a spell to waken those who slept.

IV.

Greatly he trod the earth, and men would bow,
The high and lowly, with respect to him—
Though many a furrow deeply marked his brow,
Though his once penetrating eye was dim,
And though the weight of age had bent the form
Which, for twice forty years, had stood the storm
That, bearing many a goodly one to earth,
Had left him—as if conscious of his worth.

V.

He was the friend of all who knew him—all—
A kindly fountain, with perpetual flow ;
And well he knew and much he loved to call
The feelings forth, that give a brighter glow
To things of earth :—he *felt* the poet's fire,
Albeit his fingers never touched the lyre—
His was true inspiration, for his mind
Had ranged from God to nature, unconfined.

VI.

But—must we say that he no longer lives?

And—as the painter when his sketch he views—
Outlined from nature—pauses, ere he gives

The last touch of his pencil, lest he lose
The character of what he copies——here
We feel how bare our picture must appear,
Wanting the finish that to all should tell
How, having lived in honour, he died WELL.

AN ISLAND OF THE WEST.

It was a lovely scene: The moonlight lay
Restless and flickering on a glassy sea;
By fresh and crystal streams, stately and free
Grew palms and spicy shrubs; and in the grey
And silvery beauty of the night, the play
Of the light breeze, cool from the mountain lea,
Came breathing o'er the woodlands fragrantly.
And there were flowers that bloomed not in the day,
But in the hour of silence and of sleep
Unclosed their sweetness to the moonlight air.—
It seemed an Eden, circled by the deep!
—But with the day-break fled that vision fair:
For then came darkly forth to toil and weep
Sad myriads held in hopeless bondage there!

H.

LAMENT OF A FORSAKEN LOVER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I WANDER through th' accustomed grove,
I muse beside the wonted stream ;
That smile of mute yet answering love,
Was it a dream ?
Or have I heard thy plighted vow,
And fondly pledged me ONLY thine,
While yet thou art another's now,
And never canst be mine ?

I hate that cool sequestered grove ;
What are its wasted sweets to me ?
I hear no more the voice of love ;
I hear not thee.
I hate that smooth and smiling river—
Which not less gently murmurs by,
Than ere the hope, now lost for ever,
Began to droop and die.

Yet wherefore should I coldly turn
From all that soothed or charmed before ?
This cannot cause the flame to burn
That burns no more.

Yet O ! could reason conquer grief —
Could time assuage a fixed regret —
So long I had not sought relief,
Nor should I seek it yet.

But *art* thou happy ? *Canst* thou be,
Though fortune smiles upon thy lot ?
Is there no lingering thought of me ?
Is all forgot ?

Could I read *this* upon thy brow,
I think I should no more repine,
That thou art vowed another's now,
And never canst be mine !



Painted by R. Leslie R.A.

Engraved by W. Humphrys

CATHERINE OF ARAAGON

Published by Smith Elder & Co. 65 Cornhill

QUEEN CATHARINE'S SORROW.

'Twas eve ; and throughout London town
 Rang shout and carol loud ;
 And in every street and square was met
 An eager gazing crowd :
 And all along the open streets
 Were flowers and garlands strown ;
 And distantly was heard the sound
 Of trumpets loudly blown :
 And maskers many came quickly by
 With mime and comic show ;
 And fair dames, heralded along,
 A stately train and slow :
 And barges up the river came,
 With pennons fluttering free,
 Where gentle Anna Boleyn rode,
 With a noble company.
 And next, the king, all blithe of heart,
 Drest as a shepherd-swain,
 Came with the melody of pipes
 And a merry masking train :

And the crowd, as he went gaily on,
Shouted in clamorous glee —
“ God save our own King Henry,
For a jovial man is he ! ”

Meantime, with melancholy brow,
And heart most desolate,
Good Catharine of Arragon
Within her chamber sate.
And she said unto her maiden,
“ Leave off thy work, and bring
Thy lute; perchance my troubled soul
May be calmed as thou dost sing.”
Then the maiden took her lute and sang
A low and pleasant strain,
One that the Queen had known and loved
In her own land of Spain :
'Twas a simple air the maiden sang,
Like the spring-bird's carol glad,
Yet the drooping eye of the Queen was dim,
And her heavy soul was sad.
And thus she spake, “ Thy strains are sweet,
Good maiden, yet give o'er,
For 'tis not pleasant melody
That can my peace restore !
There is within my aching heart
A void — that still doth pine
For tender sympathies of love,
And faith as true as mine.

I hoped to be a blessed thought
 Within one breast—to see
 The eye of one beloved turn
 In pleasant light on me.
 'Tis a weary thing to sit alone,
 And know that none take heed
 Of the most desolate solitude,
 The yearning spirit's need!
 Ah me! what boots this regal state,
 To reign o'er souls unknown?
 My spirit sighed not for the power
 And homage of a throne:
 There was one heart in which I longed
 The cherished queen to be—
 And that one heart, my light of life,
 It hath deserted me!"

Three years went on; with heavy snows
 Was heaped the wintry down,
 When good Queen Catharine lay sick,
 Within Kimbolton town.
 King Henry, in a stately room
 Of Lambeth Palace proud,
 Sate 'mid the nobles of his land,
 Where mirth was free and loud:
 And in there came a little page
 Who had ridden in desperate speed,
 And he gave a letter to the King
 Which he craved him to read.

The King took the letter in his hand,
And with haste the seal he broke—
At the first glance his cheek grew white,
Yet not a word he spoke.
He read the letter line by line,
And heaved a heavy sigh,
And ere he finished what was writ
The tear was in his eye.
Then spake he with a changéd voice,
“ This letter comes from one —
The faithfulest wife man ever had,
Catharine of Arragon :
She was a saint-like woman, meek,
‘ Of earthly queens the queen ’ —
Oh God to me be merciful
As she hath pardoning been !
And even now at the point of death
She lies, the kind and good,
And hath this loving token sent ! —
Give o’er these revels rude —
Give o’er—I’ll to my chamber now—
So may I be forgiven—
The faithfulest wife man ever had
Is now a saint in heaven ! ”

M. H.

A TALE OF 'THE WHITE BRISTOL.'

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

THE 'Defiance, a Bristol stage, or, as its numerous officials along the road called it, 'The White Bristol,' rolled up to town at the rate of nine miles an hour, having four 'insides' and fourteen 'outsides,'—including a livery servant, rather smuggled, we apprehend, upon the flat of the roof, where he lay at his length, comfortably bedded on a couch of cloaks, great coats, and empty sacks.

It is known to all travellers on the tops of stages, (now a large and diversified portion of the English community, embracing every class from the nobleman to the old-clothes-man,) that, be the load of 'outsides' full or deficient, or overcharged, it invariably divides itself into three companies, each of which can hold little or no intercourse with the other, although the individuals of each may, if they like (and they seldom do), become good friends among themselves. The coachman and the knowing young gentleman who, before any one else thought of the advantage, 'engaged the box-

seat,' may be regarded as the first of these sets. Detached from their fellow-travellers, they beguile the time with confidential discussions upon 'the whip,' the turf, the ring, the dog that, at any odds, kills two hundred rats in a minute, or the great cricket match of 'Kent against all England;' and, whether from their foremost place upon one of the high roads of this world, or from a sense of exclusiveness worthy of Willis's dancing rooms, or that they dislike the considerable trouble of half-turning their heads to answer an occasional question from some one behind them, most commonly they gain their journey's end without doing much more than making one another's acquaintance. The close-packed row, occupying the front edge of the roof, from whom now and then arise those questions which, good-naturedly or satisfactorily at least, are seldom resolved, form the second company. But the most numerous party is to be found at the rear of the coach, where a second row of four slip on and off, and off and on the roof, confronting yet three more human beings who are half caged up in semicircular iron bars, which, the morning after a journey, leave a yellow-and-green mark, and not a comfortable sensation, towards the termination of the lumbar vertebræ.

Elevated above the common sublunary level, our little tale begins, then, upon the top of the White Bristol, and among a full circle of its back outsides. With its first two sets cut off from us by the length of the roof, or with the isolated lounge stretched along the flat of that roof, we have nothing to do; but our

chosen company—some of them at least—shall be severally presented to the reader.

In the right of the iron-railed basket-seat, which jutted beyond all other appurtenances of the manifold machine, sat a smart-dressed, smart-faced young man, who, from the certain kind of leering smile that constantly played in his large grey eyes, and round his gaping mouth, seemed to think himself much better than his circle, yet willing to be inwardly amused at their expense: and he had a town air, and might be an emissary from some 'London house' to a Bristol correspondent, now returning to his desk after transacting his employer's business.

Next to him was a young woman, about eighteen, holding on her lap a lively infant just beginning to gabble in its own occult (though for that reason not vague) language, and to kiss its little hand, and to nod its little head, and to point to novel objects, in admiration or enquiry, and in fact to go through its first charming intercourse with its kind, and its first observance of the mute creation, which it had been sent here to comprehend, to use, and to enjoy.

At the left of the young woman and her fairy charge sat a man, perhaps upwards of thirty; but the rich, embrowned hue of his countenance, betokening long exposure to foreign suns and weather, would probably induce an over-calculation of his age. There was a lightness—so different from a levity—of expression in his rather handsome features, which, according to the world, belonged certainly to early youth; if indeed

one did not account for its attendance upon maturer years, by supposing (what his complexion hinted) that he had passed much of his previous life in the camp or on the wave, cut off from worldly mannerism, and preserving, almost untainted, one of the most bountiful gifts of a good Providence—a cheery and hearty disposition. While his look was buoyant, however, his observers, upon the present occasion, could not decide in which of the capacities alluded to he might have served his country, for he was as free of military or of naval as he was of social technicality. His plain, peaceful dress also left curiosity at fault. Indeed, considering that the Peninsular contest still went on, and that few who had a right to exhibit war-like costume usually travelled without it, it was highly probable, after all, that he had acquired his foreign complexion without facing peril either of the flood or of the field; and the rank which, previous to his ascent to the basket of the White Bristol, he might have held in general society, further appeared doubtful. Awkward or vulgar he could not be called in any thing he said or did; yet, in his way of saying or doing any thing, polished he as surely was not. Perhaps he *was* polite; but, if so, it was not the politeness of a coterie, nor of a particular country—it was his own; or he had picked it up, here and there, in many countries.

Such were the three passengers who, tightly wedged together, filled the basket of the stage. The first of the four who clung to the confronting roof seemed a very young gentleman. He held his head averted from his

opposite companions of the road, looking out upon the fields or the sky : he almost turned his back upon his own row ; he dangled one leg over the iron of his perch ; and his colourless, thin, rigid face, kept itself as imperturbed as if he had been dead, and his lips as compressed as if they had been settled after death. He, indeed, was obviously an eminent being. And inasmuch as, during the whole journey, he continued to evince his own sense of this superiority in the manner described, he shall henceforward be passed by, just as if, indeed, he had not that day sat on the White Bristol at all, but was really one of the dead-and-gone world he seemed so studious of counterfeiting amid the summer sunshine of our living one.

By his side appeared a man almost as young as he ; like him, pointedly averting his eyes from his *vis-à-vis* friends in the basket, and, particularly from the young woman who held the infant ; and, still like him, serious and silent as the grave. But he was only a decent-clad, respectable-looking young person ; and deep-seated sorrow, or suppressed agitation, instead of stolid assumption, or well-managed superciliousness, characterised *his* taciturnity.

We need say but little of the personage who sat at his left hand. She was a middle-aged, and very fat woman. She held a wicker reticule, of proportions corresponding to herself, in her hand, from under the lid of which peeped the neck of a small green bottle, often applied, with a care-fraught sigh, to her lips ; and whenever it was not so applied she slumbered, or only

started into waking existence, shrieking faintly, and clinging to her neighbours, as her dreams vividly pictured the coach in the act of breaking down under her. And of the last passenger of our set, whom she crushed against the barred irons of the roof, we *can* say but little. Owing to the point of sight from which we observed the group, we can only avow that a spare-limbed little man *was* there, who now and then ventured an expostulating look close into the face of the unconscious heap of fat, flesh, and clothes — the noontide incubus — the day-mare that oppressed him; or timidly dared to address his opposite neighbour, the supposed ‘traveller to a house’; and, in both cases, had nothing for his trouble.

The first individual of our company who, long before the coach started that morning, had mounted behind, was the young woman with the infant. She came quite alone into the inn-yard at Bristol; and after standing at the wheels some time, and looking timidly and anxiously around her, was at last assisted up by an hostler. The fat woman soon followed, attended by a crowd of friends; and she and they looked bitterly disappointed when the middle seat in the basket appeared already occupied: but a place on the roof, far away from the irons at either hand, was, after much qualification with a great many soft things, deemed a tolerably good substitute. Up sprang, next, the tropical-faced young man, and flung himself into the first vacancy which caught his eye, — namely, that at the young woman’s left hand; and the moment he was seated he

began to chirp and talk to her charge, and to praise its beauty and its liveliness, and to ask its age; and, when he had been answered, to wonder that there could be so fine and so intelligent a creature of only just thirteen months. Shortly, he had it in his arms, and he and it were very good friends, as also, indeed, were he and its young nurse or nursery-maid, although few words or even looks of hers assured him of the fact. While the helpers put the horses to, the dapper youth, mentioned as sitting at the young woman's right hand, clambered up: the little sufferer under the stout lady then crept into his infelicitous nook — he might have chosen better, but he seemed too nervous for the effort; and the White Bristol rattled out of the inn-yard, yet wanting, among its rear-outsides, two of the party already enumerated.

But, at the corner of an outlet street, standing alone, with a bundle in his hand, soon appeared the grave or afflicted young man, who afterwards sat between the stout lady and the stupid affected young man: and now there was a succession of little incidents.

As the coach stopped to pick him up, the young woman glanced down, and immediately started, trembled and grew pale; then she quickly turned her head, drew a shawl, like an awning, over the baby, and let down a thick green veil over her own face. An instant after, she half rose up and looked round her, as if impulsively anxious to descend and abandon the stage; but a doleful sigh seemed to intimate that, on second thoughts, she must of necessity resign herself to her

situation, however disagreeable it might prove to be : and, as her sole resource, she held her head steadily turned away from the side of the coach at which she had seen the young man standing, and up which she no doubt concluded he would climb to the top.

Evidently, the causer of her uneasiness had not yet caught a sight of her. But this was soon to happen, notwithstanding her precautions. Instead of ascending the vehicle at the side which it was natural to think he would prefer, he must have gone round to the other, for some sufficient reason ; for she had scarce averted her face to that other side, when *his* closely confronted it, emerging in the space left open for gaining the roof. No one except himself could now see her look, on account of the depth and closeness of her bonnet ; but excessive surprise first worked in his features ; immediately came a fiery blush, and a dropping of his eye, not so intelligible ; then, in his turn, he grew very pale, then wavered in his insecure position, and the White Bristol again rolling off, after Mr. Coachee's mere warning of 'hold fast' — he must have dropped under its wheels, but that his future companions grappled him by the arms and the collar, and dragged him into his seat. Even the youthful nurse, with a loud catching of breath, stretched out one of her hands, unconsciously it would seem, when she witnessed his emotion, and foresaw his danger ; but the moment he was in safety, her disowning and repelling manner returned ; and after many useless glances, he, too, assumed the grave estrangement of eye which has before been

noticed. This difference there was, however, between their avoidance of one another; hers seemed prompted by dislike, or at least by anger; his, self-imposed by necessity, whatever that necessity might be.

In a short time their unknown feelings towards each other were again called into play.

The coach had proceeded some miles beyond Bristol, when the automaton young gentleman, doomed to fill the now sole vacant place on the roof, hailed it from the avenue-gate of an elegant mansion a short distance off the road. While the White Bristol pulled up for him, and while he mounted it, our sun-burnt friend, the early admirer of the engaging infant, suddenly asked the protectress of his favourite — “Is the dear little soul asleep?”

His question revealed the baby's father at once. We have yet no name for him — but, at the sound of the words, he jerked round on his seat and fixed his eyes upon the shawl-awning, which completely hid even the shape of the child, and which, it became obvious, he had not—from his first agitation, and his averted glances afterwards — suspected, until this moment, of covering the little creature whose intimated presence now so much absorbed him.

The young woman answered ‘Yes’ to her companion at her left, in a low voice, and without moving. The father had been about to speak; his lips were shaping the words, his hands were stirring at his sides; but when he caught her monosyllable, his straining and glowing eyes grew dim and watery, and his person and

features became stilled — all except his under lip, and that he drew in to check its spasm. The child's nurse would not yet look in the direction where he sat ; and in some time he also resumed, with a low, long sigh, the part he, perhaps, thought himself compelled to adopt from the mute dictation of her conduct.

About two hours elapsed, and all of our party were silent, and indeed motionless ; except that the young exclusive swung his ramrod leg over the iron of the roof, and that the young woman's sun-tanned neighbour felt her shrink, once or twice, as if to relieve herself of some bodily inconvenience ; and he looked at her back to ascertain whether or no the iron of the basket chafed her : but she sat forward from it, and he only detected the left arm of the ' commercial traveller' (may we be forgiven if we pertinaciously assign to this young gentleman an unworthy rank and calling) quickly snatched home from his observation. The White Bristol stopped to change horses, and with a little cry the infant awoke. A second time the father's eyes flashed upon the shawl. The nurse partially uncovered her baby, and evidently would have kept it quiet on her knee. But up it popped its face, now more rosy than ever after a refreshing sleep, and, swinging round, and catching the eye of its late play-fellow, crowed in glee, held out its arms, and writhed, nay kicked, to come to him. He put his hands round it, and petitioned to have it ; the young woman let it go, silently and passively—and the next instant it was clasped to its father's breast. " For the first time !" mentally remarked our friend, who,

indeed, had willingly allowed his new pet to be snatched from him. And then, humming a tune, he glanced at the mother—for such he at length would have her be. Still she had not turned her head; but it was bent on her hands; and though her bonnet screened the mysteries of her emotion, he felt, from his unavoidable proximity to her, a convulsive shaking of her frame, which intimated that she wept profuse though suppressed tears.

The infant did not like its new acquaintance; his sobs, his ardent kisses and embraces, had not the charm of the chirping, the smiles, and the playful fondlings of its first patron: and it struggled, and at last cried, to get free. Obviously chagrined, he tried in vain to conciliate it, calling it twenty pretty names, and often looking towards its mother as if he hoped she would at last ask it of him. But even yet she avoided his eye; and yielding to its continued remonstrance, the father, with another heavy sigh, passed it to the arms of his opposite fellow-traveller, and quietness, if not peace, once more reigned among our circle.

The White Bristol had left the city (which has immortalised itself by rejecting, after having chosen, Edmund Burke as its parliamentary representative)—at ten o'clock; and at two, a fierce July sun played fully upon our travellers. The young woman grew faint from the heat, and, taking off her nursing-shawl, exhibited a charming figure, and a fair, delicate, taper neck. To protect the latter from being assimilated with his own complexion, her left-hand neighbour put up an umbrella

over her. In this situation he again felt her shrink and even start, and, glancing across her shoulders, saw the arm he had before noticed stealing round her waist.

"You wish the gentleman to keep his arm where it ought to be?" he asked, loud enough to be heard by the whole party.

"What arm? what gentleman?" seconded the infant's father, fiercely.

"Nothing incommodes me now, Sir, thank you," she said, replying only to the first speaker. The impertinent arm had been withdrawn.

"And you would rather not be so incommoded, in future?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"Then I am sure the gentleman will remember," — speaking over to him.

"He had better, or I will make him remember!" added his ally, bending a hostile glance on (still we hope he is) the commercial scout. And at last; the young woman quickly looked up into the speaker's face, plainly, though mutely remonstrating against any quarrel on her account; and, had he as promptly responded, they would probably have been better friends for the rest of their journey. Though he must have been aware of this decision in his favour, he chose, however, to keep his eyes frowningly fixed on the object of his wrath, perhaps somewhat ostentatious of his zeal in her cause, and inclined to make the most of it while she so closely observed him: but the chidden youth, after one of his leering stares, began to study the beauties of the landscape; and all this being rapidly

comprehended by the young woman, she bent her head towards her chest, and allowed her too-chivalrous champion to seek her eye, without finding it, at his own convenience.

After day-break, at about half past two, next morning, the White Bristol, now within some fourteen miles of the metropolis, approached a spot where our brown-faced friend had told the coachman to set him down. The party, shaking off the slumber, or the stupor of the short night, engaged themselves in restoring their neglected dress to some degree of good order, suited to the inquisitiveness of 'the garish eye of day.' The stage stopt at the bottom of a hill in order that the drag might be taken off its wheel. "Coachman," said the person we would seem inclined to be most friendly with,—“over the next hill, about a mile on, you will see a stile among some trees—put me down there; I have to walk across the fields to the village yonder.”

The young woman turned fully round, and gazed into his face.

“Yes, my little queen,” he continued, catching up the infant from her knee and kissing it,—“good bye—nearest and dearest must part—so, good bye. God bless you, your life-long—ay, with every blessing!” (his eyes glistened)—“Look—look at yon pretty, taper, little spire, coming up over the green trees like a lady—that’s my land-mark—and ’tis many a long year since I saw it last—look! is it *not* a pretty thing?”

The infant crowed, and jumped on his lap, and looked and pointed as he looked and pointed, just as if it

understood him, or even could discern an object at such a distance.

“ Ay, indeed is it;— do you know, fairy, I have seen none half as pretty ever since I parted with it, though I’ve seen a good many ?”

The child looked down upon the road, and directed his attention to another object. This was a man who sat on a stone by the road-side, his knees widely parted, his elbows resting on them, and his head drooping forward so as to hide his features. A small bundle, having a stick thrust through its knot, lay beside him. Had he appeared standing, his stature must have approached the gigantic, although his limbs were gaunt and spare. He wore a low-crowned, narrow-brimmed glazed hat, much battered and bruised; coarse linen trowsers, tarred, rent, and patched; a bluish shirt-frock, also of some linen or cotton quality, and also soiled, and torn, and here and there clumsily patched: the collar of his check shirt was open; and his bare, brown, bony ankles appeared above very old shoes. He seemed exceedingly weary, perhaps after walking all night, for the dust of the road covered him from head to foot; or if he had slept since the sun went down, it might have been in some field by the road, as was intimated by the blades of new hay which adhered to different parts of his person.

“ So tired, brother ?” asked the infant’s friend. The way-worn, or else dogged man, made no answer; and at that instant the White Bristol, freed of its drag, resumed its speed, cutting short further efforts to draw

him into conversation. But the querist noted that, as the coach whisked by, he arose from the stone, took up his stick and bundle, and seemed to turn his face in the direction opposite to its course.

Shortly after, the infant's mother a third time started more vehemently than she had done before. The two champions, looking at her former persecutor, seemed strongly disposed to be angry, but she interrupted them, saying, in great alarm—"No—no—here, behind!"—and looking over the back of her seat, she now screamed at the vision of a great bony hand,—from which tar, and other stains, had been but half washed off,—perhaps worn off—that appeared grasping the iron rail of the basket, close at her elbow; and a louder scream escaped her, when, in reply to her first, a man's face—wasted, though youthful, pale, or rather dingy-yellow, though weather-beaten, clouded in coal-black hair that hung, like ropes, down the cheeks, and surmounted by the old glazed hat just seen upon the road-side,—turned upward, and at only the distance of two or three feet, glared its large black eyes into hers. It was, indeed, the tired pedestrian, who, standing upon a trunk that had been swung in chains at the back of the coach, underneath, supported himself by holding the basket-rail with one hand, and some lower stay with the other; thus hoping, unnoticed by coachman or passengers, to get himself conveyed a mile or two on his journey.

The infant echoed its mother's scream; and our party were thrown into some confusion.

"You had better get down, friend," said the sun-burnt traveller. His former seconder more violently interfered. The owner of the raw-boned, gigantic hand took no notice.

"It seems captious to insist with you," resumed the first peace-maker; "and only that you frighten the young woman and the child, we would not do so—but come—you really must leave us more to ourselves."

Still the pertinacious hand showed no sign of relaxing its gristly gripe, and still no answer was vouchsafed.

"Strike him to the road!"—cried the infant's father.

"Hush, Tom, hush!" said the young woman, in a low voice, half kind, half commanding.

"Stop"—resumed her less boisterous champion, as Tom (thanks for his name, at last) started up as if to carry into effect his own advice—"stop—coachman!—rid us of a fellow who has got up behind, here."

"Take off his castor, sir, and shew it the road—we finds that always fits them rum uns, best," answered Coachee, lashing his horses.

"And a very good way I believe it is—so, I'll try it."

Stooping over the seat, he accordingly took off the intruder's hat, and let it fall on the road. What followed was not to have been expected. The man's face had again been turned downward; now he again turned it up, and darted at our friend a very extraordinary look—or rather a succession of looks. The first was hasty, blighting rage; the next—while his gaunt fist worked on the iron—was wild revenge; then he

snatched away his hand—it was the right—and clinging to the coach only by the other, allowed his body to swing back, and it and its arm to knit into full strength for a destroying blow:—a second after, either recollecting that his foe was beyond his reach, or that his own precarious position did not admit of success in his attempt, his features and attitude changed into a baleful expression of resolved future vengeance;—his eye flared less, but it burned deeper; his high-boned sunken cheeks grew horribly colourless; his blue lips parted, showing his set teeth; his shoulders fell, and his back-drawn arm and hand dropped at his side.—Some of the spectators laughed, doubtless at the absurdity of such extravagant and impotent anger from such a mean person, and for a provocation so slight, and indeed merited; but the spectator most concerned did not laugh. He thrilled, as their eyes communed together, if not with alarm, certainly with astonishment; nay, with interest, too; and finally with admiration. He had often seen the human countenance worked with human passion; but the intense animal ferocity of that youthful, wasted, and yet finely featured face;—its distinctness; the deadly frown of those shaggy eyebrows over those beautiful, distorted, devouring eyes;—the mental character that heightened, ennobled the whole—he called it in his own mind, wonderful and magnificent.

And the tone in which the man at last got out words to syllable his enormous passion, well suited the previous eloquence of his countenance; it mastered the

noise of the clattering, grinding coach, and the tramping horses, and yet it was not shrill.

“Rascal!” he said—“coward! dog!—I have marked you, till we meet again!—You could not know that in insulting me, you outraged a man above his present appearance—but you *saw* me—you saw me ragged, jaded, hungry, and yet a man—and when I would only give my blistered feet a little rest—taking me at a cowardly disadvantage—in every way cowardly—you—you—but no matter!—I shall know you another time!—I have looked well at you—ay—marked you, I say, for that other time!—Think of me till it comes!”—and he recklessly let go his hold of the coach, and was flung by its motion prostrate upon the road.

“Strange, very strange!” mused our friend, his feelings divided between the ludicrous of the scene,—so swelling a result from such a silly cause—and sympathy with the hidden character, the perhaps trampled heart, if not shattered mind, he had roused into morbid fury. Then he recollected that the language addressed to him could not have come from a vulgar man: and here his own heart smote him, and he anxiously looked back, grieving for the poor fellow’s fall. But the coach had gained, and was descending, at the opposite side, the second hill pointed out by himself to the coachman, and the wayfarer could not be seen.—“Poor wretch! perhaps I have, indeed, treated with indignity, a spirit not created for its present situation.”

His reverie was interrupted by the coach stopping at ‘the stile among the trees.’ He snatched a parting

kiss from the baby, wished its mother many blessings, bowed to his other fellow-travellers, got down, and vaulted over the stile. It had been arranged that his luggage should go on to the next town.

In a few moments he only saw the broad, well-beaten path he had trod so often in childhood, sweeping before him, through meadows of new hay, down to the umbrageous hollow, in which rose his beloved spire. " 'Tis still the same," he said — " the very smell of the new-mown hay, and all ; see — the stepping-stones " over this little bourne — one, two, three — the identical ones, only a little worn — and very little, either — not half as much as I am — ay ! the mute, inert things remain the same, while our generations pass away."

On he bounded ; the stile which he had just crossed having now sunk below the steep, though pleasant, declivity he was descending. The spire, too, seemed to subside gradually into its rich trees, as he first gained a level with it, and then walked over ground lower than that upon which it was based. But its top, still seen, grew more distinct — with its old, well-known features, its weather-slating, its ventilation-apertures — its very minute differences of colour : and houses of the little clustering village it commanded also began to peep out, here and there, through their embowering foliage.

Tears started to his eyes. He quickened his already quick pace, and hummed an old song of boyhood to divert them back again. A wild shout reached him. He turned ; and along a narrow path, meeting his at an angle, raced the wayfarer.

Our friend now felt some real alarm, but only such as a brave man experiences at the prospect of unnatural contest with a maniac, for such he deemed this frantic person to be. It was a very early hour, scarce past three o' clock in the morning: the place was lonely, too; and the humble inhabitants of the village were beyond hail, even if any of them had yet left their beds. He was unarmed, and though muscular and active, as well as thoroughly brave, doubted the result of a struggle with the excited strength of the gaunt giant who sought to cope with him. Not altering his pace, he again looked behind. His enemy was twice as far from him as he was from the village. He would walk quicker, and perhaps gain the neighbourhood of human beings before they could come in contact. It had occurred to his mind to imitate his pursuer, and run; but, whatever might be the consequences, his spirit disdainfully rejected the idea.

"Stop!"—he heard ejaculated at a distance behind him—"stop and face me! Coward!"—(when he paid no attention to this command)—"you fear to stop!—you have insulted me, and you fear me!" At these words he did stop, however, and turned round; and then walked coolly to meet his challenger.

The furious man ran forward at great speed; but he often staggered, as if his strength was failing him; and his broken delivery—for still he spoke—also denoted exhaustion.

"You thought the time I warned you of was not so near at hand—thought, perhaps, that I used idle threats,

and that it would never come — but you mistook ! And though *now* — *now* — it *does* come sooner than I myself hoped—be sure I would have tracked you, mile by mile, day by day — ay, till I fell dead on the road between us, or it *should* have come ! — Satisfaction for your insult !” — he continued, now ending his wild race a few yards from his foe. “Many outrages I have been obliged to bear, but this I will not ! — You ought to have pistols about you—or else near you. Give me one and take another !”

“I have no such things about me or near me—you are mad to talk such nonsense,” he was answered.

“Liar !—I should be—I wish I was—mad ; but I am not ! and you scoff me, because in these rags I demand satisfaction for your ignominious insult ?—Come ! you have something like *this*, at least : hold it in your hand, then !” —he drew forth a large pocket-knife.

“Stand off, fellow ! — I carry no such weapons ; nor will I enter into conflict with a maniac. Stand off, I say, at your peril. You vile murderer—you assassin ! —would you thus attack an unarmed traveller with a butcherly knife !” —

“No !” replied the assailant, “I am no cowardly assassin—there goes my weapon” —flinging it far over the hedge. “And now I meet you on equal terms — and it is to grapple for life, villain !”

With these words he rushed furiously upon him. But, avoiding his perilous grasp, our friend sprang aside ; and clenching his fist, and coolly summoning his strength, felled him on the grass — where he lay, over-

come by exhaustion, as much as stunned by the blow, although it was, indeed, a good one.

The victor, pity and interest still his predominant feelings, resolved to send some friendly aid to the vanquished, and pursued his way to the village. Entering its narrow and straggling street, he found greater changes in objects framed by man's hands than he had seen in the features of nature along his meadow path. In one place appeared a new house, where he had expected the familiar face of an old one ; in another arose a human dwelling, where, sixteen years ago, the period of his absence from home, bushes had been growing : and on many of the little sign-boards above the humble village shops, new names were substituted for those to which his boyish eye had been familiar.

His heart fell, as, now glancing around, now musing, he walked slowly forward. The echoing of his solitary footsteps through the slumbering village, heightened the sadness of his mood into a feeling of desolation. " I have thought of it by day, and dreamt of it by night, and it is not *old home* to me after all," he said.

Yielding to a heavy foreboding, he now almost feared to place himself before the one, well-remembered house, which he had travelled far to enter. He leaned on the swinging stile of the church-yard, that stood between him and it (and how emphatically between him and it he thrilled to think—) and gazed up at the old church steeple. A sudden fancy took him, which he evasively expressed to his own mind—" I will turn in here, and read the headstones, to see how many old friends are

gone." And on the headstones he found, indeed, most of the names he had missed from the sign-boards. But, at a very humble one, he stopped and trembled. It was not higher than his knee, and only bore the inscription—"M. H. 1809. aged 56." They were, however, the initials of his mother's name—and such might be her age, too, four years previously, that is, in 1809. Now he ran out of the churchyard towards the once decent cottage in which that good mother had—(until he last kissed her, and left her to brave the world for their common advantage)—been the tutoress of his heart and mind. It was a roofless ruin. He leaned his arm and head against its door-jamb, and wept aloud.

A noise in the street aroused him, and, looking up, he saw a little lame old man wheeling a wheel-barrow, in which were a shovel and a broom. At a glance he recognized 'Old Master Martin,' who, as long as he could remember, used to rise every morning, hours before any one else in the village, to scrape the streets, that he might sell the produce—and live; and he alone, this decrepid, age-stricken, solitary being, the despised of his own humble community—he, alone, seemed, to the eye of our friend, unchanged in feature, nay, in garb, after the wear and tear of sixteen years. He resolved to speak with Martin;—for still he cherished a doubt of the headstone.

The old man had rested his wheel-barrow, and now stood leaning on his broom-handle, attentively eyeing the stranger. They exchanged salutations, and entered into conversation. Recollecting the names he had seen

in the church-yard, the traveller—thus introducing his real topic—severally enquired after the persons whom they had once designated, and got an account of their several deaths, and the manner of their deaths. “There was a widow of the name of Martha Hall, too,” continued the querist.

“And so there *was*,” replied old Martin, dropping his chin on his breast;—our friend’s doubt subsided;—“and *her* removal happened just four years ago, come harvest; and it come about by reason of the first letter she got from her son Dick, as went after her eldest son to the Hindees, while her daughter Jane was in sarvice, in Lon’on, and old Martha herself in the work’s^e.”

“The workhouse?—and her little girl in service?—how could that be? I have reason to know that her son George regularly sent her remittances, proportioned to his pay, from the time he enlisted as a private soldier till he rose to be adjutant to his regiment; and his very last remittance was considerable, though the former ones were slight.”

“And *we* know that, too,” said Master Martin; “but we know, moreover, that the last money didn’t come to hand as soon as it ought to have come; nor till after Dick Hall went to seek his fortune—(a bad one it turned up for him); nor till after little Jane went to Lon’on, and her mother on the parish, and then to the church-yard, just because it didn’t.”

“And Richard Hall followed his brother to India—more than four years ago, as it appears?—And how was his fortune so bad?”

“ Why, instead of letting him work his passage out to the Hindees after brother George,—(that he loved dearly, though he couldn’t be said to know him, as why, Dick was only in his fourth when George left us, and the girl only in her second)—they pressed him for a man-o’-war’s-man, down on the coast; and took him round the world to fight the French, just wherever they liked; ay, and gave him the rope’s-end, I believe, when he wouldn’t take to the tar, at the first setting off.”

“ Good God! bad fortune, indeed, for a lad who had and has a friend willing and able to help him to a better!—His brother often wrote to have his education attended to; and at twenty he must have been a clever boy.”

“ The cleverest among us; and the chap had the spirit of a lord; may be his fault lay on that side: and there came another letter from him t’other day, for his mother, like the first; but as she, poor old soul, was removed, his uncle Luckhurst opened it, and it said he had just got his discharge at last, and that he would start after it, not waiting for a shilling to help him on the road, to see her and Jane.”

“ Is Jane Hall still in London?”

“ No; poor wench! she has had her own troubles: married a London husband, two years ago—a good tradesman, but a wild ’un;—he broke, and ran away from her; and she came down to us, to have her baby; and then she took it with her to Bristol, where she’d got a new place: but we are soon to see her again: her uncle says to morrow, or next day, if not to-day.”

George Hall had reverted, with certain misgivings, to more than one of his late acquaintances of the road, during the narrative of the old chronicler. Now his heart swelled with emotion, as he saw, coming down the street, three of those acquaintances. They were the young woman and her child, and the serious young man to whom, during the journey, she would not speak. At present, however, she leaned on his arm, and he carried her infant. They must have descended from the White Bristol immediately after George Hall, although his bounding speed did not at first allow him to take notice, and the falling ground he traversed soon after, caused him to lose sight of 'the stile among the trees.' Perhaps, too—(indeed it afterwards appeared to be the case)—they had tarried some time, just inside the stile, to go through the explanations which, notwithstanding the young woman's determined coldness on the road, ultimately produced the good understanding that seemed re-established between them.

The young woman's eyes met those of George Hall, the moment she appeared in the street; and the interest with which they continued to regard each other was probably of a similar kind. She passed him, and proceeded to the door of a house well known to him as his uncle Luckhurst's;—this was the presumptive proof he wanted; and before she could knock, her dear brother had made himself known to her.

After their first embrace, and his renewed caresses of his infant favourite, and his salutation of her husband—(whom Jane whispered was very contrite and quite a

changed man, and had been lately an industrious one, and now brought home proofs of the fact to his wife and child)—George Hall led his sister over the crumbling threshold of their former home—seated her on the ruins of a partition wall, which had once bounded their little parlour, and there heard her repetition of old Master Martin's stories. Jane touched lightly on her own sorrows; but wept much while she recounted those of her mother; and even more while she reverted to their brother Richard, whom she endowed with mental and bodily merits, even beyond old Martin's eulogy. At twenty, when he left the village, Richard was the handsomest, tallest, best-hearted, best-learned lad in the whole parish; somewhat too high in his notions, perhaps; but not so, after all, considering the high expectations his brother George had allowed him to form, and the gentleman's education he had sent means to afford him, and for which Richard loved George more than for any other proof of affection. "But God knows how hard usage, and great cruelty—too much even for the meanest spirit to bear—may have changed his nature," continued Jane; "and, indeed, in the last letter he sent home, and that uncle Luckhurst sent to me, there is a bitterness, and a sad, sad carelessness of mind, that makes me fear for him."

Their melancholy conversation continued; and George, holding his sister's hand, caused her to rest her head upon his shoulder, while she wept. In this situation they suddenly heard some one jump in through a window-hole at their backs, and come crashing among the

rubbish ;—and before George Hall could stand on his guard, he was overpowered and dragged to the ground, and the revengeful wayfarer held his distorted face close to our friend's, keeping him down by the throat, and bending over him, while, amid Jane's shrieks, he cried out—"Soh!—here I find you, miscreant,—*here!* and by this woman's side!—Jane!" he continued, almost shrieking, as he turned to her, "I knew you this morning at one glance, though, at one glance, you could not know me; but I would not ask you to recollect me, because my rags must have shamed you; and perhaps for another reason—perhaps to watch your conduct with this bully of yours—this scoffing, sneering braggart, who, for *your* smiles—for *your* ruin!"—he bent lower over our prostrate friend, and griped him closer—"for your ruin—for my eternal shame—and for his own destruction—dared to insult your brother!"

Jane redoubled her screams, and clapped her hands, crying, "Richard! Richard!—stop! stop!" Her frenzy did not allow her to say more; but George Hall shook off the young man's gripe with a great effort, and jumped to his feet, as he said—"Yes, Richard, stop! for I, too, am Jane's brother."

Some months following, on the spot where this happened, the two brothers, their sister, her child, and her husband, made a happy family party, at a 'housewarming-dinner,' given by George Hall, after he had built a commodious and handsome house upon the site of the old cottage; and his youngest acquaintance of 'The White Bristol' sat on his knee.

THE AFRICAN.

I.

'Twas on the British Western coast,
In the offing of a bay,
As a merchantman, bound to the Cape,
Was getting under weigh,
There ran down to the shore a black,
Who begged to come away
With the last boat's crew the mariners
Were bringing from the quay.

II.

He had walked two hundred miles, he said,
The last three days, and more,
To get aboard the English ship,
And work his passage o'er
To his own land ; but while he strove
Their pity to implore,
They mocked him with a merry shout —
And pulled away from shore.

III.

A moment on the beach he stood,
With gloomy eyes, alone,
Then stripped his shirt, and followed in
The track the boat had gone;
He was a powerful man, compact
Of muscle and of bone,
And toward the ship, unweariedly,
And fearlessly swam on.

IV.

She had got under weigh — just as
The swimmer touched her keel;
His strength was spent, he could not climb —
Men have not hearts of steel,—
And so they threw a rope over,
And saved him for his zeal;
At which two lookers-on were grieved—
A shark and a conger-eel.

V.

Proud men are the Englishmen
When feasting in their homes,
But prouder when the ocean brine
Beneath their rudder foams:
The bounding waves that bear them on
Their own birthright they call—
But the African, in that ship's crew,
Is the proudest man of all.

VI.

By North and West the steady winds
Upon their sailyards play;
Rapidly through the moonlight seas
The merry ship makes way,
Till right upon her course looks up
The land of Table Bay;
The Negro Boy is in the shrouds,
And thus they hear him say :—

VII.

“ My own dear land, my native land!
My bosom burns once more
To feel thy bright and blazing skies,—
To hear thy breakers roar :
When last on these blue seas I looked,
The fangéd blood-hounds tore
My heart and soul away from thee —
My own, my native shore !

VIII.

“ These limbs, that should have led the chase
Along thy jungled plain,
Long years have felt the cramping gyves
Of slavery and of pain.
At last, in generous England,
They took away my chain,
And I behold thy giant hills,
My native land, again !

IX.

“ And though I find not what I left
Amid these hills—a home
Of happy hearts,—and though to me
The song may never come
I loved of old—exultingly
Yon savage wilds I’ll roam,
And dwell among thy tigers free,
My own, my native home !”

X.

In that deep hour of moonlight calm,
The East-wind, as from sleep,
Aroused him on the misty brow
Of Esperanza’s steep ;
And, like a lion hungering,
From forth his mountain-keep
He came, and fell to battle with
The waves of the wild deep.

XI.

In one half hour, the merchant-man
Of all her masts lay bare ;
The billows swept her deck ;—the crew
Were all gone down to prayer—
All but the gallant African,
Who stood undaunted there—
And gloomily his white eyes shone
Amid the lightning’s glare.

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W. H. W.

J. Edwards

MINE OWN.

BY DELTA.

I.

I NEED not token-flowers to tell
 How deeply dear thou art,
 Still on mine ear thine accents dwell,
 Thy virtues in my heart ;
 Thy beauty floats before mine eyes
 In soft celestial light,
 Alike at orient day's uprise,
 And pensive shut of night.

II.

Although afar—although afar—
 Yet art thou with me still,
 When evening's star, and morning's star,
 Gleams o'er the twilight hill ;
 Thy beauty streams through all my dreams,
 The lone night-watches through ;
 And cloudless skies recall thine eyes,
 The archangel's tearless blue.

III.

The sinking and the swelling heart
Of fond yet fearful love,
The bliss to meet, the pain to part,
It hath been ours to prove ;
The wild embrace of blessedness,
By absence made more blest ;
And separation's pangs, which press
Its life-blood from the breast.

IV.

Memorials of that vanished day
Of mingled bliss and woe,
When from yon garden bowers away
Time forced my steps to go ;
I prize each withered bloom and stalk,
For that dear hand of thine,
Which plucked them on our parting walk,
And gifted them to mine.

V.

I see thee in thy beauty yet
Upon the gravel stand,
The glowing tints, red, blue, and jet,
Fresh blooming in thy hand :
And lo ! all withered, wan, and dried,
Before me here they lie,
To tell that since I left thy side
Long months have lingered by.

VI.

But think not months, however long
 (For long all months must be,
Theme of my blessings and my song !
 Which sever me from thee),
Shall e'er undo one tender tie
 Affection's fingers wove,
Shall make less deep the daily sigh,
 Which Absence owes to Love !

VII.

'Twas Autumn,—and the redbreast lulled
 With song the fading bowers,
When for my hand thy fingers culled
 These wan and withered flowers :
Fresh were they then ; but, as I gaze
 The shrivelled blossoms o'er,
The mountain-peaks are grey with haze,
 And gleams the snowy moor.

VIII.

The clouds of doubt between us rolled,
 In shadows passed the day,
But, like a star, thy love consoled
 My spirit with its ray ;
For, through the tempest and the night
 That beam was duly shed,
To cherish with its steadfast light
 The hope which else had fled.

IX.

Oh hallowed, heavenly to my view
Is every gentle scene,
Where thy fair foot hath brushed the dew
From off the daisied green :
Thy love, thy loveliness, thy worth,
To me seem blessings given,
To shew my soul how things of earth
Can raise its thoughts to heaven !

X.

Farewell ! thou shalt not be forgot,
My beautiful, MINE OWN !
Oh may the sorrows of our lot
Bow down my head alone !
And these dried flowers, which, given to me,
Were moist with morning rain,
Shall bloom of thee, and breathe of thee,
Until we meet again !

A SCOTS LUVE SANG.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I.

COULD this ill warld hae been contrived
 To stand without mischievous woman,
 How peacefu' bodies wad hae lived,
 Released frae a' the ills sae common !
 But since it is the waefu' case
 That man maun hae this teasing wony,
 Why sic a sweet bewitching face ?
 —O had they no been made sae bonny !

II.

I might hae wandered dale and wood,
 Brisk as the breeze that whistles o'er me,
 As careless as the roe-deer's brood,
 As happy as the lambs before me ;
 I might hae screwed my tunefu' pegs,
 And carolled mountain strains so gaily,
 Had we but wantit a' the Megs
 Wi' glossy e'en sae dark an' wily.

III.

I saw the danger, feared the dart,
 The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking,
 Yet open laid my wareless heart,
 An' gat the wound that keeps me waking.
 My harp waves on the willow green;
 O' wild witch-notes it has nae ony,
 Sin' e'er I saw that pawky quean,
 Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

TO THE WHITE LILY.

O, LADY of the Summer! that dost rear
 Thy pearly coronal so gracefully,
 And lookest proudly toward the golden sky,
 Eying bright Phœbus in his mid career
 With undashed brow — thou of all flow'rs most dear,
 Bringing blithe days, and skies of glorious dye,
 And harvest hopes, and woodland melody, —
 For all the Summer's pomps with thee appear, —
 My heart doth hymn thee, pure and peerless one!
 Whose simple vest of dazzling loveliness
 Far passeth Soldan's on his gorgeous throne;
 As, 'bove thy sister blossoms, fair, alone,
 Thou standest stately in thy radiant dress,
 Queen of the Summer! daughter of the sun!

H. L.

THE FORDS OF CALLUM.

An Ower True Tale.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

“YE had better steek the door, Janet; I think there’s a kind o’ cauld sugh coming up the house the night.”

“Gude forgie you for leeing, Wat; for the night is that muth an’ breathless, I’m maist like to swairf, an’ am hardly able to do a single turn. An’ for you, ye are joost a’ in ae thow, I see; an’ hae muckle mair need that I suld clash a sowp cauld water on you than steek the door.”

“It will be as weel to steek the door, Janet, my woman, an’ let us take our chance o’ swairfing. Ye ken the auld saying, ‘at open doors the dogs come ben.’ An’ we little ken what may come in at that door the night.”

Janet ran and shut the door, bolting it fast, and muttering to herself all the way, as she perceived a manifest alteration in her husband’s looks and manner; for Wat Douglas was not one of your chicken-hearted timorous hinds, but as bold as a lion, fearing neither man nor beast; and as for bogles of all kinds, such as fairies, brownies, ghosts, wraiths, or water kelpies, Wat denied positively that any such creatures had existence. But he was very far wrong in so doing, as will appear in the sequel.

His wife was his cousin-german; they were married young, and had three comely daughters at service, one of whom, named Anne, was accounted particularly handsome. Janet was much of her husband's way of thinking with regard to these spiritual beings; but when she saw that he was alarmed at something, she became ten times more so.

"Now gude forgie us, Walter! tell us what's the matter wi' ye? Hae ye seen aught? Hae ye heard aught? Or hae ye grown unweel on the hill that has made ye a wee squeamish?"

"Bring me a drink o' water, Janet. It's only a bit dwam; it will soon gang aff (*drinks*). Hech whow! what a warld this is that we lieve in! Have ye been guilty of ony great sin lately, Janet?"

"No that I hae mind o' just now. But what a question that is to speir at your wife!"

"War ye ever guilty of ony great backsliding or transgression?"

"Aih! gudeness forbid, Walter! But what has set you upon sic questions the night?"

"Because I'm feared, Janet, that there's some heavy judgment gaun to happen to us very soon. I hae had a singular warning the night."

"Aih whow! Oh, Wattie, ye gar a' my heart groo within me! What kind o' warning have ye had?"

"I canna tell ye. It is out o' my power to tell ye. An' gin I could tell you, ye wadna believe me. Gang away to your bed, Janet, an' let us compose ourselves to rest in our Maker's name."

The lonely couple went to their bed, and commended themselves to the protection of heaven; but sleep was far from visiting their couch. Wat Douglas lay and groaned heavily, while his groans were audibly responded by his wife. At length he says to her, "When did ye hear from your daughter Annie, Janet?"

"No this lang while; no sin' Lockerbie tryste."

"Do ye think that Annie can hae been guilty of ony great sin in her days?"

"Aih! I hope our poor lassie has been better guidit. But she's a queer mysterious lassie, our Annie. There is something about her that I can never comprehend. I had some heavy, heavy dreams about her afore she was born. I think always there is something to happen to her."

"Ay, Janet, as sure as I am speaking to you, an' as sure as the starns are shining in heaven, there will something happen to her, an' that very soon.—Sae ye say ye haena seen nor heard o' her sin' Lockerbie tryste?"

"Na, no sin' syne."

"What wad ye think, Janet, gin I had seen her the night?"

"Gin ye saw her weel, I should be very happy."

"Oh! Janet, I hae gotten a warning the night that I canna comprehend. But we'll hear mair about it soon. Tell me just ae thing, an' tell me truly. Is Annie—? But hush! What's that I hear? Lord be wi' us, there it is again!"

At that instant, and before he pronounced these last

words, a quick tap was heard at the window, and a sweet and well-known voice called from without in a melancholy key: "Mither, are ye waukin?"

"Yes, dear, I'm waukin," cried the agitated mother; "Gude forgie ye, what has brought you here at this time o' night? The like o' this I kend never! I think it be true what folks say — speak o' the deil an' he'll appear! I'll open the door this minent, Annie. Is there any body wi' ye?"

"Na, there's nae body wi' me; an' I wish there had been nane wi' me the night. Is Wat Douglas away to the Fords o' Callum?"

"Wat Douglas! Whaten a gate is that o' speakin about your father, Annie? Wat Douglas, as ye ca' him, is nane away to the Fords o' Callum, but lying snug in his bed here."

"Oh! lack-a-day! Then it is ower late now!" said the voice without; and as it said so, it seemed to pass away from the window on the breeze, so that the last words were scarcely audible. It was like the passing sound of a beetle or a bee pronouncing the melancholy words as it flew.

"Dinna gang near it, Janet! Dinna gang near it," cried Wat Douglas, shuddering, and shrouding himself deeper in the bed-clothes. "For the sake o' your soul, bide where you are, an' keep the wa's o' the house atween you an' it!"

"The man's wudd! Will I no gang an' open the door to my ain bairn? Ay, that will I, though a' the ghaists o' the folk o' Sodom and Gomorrah were letten

loose!" And so saying, away flew Janet to the door with her clothes half on, while Wattie was calling all the while from under the clothes, "Ye dinna ken what ye're doing, Janet! Ye dinna ken what ye're doing!"

Janet opened the door, and went round and round the house calling her daughter's name; but there was none that answered or regarded. She once thought she heard a distant sound as of one wailing in the air, but it died away and she heard no more. She returned into her cot, breathless and dumb with astonishment; and after sitting a space, with crossed arms and her head hanging over them, she once more began speaking in a deep voice and half a whisper — "She's away! She's away! She's away! Can it hae been our daughter's wraith that spak to us through the window?"

"*Your* daughter say, Janet, for you hear I'm denied. But nevertheless, now when I think on it, it maun be a wraith, for it canna be aught else. I had sic an encounter wi't this night afore now, as mortal man o' flesh and blood never had wi' an unyirthly creature. But what passed atween us is a secret that maunna an' canna be revealed. But had I thought o't being a wraith I wadna hae been sae feared."

"What is a wraith, Wattie? for I thought you had denied a' thae things."

Ay, but seeing's believing, Janet. An' as for a wraith, I tak it to be a guardian angel that comes to gie warning o' something that's to happen to its ward. Now a guardian angel can never be a bad thing, Janet."

"But think o' the warning, Wattie. Think o' the warning. What was it that the voice said about the Fords o' Callum?"

"That maun be considered, Janet. But the terrors o' this night had put that, an ilka thing else out o' my head. That maun be considered. The Fords o' Callum? Ay! That's the place where the spirit tried to take me to in spite of my teeth. Wha is Annie, Janet?"

"Gude forgie us! heard ony body ever sickan a rhame as that! She's her father's daughter to be sure. — But is this a night to begin wi' sickan queer questions, Walter? If ye gat wit that ony body in the hale country were perishing or in jeopardy, wad it be necessar to settle a' about their connections and parentage afore you set out to save them?"

"That's very true, Janet. She is a lassie that is weel worthy o' looking after, though I had never seen her face afore; an' a message frae heaven shoudna be neglekit."

"I'm no sae clear about the message being frae heaven, Wattie. But a message we certainly have had; an' I think it is incumbent on us to set out immediately, an' see what is going on at the Fords o' Callum."

"I think the same. It is but a step of a mile or twae, an' my conscience coudna be at ease without ganging there. An' yet it is daft like to be gaun away afore day-light to a particular spot to look for a body, an' that spot ten miles aff frae the place where the body is living."

"Na, na, it isna ten miles, Wat. It's na aboon nine miles and a half, if it be that."

It was not yet one o'clock, but it was a mid-summer night, still and beautiful, as well as the morning following; and when the couple reached the Fords o' Callum, the grey twilight began to shed its pale and eiry hues over that lonely upland: and ere they reached the Ford by two hundred paces, they perceived something like a human form lying on a small green sward on the other side of the river, or burn; for though called a river, or water, it is no bigger than an ordinary burn.

"What's yon lying yonder, Janet?"

"O the Lord in heaven kens what it is! My heart is beginning to fail me, Wattie. I canna gang ony farther. I think we shoudna gang ony nearer till we get somebody wi' us."

"It wad be a shame to stop here or turn again after coming sae far. Lean on me, and let us venture forward and see what it is. It is like a woman; but she's maybe sleeping."

"Na, na! yon's nae sleeping posture. She's lying athraw. I canna gang! I canna gang! dinna drag me; for though I hae stood on the bed o' death mony a time, yet it is a fearsome thing to look upon death in the open field. An' there's maybe blood, too. Think ye I can look upon a corpse swathed in blood, in a wild place like this? No, no, I hae nae power to gang a step farther!"

Janet Douglas would neither advance nor remain by

herself; but hung upon her husband and wept. Wat called aloud to see if the form would awake and move, but he called in vain; and just as the two were returning to seek assistance, they perceived a gentleman coming toward them, which was a happy sight. This was Mr. George Brown of Callum, who was at that time a bridegroom, and had set out so early on horseback to go into Nithsdale by the Queensberry road. They told him their dilemma, and pointed out the form lying on the other side of Duff's Kinnel. Mr. Brown was as much appalled as they; but the three ventured across to the form, in breathless terror and awful suspense; and there, indeed, they found the body of Annie Douglas, lying a pale corpse, and her bosom still warm. She appeared to have been dead some hours. Mr. Brown, who was excellently mounted, gave up his journey, and galloped back straight to Moffat, where he procured a Dr. Johnstone then living in Moffat, said to have been a gentleman of great ability, and another young surgeon whose name I have forgot; and the three arrived at the spot in an inconceivably short time, the distance not being more than three miles. All endeavours to restore life proved vain and abortive; therefore their whole attention was next directed to ascertain the manner of her death. But there they were puzzled—nonplussed beyond the power of calculation. Her clothes were torn; but there was not the smallest mark of violence on any part of her body. She was dressed in all her best attire; and it was manifest that she had come there on horseback, with more

in company than one, for there were many marks of horses' feet about the spot, as if they had been held or fastened there for a space.

Her death made a great noise in that district for a few months, and a hundred conjectures were framed concerning it; probably all wide of the truth. But there were some circumstances attending it that astounded every one. Mr. Brown of Callum's mind was so much confused at the time, and his pity so much excited by the untimely death of the beautiful young woman, that he never thought of one thing which occurred to him afterwards as having been very singular, namely, that the old couple should have been sitting in that remote place watching the corpse of their daughter at a distance before daylight. But the worst consequence of all was this:—During the time that Mr. Brown was seeking the surgeons, Janet was so ill that she fainted several times, and fell into hysterics, while her husband supported and assisted her with apparent command of his feelings, and perfect presence of mind. But before they reached home with the corpse, the case was altered. Janet was quite recovered and collected, while Wat looked so ill that it was fearful to see him. He immediately betook himself to bed, from which he never arose again, but died a fortnight afterwards, having rarely ever spoken from that morning forward.

Of course he could not attend Annie's funeral; and there was no circumstance more puzzling than one that occurred there. Among the mourners there was one gentleman quite unknown to every one who was pre-

sent. Indeed, from the beginning, he took upon himself, as it were, the office of chief mourner, carrying the head almost the whole way to the churchyard, so that all the people supposed the elegant stranger some near relation of the deceased, sent for, from a distance, to take the father's part, and conduct the last obsequies. When they came to the grave, he took his station at the head of the corpse, which he lowered into the grave with great decency and decorum, appearing to be deeply affected. When the interment was over, he gave the sexton a guinea and walked away. He was afterwards seen riding towards Dumfries, with a page in full mourning riding at a distance behind him. How much were all the good people of Johnston astonished when they heard that neither father nor mother of the deceased, nor one present at the funeral knew any thing whatever of the gentleman ; who he was ; where he came from ; or what brought him there. I have heard it reported, on what authority I do not know, that this stranger was subsequently traced to have been the late Duke of Q——. And as this unaccountable incident is well known to have happened when the late Mr. George Brown of Callum was a bridegroom, it settles the time to have been about sixty-six years ago.

Mount Benger, on Yarrow,

June 15, 1829.

THE FAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE fairy-folk!—the fairy-folk!
 Wassailers old of the moonlight oak,
 Lovers of dance, of mirth and joke,
 I have found again the fairy-folk!

I have found them as, methinks, at first
 On the eye of some ancient bard they burst;
 One of that happy race whose pride
 Waned with our forests dim and wide:
 Who by haunted tree, by sacred spring,
 And where mountain streams were murmuring,
 Wandered afar, and would dreaming lie
 On the summer sward, 'neath the summer sky,
 Till the spirit which haunts the free-born gale
 Did proudly o'er their hearts prevail;
 And kindled lays which thrilled with power
 Through the baron's hall, and the lady's bower:
 One of that race whose very names
 Withered away with their mortal frames;
 Yet, whose songs, like the living stars sublime,
 Come streaming down the night of time;
 Filling our hearts with rueful tears
 For woes that have slept a thousand years.

Like one of that simple race I lay
On a flowery slope in the month of May,
Giving the heart and the wandering brain
The dear delight of a curb-less rein,
Till the mortal world had ceased to be,
And my soul from its selfish taint was free ;
And the presence that through all nature broods,—
The life of its speaking solitudes,
With its loving spell had drawn me near,
Making its silent mysteries clear.
Oh ! then grew the pleasant greensward rife
With a myriad, myriad shapes of life !
One moment, and the sunshine fell
But on waving blades and the cowslip's bell—
Another ! another ! and then unfold
The mantles of green, and the crowns of gold !
And my wonder in words of gladness broke—
“ I have found !—I have found the fairy-folk ! ”
—The fairy-folk ! we have mourned them long
In many a sweet but needless song :
For now I know, by the poet's sense,
That the fairy tribes were never hence ;
But the worldly heart, and the fleshly eye
Their gentle forms might not descry.
Oh ! many a good gift have we lost,
By the witchery of the world engrossed :
The eye, the trance, the soul of old ;
The minstrel's thoughts and visions bold ;
And the pure and lofty mind that led
To the heart of Nature deep and dread.

The fairy-folk!—they never yet
By the dim-souled sons of care were met;
But the minstrel true and stainless still
May call them around him at his will.
Are not their golden bugles borne
By the woodbine sweet, 'mid the summer thorn?
Seest thou not their careering steeds
When the sunlight sweeps o'er summer meads,
And a thousand thousand purple bells
Ring lightly as the wild-breeze swells?
Float not their banners bravely where
The gossamer mounts the autumn air?
Shew not their festal rings as oft
In the woodland-glade, and the hamlet croft?
And their months of summer-mirth gone round,
Vanish they not into the ground,
Compelled in the voiceless gloom below
To bide their term of penal woe?

The fairy-folk!—Oh! vainly said
Our bards that they for aye were fled.
Ah! 'twas the false world's flattering lips
That wooed our souls to a dim eclipse;
And the marvels to our fathers known
We had lost the power to make our own;
And the fairy-folk were left to dwell
Alone, unseen, in the forest dell.

RODOLPH, THE FRATRICIDE.

BY DERWENT CONWAY.

"Would to God it were otherwise," said Rodolph, as, from the window at which he stood, musingly, he saw the Baronial equipage pass along the bridge that led into Erfurt. "'Twas a sinful wish," said Margaret. "Ah, Rodolph, I remember the time when you too would have called it sinful." "Forgive me, Margaret, forgive me," said her husband; "I recall the wish:" and he turned to her, and kissed her forehead, and lifted the little boy from the stool where he sat at Margaret's feet, and held him to his neck.

Rodolph was the first-born of the Baron of Erfurt, whose barony is the richest in the province of Thuringia, and is indeed accounted one of the most considerable in Upper Saxony. Shortly before the death of the Baron, Margaret became the wife of Rodolph: she was of respectable, but not of noble origin; and this alliance was contracted, not only in opposition to the express commands of the Baron, but also without the consent of the Duke of Saxony, who, in those days, assumed the prerogative of regulating the alliances of the most considerable among his nobles. The consequences of Rodolph's disobedience may be easily imagined: the

destination of the Barony was altered ; and upon the death of the Baron, Frederick, the brother of Rodolph, was Lord of Erfurt. Since that event, the disinherited had lived, though not in indigence, yet in a sphere that, to the first-born, seemed scarcely removed from it.

Margaret had been Rodolph's choice : he had chosen her because he loved her ; but love, that formed Margaret's existence, was but an episode in his. Ambition had been, in Rodolph, an earlier passion than love ; all that he had seen from childhood upwards had contributed to foster it ; the pageantry of rank, the homage paid to wealth, and the power it conferred : even in boyhood he had revelled in the vision of his coming greatness ; and when, for a season, love claimed an undivided rule, it was but the rule of an usurper : the master-passion was quenched, but not extinguished.

Long, very long, did Margaret cling to hope. She saw a change in Rodolph ; but oh ! it could not be that he loved *her* less : had he not chosen her ? had he not wedded her, in despite of the world and its threatenings ? and was she not as worthy of his love as when he led her from the altar ?—as fond—almost as fair ? Alas ! Margaret knew little of the human heart,—less of the world.

Harshness was not the sin of Rodolph ; his sin was neglect, the most withering blight that falls upon the human heart : the prostrate flower will raise its head when the tempest has passed by, but it cannot survive the withdrawing of those sweet influences by which it lives and is nourished. Margaret could not conceal

from herself the coldness of her husband: yet so confiding was she, so full of affection was her heart, that it was long ere distrust could gain entrance there; but it entered in at last, and grew into the sad reality, that Rodolph loved her less than the things she had deprived him of. Yet hope would not quite forsake her; one kind word—a look—a tone, such as she remembered, would send joy into her heart, and call to her cheek the smiles of other days; and when Rodolph said, “I recall my wish—Margaret, forgive me!” and turned to her and kissed her brow, and embraced their boy, she might have said truly, if she had spoken from the heart, “Have we not happiness enough?” But gleams of returning kindness from Rodolph were “few and far between;” they were like the sun-beams that flash for a moment through November mists; and after the incident with which this little history begins, a whole year elapsed, during which no kind word, no fond look, no remembered tone, dispelled for a moment, from the heart of Margaret, the darkness that dwelt there.

Rodolph grew more silent and morose; the images of grandeur that had once been familiar to him began to assume, in his mind, a more palpable form; the contrast between the present, and that which might have been, became every day more apparent, till at length he hated the brother who inherited his rights, and scarcely less than hated the woman for whom he had sacrificed them. Margaret could but weep in secret; for kindness and endearments—all she had to bestow, except her tears,—could only renew the recollection of

his folly, in having exchanged, for baubles such as these, the splendid inheritance of his fathers.

Rodolph dreamt one night a dream. He thought he was the possessor of his father's inheritance; and although he retained in his dream a conviction in his own identity, he fancied that *he* was the younger brother, and that Frederick, the first-born, was placed in his circumstances—the disinherited—and living in obscurity. He lay, as he thought, in bed, and awake, revolving in his mind the events that had elevated him to the Barony; and glancing now and then at a huge chest in one corner of the chamber, in which he imagined was deposited the deed that excluded his brother, and secured to him his possessions. The room in which he lay was familiar to him; it had been the sleeping apartment of his father; and the portraits of many generations, lords of Erfurt, hung upon the walls. One door opened upon the corridor; and another, opposite to the foot of the bed, and visible between the somewhat parted curtains, led to a stair case, which terminated in another door opening into the vaults below the castle. As he thus lay ruminating upon the past, the present, and the future, the Castle clock struck twelve; and as the last chime died away, he saw the door into the chamber slowly open, and his brother Frederick enter; he saw his brother go to the huge chest, lift the lid, and take out the deed; he sprung from his bed to save it—and, in the act of struggling with his brother, he awoke.

This dream made a powerful impression upon the

mind of Rodolph: the deed, the evidence of his disinheritance, was doubtless deposited somewhere; and if, by any means, he could obtain possession of it, what should then hinder him from claiming the rights of which he was dispossessed by that deed alone. Might not the chamber his dream had pictured to him be in reality that in which the deed was deposited; for there, he well knew, stood the chest in which the family archives were inclosed. The more he revolved upon the dream, the stronger became the conviction that it had revealed the truth; and the more intense was his desire to recover the evidence of his disinheritance, and the more eager his longing after the power and honours enjoyed by his brother.

It was late on the evening of a day in the latter end of October, that Rodolph, after having been absent on a pretended journey of business to a neighbouring town, arrived within the precincts of his paternal house. The young crescent moon yet hung in the sky, and threw a pale and sombre light upon the well-known towers, and upon the open space between the walls and the family tomb, within whose shadow stood Rodolph. He waited till the moon sunk; and then, by paths long familiar to him, he passed lightly towards a low archway that led into the vaults. Once he fancied he heard the rustling of fallen leaves behind him, and paused for a moment; but concluding it to have been the sighing of the night wind, or some startled bird, he went onwards, and, creeping through the archway, dropt into the vaults. He speedily gained the small door that

opened upon the stair, and with a slight push it gave way. At the door of the chamber Rodolph stopped and listened. Within, all was still; but again, he fancied, a sound, as of a light tread, came from below: again he listened, but heard it no more. The possibility of his dream proving literally true, flashed across his mind—his brother springing from his bed to save the deed—and how then should he act? He felt the hilt of his poniard in his hand; but he said mentally—“No, no; I have not come hither to kill my brother—I come to seek my right; but I am no murderer.”

Rodolph laid his hand upon the door, as the Castle clock struck twelve; and, as the last chime died away, he gently pushed it open, and stood within the well-known chamber. Through the parted curtain he saw his brother: a lamp which burned upon a table threw a steady light upon his face, and Rodolph saw that he slept. He approached the bed. “He is my brother,” said he; “I have not come to take his life: is he not my brother? But how! my brother?—has he not robbed me of my rights? does he not possess my inheritance?”—and the visions of years, and the hopes of youth, and the disappointments of manhood, rushed in a collected torrent upon the mind of Rodolph. At that moment the countenance of the sleeper seemed agitated; a smile passed over his lips, and he whispered in an eager noiseless whisper—“It is mine, it is mine; I will keep it.” As Rodolph gazed, his hand insensibly clutched the poniard with a firmer grasp: he raised his arm; and at the moment he would have struck, his hand

was arrested: he turned, and beheld — Margaret. But the demons of envy and hatred had taken possession of Rodolph; he flung Margaret from him, and, as the sleeper started from his disturbed vision, Rodolph buried the poniard in the bosom of his brother. One loud and long shriek recalled the fratricide to a sense of his danger; he threw down the red reeking proof of his guilt, and fled towards the vaults, calling upon Margaret to follow. But Margaret followed not; Margaret understood not; the blow that told her her husband was a murderer, had struck reason from its throne: Margaret was a maniac; and when the household of the Baron, roused by that appalling shriek, the herald of madness, entered the chamber, she was sitting calmly beside the murdered Baron, with the poniard in her hand.

One word of retrospect is necessary. Indistinct words, muttered in sleep, had revealed to Margaret the design of her husband, and from night-fall she had watched for him. The purpose revealed by Rodolph in sleep, regarded only the proofs of his disinheritance; but undefined suspicions of greater evil had crept upon the mind of Margaret, and it was these that led her to follow the steps of her husband.

It was speedily known throughout the province that the Baron was murdered; and the maniac found in his chamber was deemed the murderer. The wife of Rodolph was well known to many, even among the Baron's household; and although it was surmised that ambition, oftentimes a powerful passion in the female breast, had

crazed the mind of Margaret, Rodolph stood free from suspicion; he could not be responsible for the actions of one bereft of reason.

No sooner had sufficient time elapsed for the Duke of Saxony, who was then at the Imperial Court, to have received authentic information of the death of the Baron of Erfurt, than Rodolph repaired to Vienna, and preferred his claim to the succession. His brother had left no child; and as the insanity of Margaret afforded sufficient ground for an application for divorcement, there was no longer any objection on the part of the Duke to the recognition of his title.

Rodolph had now reached the object of his ambition; but at what price? the murder of his brother! the madness of his wife! And although the Lord of Erfurt was caressed and smiled upon; though, amid the gaities of the Imperial Court, he affected to be that which the world believed him to be—careless and happy; visions of more innocent days, past for ever, and fears of coming evil, dashed at times the untasted cup of pleasure from his lips, or lent bitterness to the draught. His brother, in boyish days, mirthful and kind; or sleeping, unconscious that a fratricide stood by his bed; Margaret, smiling and happy, as he led her from the altar; or tender, gentle, uncomplaining, as she had ever been; the one murdered—the other a maniac; these were the images that poisoned the streams of pleasure, and withered every blossom that springs on the pathway of wealth and honours.

Rodolph dreaded a return to the castle of his fathers.

The din of festivity that filled the capital, if it could not altogether drown the voice of conscience, yet dulled the sound ; and if, amid the flourish of trumpets, or the chorus of syren tones, the maniac shriek of Margaret was sometimes heard, louder, and more thrilling than them all,—yet it seemed as if in the baronial hall, it would be more frequent and more appalling. But Rodolph must conform to the usage of his ancestors, and the practice of other nobles ; and it was announced to his vassals and retainers, that the castle should be prepared for his reception.

Merrily did the silver-tongued bells of Erfurt proclaim the approach of the Lord Rodolph. The elevation of the younger brother had been deemed by the people, an act of tyranny ; and Rodolph was welcomed to his ancestral domains, as one who ought to have inherited them long ago. It was an universal holiday in Erfurt ; crowds thronged the streets waiting the arrival of the Baron ; and when towards evening he rode through the barrier, the air was rent with the welcoming acclamation of thousands. A deafening shout announced the entrance of the Baron within the hall of the castle,—but in Rodolph's fancy another cry came mingled with it. Anon the sounds of welcome died away,—fainter, and less frequent, became the tokens of rejoicing,—at length all was still,—night gathered round ; and with it came the visions that oppress the guilty.

Rodolph tried to dispel them ; the board was spread, the cup was filled and drained, and filled and drained

again. The hall blazed with artificial light, and the musicians exhausted their skill to do honour to their patron. But in vain : the portraits of his ancestors seemed the living witnesses of his guilt, and every eye was fixed upon him. Music was a mockery, in painful contrast with the troubled mind ; and light itself, that to the guilty is sometimes felt to be protection, Rodolph would have exchanged for darkness, for it served but to aid the delusions of imagination, by magnifying and distorting every object that surrounded him.

Eleven chimed on the castle clock, and Rodolph desired his attendants to lead the way to his chamber : orders had been given to prepare for the Baron another apartment than that which had been the scene of blood ; but the order had been misunderstood or neglected ; and it was with feelings which none but the guilty can understand, that Rodolph glanced around the chamber, when the departing footsteps of his attendants could no longer be heard.

* * * *

Rodolph lay on the bed of his murdered brother ; not, as in his dream, revolving on the events that had raised him to the inheritance, but striving to keep afar off the reminiscences that would yet force themselves in fearful distinctness upon his wakeful fancy. It was agony to be awake, and yet he feared to sleep, dreading the visions that might pursue him ; and shrinking instinctively from that state of helplessness which, to

the guilty, is felt to be a state of danger. At times drowsiness nearly obtained the mastery over fear; but the embryo visions of troubled sleep—his brother entering the door, or Margaret's maniac shriek, recalled him to consciousness. But sleep at length overcame him; his eye-lids closed; and he lay as his brother had lain ere the poniard reached the heart of the sleeper.

Who is it that stands by the bed of Rodolph? Margaret—the maniac Margaret; she has burst her bonds, and has sought, by the remembered path, the chamber where last she saw her husband. She gazes earnestly on the face of Rodolph; and though she knows him not, yet that countenance wakes a gleam of recollection, a faint wandering ray of reason, an indistinct dream of some once connecting link,—and softly she creeps and lays her down by his side, and throws her arm over him.

Rodolph dreams a fearful dream: he dreams that his murdered brother is stretched on the same bed, and locks him in the cold arms of death; and in striving to shake from him his dreadful visitor, he awakes; but the gripe of a maniac is strong. Rodolph believes himself in the grasp of the dead—and terror does the work of justice!

Hush! it is Margaret's shriek that rends the castle! She knew not her husband living, but she knows him in death: reason, for a moment, illumined the mind; but life fled from the revelation of misery.

TO THE REDBREAST.

BY JOHN CLARE.

I.

SWEET little bird in russet coat,
The livery of the closing year,
I love thy lonely, plaintive note,
And tiny whispering song to hear.
As on the stile or garden seat
I sit to watch the falling leaves,
Thy pleasant carol seems more sweet
While pensive nature grieves.

II.

Ah! many are the lonely minds
That hear and welcome thee anew,—
High cultured souls and humble hinds
Delight to praise, and love thee too :
The veriest clown beside his cart
Turns from his song with many a smile
To see thee from the hedgerow start,
And sing upon the stile.

III.

The shepherd on the fallen tree
Sits down to listen to thy lay,
And chides his dog beside his knee,
Lest its fond bark should thee affray :
The hedger pauses ere he knocks
The stake down in the meadow gap ;
The boy, who every songster mocks,
Forbears the gate to clap.

IV.

When in the hedge that hides the post
Thy ruddy bosom he surveys ;
Charmed with thy song, in rapture lost,
He, pausing, murmurs forth thy praise.
The maiden marks, at day's decline,
Thee in the yard on broken plough,
And stops her song to listen thine —
Milking her brindled cow.

V.

Thy simple faith in man's esteem
From every heart hath favour won :
Dangers to thee no dangers seem,
Thou seem'st to court them more than shun.
The clown in winter takes his gun,
The barn-door-flocking birds to slay,
But should'st thou in the danger run
He turns the tube away.

VI.

The gipsey boy, who seeks in glee
Blackberries for a dainty meal,
Laughs loud on first beholding thee,
When called, so near his presence steal ;
For sure, he thinks, thou know'st the call,
And though his hunger ill can spare
The fruit, he will not pluck it all,
But leaves some for thy share.

VII.

Upon the ditcher's spade thou'lt hop,
For grubs and writhing worms to search ;
Where woodmen in the forests chop,
Thou'lt fearless on their faggots perch :
Nay, by the gipsey's camp I stop,
And mark thee perch a moment there,
To prune thy wing awhile, then drop
The scattered crumbs to share.

VIII.

Domestic bird ! thy pleasant face
Doth well thy common suit commend ;
To meet thee in a stranger place,
Is meeting with an early friend.
I track the thicket's glooms around,
And there, as loth to leave again,
Thou com'st ; as if thou knew'st the sound
And loved the sight of men.

IX.

The loneliest wood that man can trace,
To thee a pleasant dwelling gives ;
In every town and crowded place
The tame domestic robin lives :
Go where we will, in every spot
Thy little welcome tribes appear,
And, like the daisy's common lot,
Thou'rt met with every where.

X.

The swallow in the chimney tier,
The twittering martin in the eave,
With half of love and half of fear
Their mortared dwellings shyly weave :
The sparrows in the thatch will shield,
Yet they, as well as e'er they can,
Contrive with doubtful faith to build
Beyond the reach of man.

XI.

But thou'rt less timid than the wren,
Domestic and confiding bird !
And spots most near the haunts of men
Are oftenest for thy home preferred :
In garden walls thou'lt build so low,
Hid where the bunch of fennel stands,
That even a child just taught to go
May reach thee with its hands.

XII.

Dear favourite bird ! thy under notes
In spring's gay music mix unknown ;
The concert from a thousand throats
Leaves thee as if to pipe alone :
No listening ear the shepherd lends,
The simple ploughman marks thee not,
And then by all thy autumn friends
Thou'rt missing and forgot.

XIII.

Then the famed nightingale, that shares
High public praise from every tongue,
The popular voice of music heirs,
And injures much thy under song :
Yet then my wandering step salutes
In quiet nooks my autumn guest,
Gay piping on the hazel roots
Above thy mossy nest.

XIV.

'Tis wrong that thou should'st be despised,
When larks and linnets carol clear ;
They sing when vernal flowers are prized,
Thou, in the dull declining year.
Well ! let the heedless and the gay
Applaud the crowd of louder lays ;
The joy thou steal'st from sorrow's day
Is more to thee than praise.

XV.

Ah, could I in my rustic rhyme
But imitate thy touching lay,
All gentle hearts would love its chime,
Nor cast my meanest verse away!
And, aye, in Autumn's mellow clime
Our mutual praise they would proclaim,
And we should share, till latest time,
An undivided fame.

TO THE FIRST VIOLET.

ONE on this half-worn bank, and only one —
Fair comer of rude March! the first to show
A smile of triumph o'er the season gone —
White in the winds as is the drifted snow.
Alone — yet dost thou wear a cheerful look;
Cheerful, as unto kindred sweets allied;
And from thee seems content breathed round this nook —
With thine own worth and grace self-satisfied.
Here art thou safe, whilst largest ships are strewn
In shapeless wrecks about the restless sea;
Here dost thou smile, now mighty arms are blown
From oaks, and pines lie prostrate on the lea.
Quiet in storms, beauty in dearth, what power
Is in thy lowliness, sweet simple flower!



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MARY TOWNLEY.

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THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

I.

SORROW has touched thee, my beautiful boy !
 And dimmed the bright eyes that were dancing with joy ;
 Thy ruby lips tremble ; thy soft cheek is wet,—
 The tears on its roses are lingering yet ;
 On thy quick-heaving heart is thy little hand pressed ;
 There is care on thy brow, there is grief in thy breast ;
 And slowly and darkly the shadow steals o'er thee —
 For the first time the vision of Death is before thee !

II.

Meet emblem of childhood, that innocent dove
 Was the sharer alike of thy sports and thy love :
 Thy playmate is dead ; and that tenantless cage
 Has stamped the first grief upon memory's page.
 And oh, thou art weeping !—life's fountain of tears,
 Once unsealed, will flow on through the desert of years :
 No joy will e'er equal thy first dawn of bliss—
 No sorrow blot out the remembrance of this !

III.

Though reason may smile at the anguish which now
Convulses thy bosom and darkens thy brow,
The period may come, in thy journey through life,
When, 'sick of its falsehood, corruption and strife,'
Thou vainly shalt seek, on thy desolate track,
To recall those sweet feelings and sympathies back ;
And thy spirit will murmur, when vexed and reviled,
" Oh would I could weep—as I wept when a child !"

IV.

But let us not darken the landscape with gloom,
Nor fling round the cradle the shade of the tomb ;
The sorrows of childhood, like ' April's rash showers,'
Though they quickly descend, strew our pathway with
flowers :

On the soft downy cheek while the tear glistens bright,
The young heart is leaping all wild with delight ;
The glance of a sunbeam will banish its pain,
And it joyously breaks into laughter again.

V.

' Oh, our early impressions are never forgot '—
And the wide earth contains not so lovely a spot
As the fields that encircled the home of our youth,
With all its fond visions of beauty and truth ;
No meads are so green, and no flowers are so fair
As the wildings we gathered and garlanded there :
And the dim eye grows bright whilst recounting the joy,
The sorrows, and trials, and sports of the boy !

Z. Z.

MOURAD AND EUXABEET.

A Tale of Koordistan.

BY JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.

THERE are few objects in Persia more calculated to arrest the attention of a traveller, than the Lake of Ooroomea, or Shahee, as it is oftener called, in the province of Azerbijan. This noble sheet of water,—which is by far more intensely salt than the ocean itself,* and, like the ocean, appears of a deep azure, pervaded by streaks of vivid green, according to the play of the sunbeams upon its surface,—stretches fully a hundred miles in length from south to north, and lies distant not more than forty miles from Tabreez, the capital of the province, and the second city of the empire.

In a country blessed with a firm and well-regulated government, such an inland sea,—surrounded as it is by many of the richest districts of Persia,—with its numerous tributary streams, several of which are, or

* A thick deposit of salt may be seen in the shallow parts of this lake, paving, as it were, the bottom as far as the eye can trace it. Yet the water is singularly clear and pellucid. It is remarkable, that either the intensity of the saltiness, or the nature of the salts, is inimical to animal life, as no fish or living thing is found in its waters.

might easily be rendered, navigable for fifty or sixty miles from their mouths, would prove a source of incalculable national benefit. For while canals, conducted through the extensive plain which extends from Tabreez even to its very shores, would convey the produce of many a fertile valley to the gates of that capital, the ameliorating influence of commerce, and a regular intercourse with civilized society, could not fail of producing the happiest moral effects upon the wild tribes which inhabit the remote districts in its vicinity. But under the despotic and capricious, as well as precarious rule of a Persian Shah, such blessings are not to be contemplated: and accordingly we find, that Tabreez, the residence of the heir apparent of the throne, with all his court, may be afflicted with the miseries of scarcity, while provisions and produce of every kind abound, even to profusion, at Ooroomea and Selmas; and that the hordes of these and the neighbouring districts, removed from the example or control of their superiors, remain in their original barbarism.

Wild and intractable, however, as these hordes may be, they yield in primitive untamed ferocity, to the singular tribes who inhabit the still more inaccessible regions to the westward, in which the river Zab and other feeders of the Tigris have their sources. They are Christians of the Nestorian sect, alleged to be the remains of a large population of this persuasion who, in the time of the Greek Emperors, occupied a great proportion of the surrounding countries, but who were

driven, by the progress of the Mohammedan arms, to seek a refuge in the fastnesses of this remote and almost impervious district.

Like a great proportion of the inhabitants of the East, these Christians are divided into tribes; but they all obey one chief who is at once priest and leader, and who maintains the independence of the community with the most jealous watchfulness. Constantly at feud with the surrounding Koordish tribes, they are for ever on the alert, admitting of no external interference. Indeed they maintain but little communication with their neighbours, and seldom permit strangers to enter their country. The means of this exclusion are quite within their power, for their country, a mass of rugged mountains throughout, is covered with dense forests, and intersected by deep precipitous ravines; while the only paths which lead through it, almost impracticable to any except the natives, are connected together by dangerous passes and moveable bridges, all of which are guarded, so that no one can advance a step without permission. Their only amicable intercourse with their neighbours consists in a traffic in honey, wax, rosin, wool, hides, and other mountain produce, which they exchange for such arms and commodities as they require; but as they dislike venturing far beyond their own boundaries, and above all dread entering the walls of a town, even this traffic is generally carried on by means of dealers, who come with their goods to the skirts of the mountainous territory, and take away such produce as may be offered in return.

Some few individuals there are, however, among this cautious people who, in consequence of connections with families residing in Ooroomea and Selmas, do occasionally venture to these places, where, being invested in their capacity as dealers with something of a privileged character, they repair to transact their own and their neighbours' commercial business. Among these was Gustameen Teearee, a principal inhabitant of the village of Lareeka, who, connected by marriage with a family of Nestorians residing in the town of Selmas, repaired, at least twice in the year, to that place with a quantity of produce, the value of which he generally doubled upon his return to his own country.

The family of Gustameen consisted of three sons, and as many daughters ; the eldest of which last, a girl of fifteen, was exceedingly beautiful, and not more beautiful than gentle and good. Attached to her parents, the young Euxabeet,* whose heart had never felt the influence of that passion which absorbs all other emotions of the soul, as the rod of Aaron swallowed up the wands of the enchanters, was submissive to their will ; and as they told her that it was full time she should become a wife, she dutifully received the customary addresses paid to her by a young man of her own tribe, to whom certain weighty considerations had induced the father to promise his daughter's hand. She received these addresses with the respect due to a father's commands, but without one spark of that emotion which usually agitates the bosom of a maiden who

* The name Elizabeth is thus pronounced in Armenian.

feels herself beloved and loves in return. No ; her heart was still untouched—her time was not come :— but come it did, and that at no distant period.

It was at one of the periodical fairs held in the town of Selmas, that the gallant and handsome Mourad Allee first saw the young Euxabeet. Her father Gustameen had brought his daughter to that place, along with his usual cargo, at the desire of her aunt, his sister, who wished to see her niece and name-child ; and it so happened that in passing one morning along a lane which led to the baths of the town, the young maiden's veil, carelessly fixed perhaps, was accidentally wafted aside, and displayed to the young mussulman a concentration of female charms, so far beyond his warmest ideas that instead of retiring, as he ought in courtesy to have done, from the presence of an unveiled female, he stood entranced, gazing on the lovely vision—until her beauty and her blushes were concealed by the officious hands of her companions, who, while they adjusted the envious screen, exerted their tongues in abusing his insolence.

But Euxabeet did not join in the abuse. On the contrary, the obvious admiration of the young man, while it summoned the blood into her cheeks, and dimmed her eyes with the mist of confusion, strange as it may appear, excited in her gentle breast an unaccountable thrill of pleasure. How strange and mysterious are the sympathies of our nature ! As one drop of water approaches, touches and instantly mingles with another, so did the hearts of these two beings, who now saw

each other for the first time, in that momentary contact of the eyes, join and commingle in a flood of affection, which overwhelmed all other feelings, and made them one for ever !

In truth, Mourad Allee was a youth on whom few maidens could have looked without experiencing an emotion of pleasure. Tall and gracefully formed, his ruddy brown cheeks glowed with the hue of health, while his dark piercing eyes glanced from under brows of jet, which almost joined above his well-formed, slightly aquiline nose. Many a brilliant beauty might have envied him his lips, which, red as the cherry, might have been thought too feminine, had not the down above them just begun to twist into a handsome moustachio. His hair curled gracefully from under his smart Koordish cap, and the loose trowsers and check wrapper worn by his countrymen, fluttering around his person, set it off to the best advantage.

Mourad Allee was the favourite attendant of a powerful Koordish chief, who possessed a strong hold in the vicinity of Ooroomea. In common with his neighbours, this chief derived no inconsiderable revenue from plunder, and it was his custom when the accumulation of captured property became considerable, to despatch a proportion of it in charge of a confidential servant, to be disposed of at Maragha, Selmas, Khooee, or even at Tabreez itself. The tribe to which this chief belonged, had more than once laid the district and villages of Selmas under contribution, when the towns-people had imprudently provoked his wrath ; but upon occasions like

the present, when he or his servants came upon an errand of peace, neither party had any thing to dread ; and Mourad Allee mingled with the inhabitants of the place, and executed his master's behests, unmolested.

At the time when the above-mentioned rencounter took place, the young Koord had already been three days in Selmas, and expected, in little more than a like space, to quit it upon his return homewards ; but, bewitched by the glimpse of beauty which had thus accidentally burst upon him, he resolved to linger on a while, in order to discover, if possible, who this enchantress might be. A handsome dashing young fellow like Mourad Allee, in no wise particularly scrupulous as to the means he might require to employ, was not likely to be baffled in a pursuit of this nature ; and chance aided him in his object.

In passing, only two days afterwards, through a crowded bazar, while a string of loaded mules were urged rapidly along the narrow path-way by their rude and heedless drivers, his ear was arrested by the sound of female shrieks, and on turning to look for the cause, he observed two veiled females, one of whom had been jostled down by the projecting load of a troublesome mule, and lay in imminent danger of being trampled under foot by the rest, as they clattered by. To drag the sufferer from her dangerous position, and to bear her out of the crowd to the booth of a neighbouring merchant, was the act of a moment in Mourad Allee ; but how richly was this simple effort of humanity rewarded, when, favoured by the disordered state of her dress, he

discovered that the person he had thus saved was no other than her whose lovely features were already engraved on his heart !

We refrain from dwelling upon the gratitude of the blushing, but half-pleased Euxabeet, the profuse thanks of her aunt, and the pressing invitations which she showered upon the deliverer of her niece, to honour their house with his presence, and receive the acknowledgments of her uncle and father,—invitations which our young Koord was by no means backward in accepting. When hearts are willing and opportunities scanty, love will make greater progress in a single hour than in weeks and months of easy unfettered intercourse : and thus it happened, that before three weeks had elapsed (for this period instead of as many days, had Mourad Allee contrived to protract his stay), the young man had found means to see, converse with, and render himself so agreeable to the gentle Euxabeet that, had her will been the only one to be consulted, no serious obstacle to his happiness would have been formed, and he might have returned to his master with the acquisition of a wife, in addition to the performance of those commissions which he had been charged to execute.

But old Gustameen was not the man to consent to his daughter's union with a stranger, a mussulman, and above all a Kara-Hukaroo Koord, with whom so many of his countrymen were at deadly feud ; and this that daughter well knew. She remembered, too, with a shudder of disgust unfelt before, the fate to which she had been destined by her father ; a fate to which she

now resolved she never would submit, if resistance were left in her power. But from childhood upwards she had been accustomed to fear as well as to love her father, and implicit obedience had resulted from a combination of both motives. To resist his commands appeared, therefore, impossible; and to quit him, even with the youth whom she best loved for her companion, was an idea which never would have entered her thoughts, had not her lover urged it with all the eloquence he was master of. But in vain he entreated—in vain he threatened to carry her off by force—to bring a whole army of Kara-Hukaroos upon the town of Selmas.

“You are mad—you know not what you say,” would she reply; “the first alarm would be the signal for snatching me from hence, and we should never meet again. It is impossible I should quit my father. Be content, then, for the present, and let us wait the will of heaven. We are both young; and fortune may smile upon us when we least hope for it. In six moons more I shall once more accompany my father to Selmas; and unless you prevent it by imprudence, we may then meet again. In the mean time, should any danger threaten me, you shall hear of it, depend upon me—and then——”

“And then,” interrupted her lover, “I seek you, if needful, in the very heart of your wild country. Neither mountains nor torrents shall stop me; nor shall father nor lover detain my dear Euxabeet from her Mourad Allee. Ah! if she would but be persuaded, and consent, even now! ——”

"Name it not, dear Mourad; it is impossible. I cannot—I could not leave my father." They parted; and Gustameen soon left Selmas with his daughter, while Mourad Allee returned to his duty at Sihoon Kaleh, near Ooroomea.

Four months after these events, while Mourad Allee was attending his master on a hunting party in the neighbourhood of the fort, and they were searching the plain for antelopes and bustards, a muleteer, in charge of four loaded mules, met the party, and after fixing an earnest look upon the young man for some moments, he uttered these words, as he passed, in a mysterious and significant tone—"Ay; the hawk may gaze, and the hound may quest; but if the one do not soar, and the other make the better speed, the quarry will be struck by a mountain kite."

The manner of the speaker, more than his words, electrified Mourad Allee. Reining up his horse, and dropping behind his companions, he beckoned to the man to return. "What do your words import?" demanded he, as soon as they could converse without the danger of being overheard.

"Has Mourad Allee forgot the Bazar and Mosque of Selmas, and the house of Eunas Nitskee? If not, let him remember the vow which he made four months ago, when yon moon shone full over the lake of Shahee! He is wise and comprehends: if he desires to know more, let him seek his information from the merchant, Hadjee Abdoollah, at Selmas, who is well known to him."

But stay!—tell me, tell me, friend, what is the danger

dreaded?—who has sent thee to me?—say, is *she* well?”

“These questions I cannot answer, sir; my errand is done, and I neither can nor will say further. If you would save your own heart a pang, seek Hadjee Abdoollah, and that without delay. Detain me no longer. May God protect you!” With these words he turned, and swiftly followed his loaded beasts, which had in the mean time moved on; and Mourad Allee slowly rejoined his party, with a heart beating as if it would leap from his bosom with mingled and tumultuous emotions.

That very evening he sought and obtained liberty to repair on business to Selmas; and although the distance is full twenty fursangs (eighty miles), the next saw him entering the gates of that town. Wearied, as he might well be, he did not lose a moment in seeking out Hadjee Abdoollah, with whom, as the customary agent of his master's business, and one in whose house he had more than once sojourned during his stay at Selmas, he was on terms of intimacy. Our impatient youth soon brought him to the point; and the Hadjee admitted, not only that the warning received by the muleteer had been sent by him, but that the substance of it had reached him, through the agency of a friend in the mountains, from the daughter of Gustameen herself. The poor girl, he said, was now closely urged by her father to conclude the match that had been determined on for her, and had recourse to this last expedient to save herself, if possible, from a marriage she detested, and reward a lover, who, if he should succeed in extricating her from her

difficulties, could only be induced to undertake so perilous an attempt through constancy of affection, or be enabled to effect it by superior courage and address.

“And she shall find neither lacking, oh, Hadjee!” exclaimed the young man, with fervor: “Mourad Allee is not the man to desert his friend or his mistress in the time of trouble and danger. But what say you, Hadjee? what is your advice? How shall I best reach this poor girl, through these swarms of cowardly Nazarenes, and the villanous guarded passes which secure their hives?”

“My advice, friend Mourad,” replied the cautious merchant, “is, that you let swarms, hives and passes, ay and the girl herself, alone. What, in the Prophet’s name, have you to do running your head into the fox’s hole after a pair of Christian eyes and rosy cheeks? And why should the silly girl herself burn her own fingers by crossing her father’s humour? Go! you have antelope-eyed and cypress-waisted fair ones enough at Ooroomea, without scampering off to yon infernal mountains, after a young imp of the devil. Be wise—be wise, and give her up.”

The young Koord cast an indignant glance upon his elder and more prudent friend; but recollecting, perhaps, how useless would be his wrath, and how hurtful to his own views, he restrained further expression of it by an effort, and replied—“What, then, might it have been, oh Hadjee! that induced you to send for me upon an errand, which, if I am to follow your advice, must, after all, be that of a fool?”

"My son, I was bound to forward the message entrusted to me, as I should be to deliver to the right owner any package of merchandize committed to my care; but as, in the one case, I may not approve of the adventure of which I am the agent, in the other, I am not bound to sanction with my opinion the prudence of every communication I may be entrusted to make. And as I hold the proposed attempt to be neither more nor less on your part than a wilful or insane sacrifice of life, it seems to me a friendly act to warn you of your danger, and to dissuade you from incurring it."

"Father," replied the young man, provoked at the Hadjee's coolness, and yet disarmed by the disinterested candour of his reply, "your advice may be good — I am satisfied it is honest and sincere; — but it is cast away upon me — I tell you so fairly. And now that you have discharged what you deem to be your duty, I pray you to point out to me if you can, the means by which I may best hope to penetrate successfully among yon tremendous mountains; for attempt it I shall, as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow. We cannot alter our destiny: what is written will come to pass."

"And as surely as that sun shall shine, will you, head-strong boy, look upon him for the last time, on the day that you rouse by so rash an act that nest of stinging hornets. On your own head be it. And truly, as you have said, if it be your fate to be tossed over a precipice, or drowned in a mountain-torrent, it is useless for me to strive against it. — Listen then to the

only means by which you may reach Lareeka, the village of Gustameen, or even pass the frontiers of the Christian country : —

“ These kaffers, as you know, admit not strangers within their territories ; and scarcely can the agents of those who deal with them for their produce, obtain safe-conducts as frequently as they are required. But this is the season for bargaining with them for their wax, honey, hides, and other traffic ; and admittance is more easily to be had now than at any other time. Old Eunas Nitskee, who is closely connected, as you know, with many of the principal mountaineers, and has no small matter to say with their bishop-chief himself, has the power of granting passports ; and interest can be made for one of these which will carry you safe to Lareeka. There you will lodge with the elder of the village, Haroon, who of course will begin to treat with you for the produce they have to dispose of ; and there, too, you may find means of access to the house of old Gustameen, and of seeing his daughter. So far, all is secure enough ; for the knowledge you have of our trade with these mountaineers, together with a disguise which can be provided for you here, will perfectly enable you to support the character you are to assume. But then will come the hazardous stage of your enterprize. — What arrangements may have been made for co-operating with your efforts, in this deadly adventure, I know not ; nor can you be in any degree prepared for them, until you reach the spot. You must take your chance.”

“ Oh fear not for me, father ; my spirits are light and buoyant, and foretell success ; only furnish me with my lesson and my disguise — the rest I leave to Providence. But some attendants, some servants will be permitted me, surely ? How many will my passport cover ! ”

“ The passport will be made out for four persons, my son : three friends you may have : but alas ! what can three, however stout and courageous, effect against the rocks and precipices and the roaring streams, that fight for and protect the people among whom you are about to risk your life ? ”

“ Upon my head be it, father. In two days I am ready.”

These two days were employed by Mourad Allee, in selecting three tried companions of his own tribe, connected with him by blood or by the closest friendship ; and in providing arms and horses, with disguises which should throw dust into the faces of the crafty mountaineers. Early on the morning of the third day, accordingly, our young Koord, clothed in the dress of an Armenian merchant, having a long false beard, and with his face dyed of a dark reddish tinge, — together with his three companions in the garb of servants, left Selmas. They were all mounted upon powerful Koordish horses, of more strength than beauty ; and bore pistols concealed under their outer garments, and swords beneath the flaps of their saddles, together with short carbines, which made but little shew, but without which no one ever dared to venture into these

remote parts ; and all were resolved to succeed in the enterprize, or to perish, if so it were fated to be, for the honour of the tribe.

They followed the course of the river, until, from the increasing height and steepness of the surrounding mountains, the valley had become only a deep chasm between two lofty precipices, scantily sprinkled with oak trees and bushes, at the bottom of which the stream roared and twisted among the rocky fragments, as if eager to escape into the more open plain beyond. After a sharp ride of four hours, the path turned up a narrow glen, which sent its tribute to the river in the shape of a foaming torrent, and both path and scenery assumed a character fitted to appal the stoutest hearted travellers ; for it wound continually, either across the face of precipices so deep, that the head grew dizzy in looking downward into the black chasm, or along ridges so sharp and narrow that sometimes there was scarce room for the footing of a single horse ; and the blood of the boldest rider might have curdled in his veins, when the decayed rock or loose stones gave way under the feet of his steed, as it scrambled or stumbled along the giddy verge, where a single false step would have sent both down, far beyond the reach of eye or ear. But the horses were mountain-bred, and their riders were Koords ; such paths and scenes were as the native elements of both : the men mocked at danger, or felt it not ; the animals, with an instinct and sagacity more useful than reason itself, picked their steps, and clung to the sound

masses of rock, while the more hollow and treacherous soil crumbled harmlessly from under their quick momentary tread, and flashed and thundered down to the gulf below.

At length they approached the barrier—a fearful spot. The rocks on either side approached each other so close, that a bridge, formed of three large trees bound together by cross beams and bolts, spanned the gap; while far, far below, the foaming river was scarcely discernible at the bottom of the black gulf, although a roaring, rushing sound ascended, swelling and falling fitfully as the gusts rushed by or were lulled by turns. The path wound down the face of the precipice to this point, and on the opposite side arose a tower, perched upon a cliff where persons were stationed night and day to watch for, and prevent, the approach of strangers. These watchmen could at will draw up the end of the slight bridge, and prevent the travellers from placing a foot upon it, or they could permit him to enter upon the perilous path, and, releasing the end nearest themselves, which was only slung by ropes and chains, plunge him headlong into the abyss below.

Here our travellers were stopped and questioned; but their passport was sufficient; they were permitted to pass the trembling fabric, and to mount the opposite side of the chasm, unmolested. A further scrambling ride of an hour's length brought them to another ravine, spanned by a similar bridge; but as the path then became more difficult, if possible, than that which they had already passed, and as it was not

customary for the villagers to make use of horses in the recesses of the mountains to which they had now reached, our hero desired his friends to halt in a cleft not far from this second bridge,—directing them to hold themselves concealed, but on their guard, and to watch particularly by night for his approach, in order to support him if need should be. Having made this arrangement, he proceeded alone, and on foot, to the village of Lareeka, which was scarcely two hours' journey from the bridge.

We shall not waste time in describing our hero's reception, which was in all respects as had been predicted by his friend, the Hadjee. Gustameen was with the elder, Haroon, when his old acquaintance arrived ; but so complete was the disguise, and so well did Mourad Allee enact his part, that the old man invited him as a stranger to his house. But his daughter was more sharp-sighted ; and by the time that midnight saw the inhabitants of Lareeka hushed in repose, a figure stood by the couch of the anxious and sleepless Mourad Allee, and making a sign of silence led him forth from the house, quelling with a suppressed whisper the half-uttered growl of the large watch-dogs, which shook themselves on their lairs as they heard the cautious footsteps of the pair ; and thus they reached a small recess among the rocks, at a short distance from the village. A veiled form here waited our hero's approach : — a single half-uttered exclamation, and they were locked in each other's arms. Need we say it was his Euxabeet.

"Ah, friend," said she at last, "you have come then — you have risked your life to save your Euxabeet! — and oh, I fear, I much fear it is in vain! Those in whom I trusted for aid have deserted me, and all my plans have failed! After yielding to my prayers, and encouraging me to invite you, they have abandoned me, and will not move a step even to aid in your retreat. They are terrified for consequences; and well may they be so — for were we to fail ——! But what, oh what is to be done? Better, far better leave me to my fate, and then you may escape!"

"Euxabeet, are you in your senses! can you suppose ——?"

"Yes, yes, I am — I know what I say — fly while yet you may; the passport will protect you while you refrain from any hostile act. Yes, you must fly. Leave poor Euxabeet to her fate — but do not — oh do not forget her quite!"

"Fly? — forget her? — Euxabeet! — may the curse of Omar and all his descendants light upon me if I do. Listen to me, love: — I have with me three determined friends — their horses are ready saddled, and their hearts are as true as the steel of their scymetars. They wait me at the bridge of Vourakee. Fly, fly with me this moment — now, while the village is asleep — we shall be far from hence ere they awake."

"Oh, dearest, it is impossible — you rave! — what! — elude the guards, and pass those terrible barriers? It is madness to think of it — even if I could leave my father, who loves me so dearly! Yes, stern as he is

in this matter, well does he love his Euxabeet ; and his heart would break were I to leave him !”

“ And mine, Euxabeet ? — mine which has bled so long in absence — I, who have risked all to save you from a fate you hate ?”

But why record every argument which our young Koord employed to sway the mind of his mistress to his own counsel ? Why weary the reader's patience by the thrice-told tale of how a maiden was persuaded to fly from a rigid father and a hated marriage to the protection of a young, an ardent, and a beloved adorer ? She who has gone the lengths which our tale records of the young Euxabeet, is more than half prepared to abandon all for the lover of her choice. She had left her father's house sufficiently equipped for travelling. The dress of these mountaineers, both male and female, is perfectly adapted to the nature of their country, and the violent exertions which travelling among them requires. The path leading from the village was before them ; and without casting one look backwards, they pursued it at the most rapid rate they could exert.

It might be rather more than an hour after midnight when old Gustameen was aroused from sleep by a furious outcry at the door of his dwelling.

“ Hoh ! father Gustameen ! treachery ! robbery ! — Up, up and pursue ! — treachery ! villany !” — roared a hoarse and distracted voice, continually repeating the same alarming warning. The voice was that of his intended son-in-law ; and so soon as he recognised it, the old man rose and opened the door to hear the

cause of the disturbance. — “ Oh, father ! we are betrayed ! ” exclaimed the young man in a voice of consternation ; “ that rascally Armenian merchant ! — Armenian, indeed ! — no, the vile cheat ! — an accursed mussulman he is ; and he has come among us like a thief to steal your daughter — my dear betrothed Euxabeet ! ”

“ My daughter ? you rave ! — my daughter is safe in her bed, I warrant — what do you mean ? ”

“ No, no, father ! — she is off — off with the villain. Massumah here saw them — saw a man and woman making off with all speed towards the pass of Vourakee. And here comes old Haroon to confirm what I say. Speak, respectable Haroon, — where is that infamous Armenian ? ”

“ Oh, my son, your words are true — the villain has fled. One of my servants saw him quit the house, and thought that some one accompanied him ; but supposing he had risen on some private occasion, and suspecting nothing, he did not mention the matter until just now, when, hearing the alarm, he came and told me what he saw. And sure enough the lair is empty — the game is off — what shall we do ? ”

“ Do ! Pursue to be sure ! Sound the horn — give the alarm — get arms and pursue. They cannot pass the bridge of Vourakee. ” — And in a few minutes from fifteen to twenty men, well armed, and perfectly acquainted with every pass and path of the mountains, were in eager and vengeful pursuit of our unfortunate pair, who, scarcely able to pick their dangerous way

by the uncertain moonlight, were toiling on in anxiety and alarm.

Suddenly the quick ear of Euxabeet caught the faint sound of a horn, the well-known signal of alarm.

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed she, "we are missed already — our flight is discovered, and we are pursued. Oh, Mourad! we are lost!" — And she clung yet more closely to the arm of her lover.

"No — take courage!" returned he; "summon all your strength and press forwards. If once we gain the bridge we are safe; we can maintain that pass against the whole tribe." — And, seconding his words with action, he dragged the maiden onwards, stumbling as she went through terror and incipient weakness, over the stones and stumps with which the way was strewn.

"Hark!" — cried she, as with the quickened ear of terror she heard the sounds of approach. "It is all in vain! I feel the growing weakness — leave me, my beloved — go — save yourself — they will not harm me; but you — oh! I shudder to think of it — it were death in its most horrible shape to be taken with me thus!"

"Never, Euxabeet — I never quit you; If you desire I should be saved, muster up your own strength. See yonder: over that hollow rises the crest of the ridge beyond the pass: the bridge is close at hand — look, does not that sight lend you strength?" — And still they persevered and pressed forward, the lover supporting the gradually sinking steps of his mistress.

At length with some toil they gained the heights, and looked down upon the ravine, black as night in shadow, for the moon was now low : but the echo of coming feet, and the halloo of men close behind, came borne upon the breeze : and Euxabeet, trembling even to faintness, now sunk to the ground at the side of her lover.

“ Omnipotent Allah ! — oh holy Prophet ! — oh Mourteza Allee !* — help a true believer at his need !” exclaimed the youth with bitter earnestness ; and catching up the half insensible Euxabeet in his arms, he flew rather than ran, at the hazard of both their lives, down the steep approach towards the bridge. His efforts, gigantic as they were, seemed destined to be vain ; for the rapid footsteps of his pursuers mingled their sounds with those of his own, while one considerably in advance of the others was fast coming up with the incumbered Mourad Allee, as the bridge, scarce twenty yards below him, threw its slender line athwart the yawning gulf.

And now other voices joined the cry : the friends of our hero stood upon the opposite side to offer their aid and support, when they should learn how to afford it. They did not dare to venture upon it ; for the warders who were now alarmed, but ignorant from whence the danger was coming, might then have severed the lashings, and precipitated them down, cutting off thus all chance of retreat. They judged it better to prevent

* Mohammedans in distress pray to Mourteza Allee, as the saint who assists the distressed faithful in their difficulties.

the warders from approaching, by commanding the opposite end with the fire of their carbines ; and one, bolder than the rest, who did make the attempt, received a bullet in his heart, which stretched him on the spot. The rest of the guard, who now believed that this attack was the cause of the alarm, neglected the path behind them ; and, while their attention was thus occupied in front, Mourad Allee, nerved with hope and energy at the near prospect of escape, leaped upon the bridge, bearing his burden safely in his arms, and began cautiously but rapidly to traverse its verge, narrow and terrific as that of Al-Sirat.* It was then that he became exposed to the view of the startled warders ; who, at length comprehending the true cause of the uproar, rushed forward to repair their error and cut loose the lashings. It was a fearful moment. The axes of the warders thundered on the fastenings, while the friends of our hero dared not fire across lest they should injure him or his charge. The bridge creaked and groaned as he quickened his pace, with an instinctive shudder at his situation ; and he was within a single step of the bank, when the last rope gave way, and the fabric, falling with a horrible crash, hung suspended by the chains and fastenings of the further side, in a perpendicular position.

A cry of horror from his friends, mingled with the shout of triumph from the opposite side, succeeded the

* The bridge across which all true believers must pass into Paradise. It is as narrow as the finest hair, and a horrible gulf yawns below, into which the wicked tumble in their attempt to cross.

pause of breathless suspense which had chained both parties in silence during this struggle; and they ran simultaneously to the brink of the horrid gulf, as if to catch the last groan, if not a glimpse, of the luckless lovers. But what was their astonishment to see that Mourad Allee, when he felt the bridge giving way, with admirable presence of mind had seized on one of the binding beams to which the lashings were fastened, and clung to it with a grasp that even the shock of the fall had not been able to disengage. It was the terrible clenched grapple of despair: — one foot rested with a precarious hold upon one of the lower cross-piers of the bridge, and even the half-reviving Euxabeet instinctively clung to the trembling spars, assisting the efforts of her lover. But the exertion was too severe to be continued — one moment longer would have been fatal. That moment, however, was sufficient for the prompt and courageous aid of his friends: they were seized with a firm grasp, and with difficulty dragged from their fearful position. In another instant a sharp discharge of carbines sent their echoes among the rocks and their balls among our hero's party; and lucky it was for them that the deep shadows of the pass, and the suddenness of the occasion, perplexed the aim of the mountaineers; for they are all practised marksmen, and seldom miss their object. As it was, a ball struck Mourad Allee on the side, and he fell in the arms of those who supported him, while another grazed the arm of one of his friends. But before a second discharge could be given, the

whole party were safe under cover of the rocks; and they could reply with a shout of triumph to the yell of disappointed fury which issued from their baffled pursuers, while, secured by the only means of communication being cut off, they prepared to continue their retreat at leisure, and in comparative safety.

Their motions, however, were quickened by hearing the cry "To Sooderack! to the bridge of Sooderack! we shall overtake them yet!"—issuing from the retreating mountaineers; and although they replied to this cry by the contemptuous shout—"To Selmas!—to Selmas! my friends, and we may take our time"—they thought it just as well to lose no time in repairing thither. So, binding up the wounds of Mourad Allee and his friend, as best they could, and setting him and Euxabeet upon the stoutest horse of the party, they held on their way, with all the speed which the ground would permit them to use, towards the barrier by which they had entered the country.

A few dropping shots were aimed at them as they ascended the bank, but without effect; and, in spite of the moonlight waning, they made their way in safety along the dangerous path, to the still more terrific chasm which formed the barrier. The sounds of the horn fell faintly upon their ear from time to time; but it seemed as if the friendly ravine had succeeded in keeping their foes at a distance; for when, in the grey of the dawn, they reached the bridge of the barrier, its guards were still slumbering in the tower. But, alas, the bridge was drawn up. Averse to risk a contest,

unless in the last extremity, our hero despatched one of his companions to the tower with his passport, in hopes that it would be sufficient, without further enquiry, to insure their free passage. And, after no small delay, accompanied with much grumbling, one of these trusty warders did rouse himself from his lair, and desired to see this passport. The result was as favourable as could have been desired; the man proceeded to lower the bridge, and the party moved forward to cross it. But at that moment the warder's eye caught a glimpse of the figure of Euxabeet, as she sat mounted behind her lover. "How—what is this?" exclaimed he, arousing his slumbering faculties. "Here are five of you, and one of them a woman, too. Not a word of her in the passport;—this must be seen to—there is some knavery here. Back—back there, all of you!"

"Friend," replied Mourad Allee, "all is right, take my word for it; but if you choose to dispute it, or to offer resistance, all will be wrong with you, depend upon that: one word more, and you are a dead man!"

"Hollah! ho! Guards!—treason, treachery—enemies here!" but the last word had scarce escaped his lips, when a pistol bullet through his brain closed them for ever. The alarm had, however, been given, and the rest of the guards, arousing at the outcry and the report, began to issue from their keep. For a moment they stood astounded, as they saw the bridge lowered, and Mourad Allee with his party rapidly crossing it; but running to their arms in a moment, some of them commenced a hurried and irregular fire, while others

threw themselves upon the bridge in pursuit of the fugitives.

"They must be stopped," exclaimed Mourad Allee; "we must have this chasm between us and them:" and, in spite of his wound, he jumped from his horse, and drawing his sword, cut the strong rope of hides which, being fastened at the other side over heavy beams, supported the bridge on that where they stood. Down it fell with a thundering crash, carrying along with it two of the miserable men who had attempted to cross; the rest, when they saw the intention of the fugitives, had retreated in time for safety.

In spite of the fire which was kept up while they continued within sight, our little party now proceeded on their way uninjured, and soon unmolested; until in due time they reached Selmas, weary and worn out with fatigue and wounds. Nor was it very long before they were followed by a deputation from Lareeka, complaining of the trick which had been played upon them, and the robbery committed by our hero; and threatening a fierce and bloody revenge, unless the female who had been stolen were given up, and the perpetrators duly punished.

When Mourad Allee was informed of these demands, he sent for old Eunas Nitskee, and in his presence, as well as that of Hadjee Abdoollah, he declared himself the aggressor.

"But inform my respected father-in-law, Gustameen Teearee," continued he, "that I had saved his daughter's life, and won her love, before I attempted to gain

her person, which he would have disposed of without her heart, and contrary to her inclination. But to settle the dispute, I offer him the following alternative : either let him give me, with good will, his daughter, whom I already have in my possession, — in which case he shall not only retain her dowry, if he pleases, but shall receive from me fifty tomauns, which I engage to present him with in further compensation : — or, let him put his worst threats in execution ; let his Bishop-chief attack Selmas or Sihoon Kaleh, which he pleases, and he shall find whether the friendship or enmity of the Kara-Hukaroo tribe is most desirable. The good Gustameen will, perhaps, discover that neither the said Bishop, nor his friend Mohammed Khan, will back him against the chief of Sihoon Kaleh."

The case thus put had its due weight upon old Gustameen, who was a prudent man. It is even averred that various courtesies were, not long after, mutually exchanged between the father and son-in-law : and it is further upon record, that, in the course of the feuds which eternally harass that unhappy country, reciprocal good offices went far to reconcile the old Christian and his family to the strange apostasy of their daughter, and to her Mohammedan lord.

THE HILLS AND FREEDOM.

BY C. REDDING.

I.

THE hills, the hills, the eternal hills !
O for the hills on high !
Their dizzy steep that fear instils,
Their wild blast's hollow sigh.
The hills, the hills, the eternal hills !
O for the hills again !
Their name the soul with freedom fills—
The slave dwells on the plain !

II.

The eternal hills that prop the sky !
Their mane of rolling cloud,
The lightning their red canopy,
Their music thunder loud ;
Or clad in purple robes that vie
With Tyrian colour bright,
Proud of their brave regality,
Encrowned with starry light.

III.

Dark forests on their shaggy side,
And heaths of rich perfume,
Tall brows of adamantine pride
Frowning o'er dells of gloom,
Where mountain nymphs in robes of blue
Confess love's genial tie,
And nurse a hardy race, and true
To deathless liberty.

IV.

The hills, the hills, the eternal hills!
O for their shades once more!
Their breath of life, their heaven-fed rills,
Their torrents' dashing roar:
Leave slaves their plain and Capuan ease,
The stagnant waters home,
Me the eternal mountains please,
And cataracts wild in foam.

ON THE DEATH OF F. F. H.

BY MRS. NORTON.

AND thou art gone ! the last farewell is spoken —
 I hear for thee the saddening death-knell toll ;
 The ties that held thee to the world are broken —
 Earth hath thy corpse, and heaven thy angel soul.

For *thee* that knell—for thee affection weeping !
 Oh can thy race of life so soon be run ?
 Canst thou, sweet baby innocent, be sleeping
 Cold in the grave, whose life was scarce begun ?

Yes ! thou art gone—the God that gave hath taken :
 Ne'er round thy mother's neck those arms shall play ;
 Nor those bright eyes to life and joy awaken,
 To glad thy father with their star-like ray !

Pale are those cheeks where once the rose bloomed
 brightly —

Cold are the lips which mine have often pressed —
 Still is the heart which once beat warm and lightly —
 Mute is the tongue that half-formed words expressed.

Round the small couch where thy cold clay is lying,
She who in vain hath raised thy drooping head,
Wanders in restless agony, still crying—

“Where is my child? Oh! is my baby dead?”

“Linger awhile!—those gentle eyes are waking—

I saw—I saw that shining ringlet wave!

Have pity on me, for my heart is breaking—

Ye will not lay my infant in the grave!

“Rise! my young rose-bud! ’tis thy mother calling—

Thy mother bids thee laugh, as yesterday:

Fast from her eyes the tears of woe are falling—

Rise up and kiss those bitter drops away!”

Mute, cold, unmoving!—God of the sad-hearted!

Must the young brightness fade from that fair cheek?

Are those small rosy lips, so gently parted,

Never, oh! never more to smile or speak!

Yes—thou art gone!—in vain thy friends are weeping;

Nought can recall the immutable decree;—

And, though I grieve to think that thou art sleeping,

That *must* be right which God hath doomed to be.

And when the day shall come that knows no morrow,

Thousands in this vain world of sin and strife,

Whom thou hast left in darkness, guilt and sorrow,

Shall wish, as young they had relinquished life!

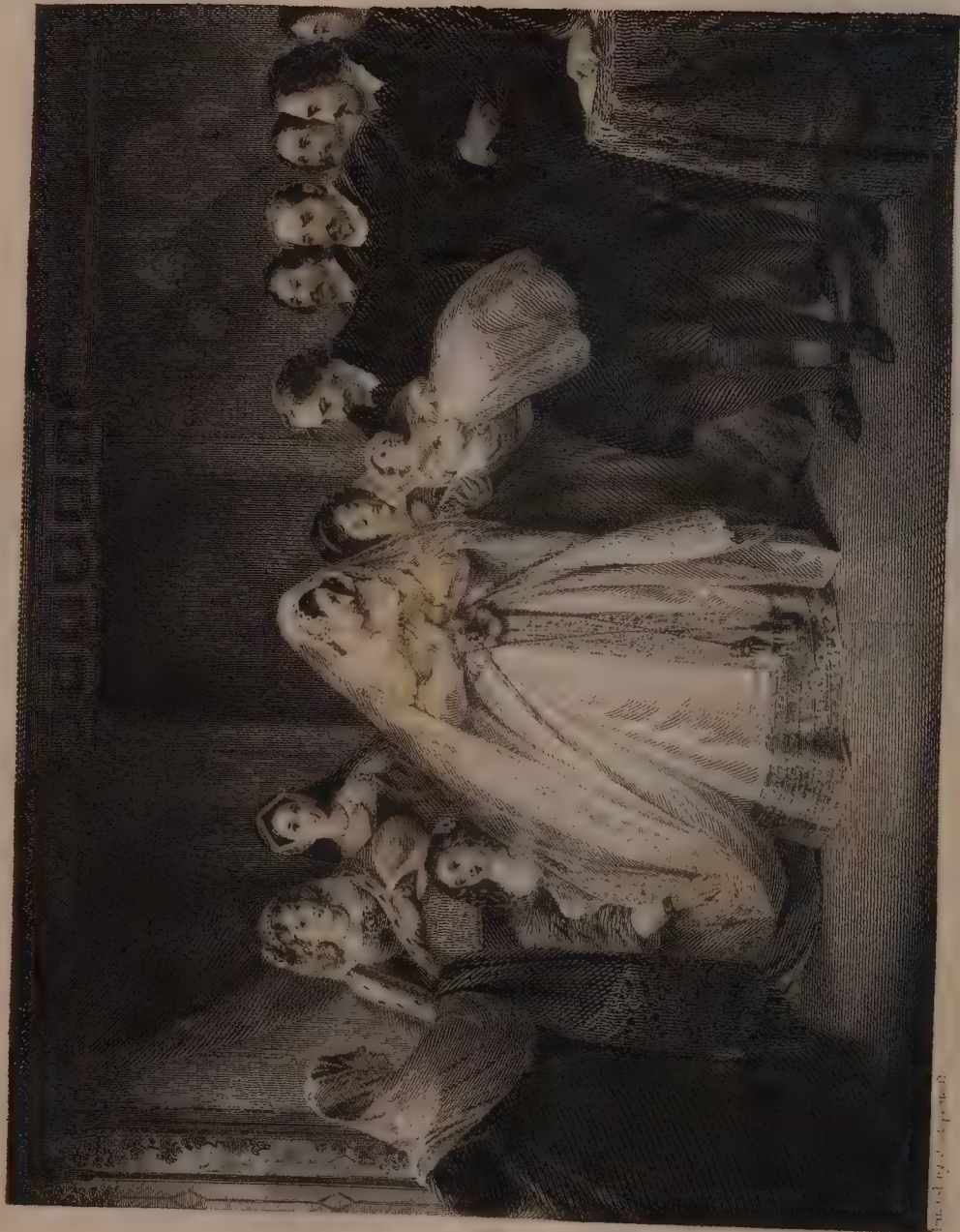
Then, though thy fond sad mother's heart is bleeding
To see thy lonely couch and empty chair—
Though cold thou liest, unconscious and unheeding,
Oh let not those whom thou hast left despair!

But let thy infant sisters pray above thee,
Lisping a hymn to heaven from thy green sod:
Nor let us mourn thy fate, who truly love thee—
Snatched from thy mother's bosom to thy God!

LAKE SCENERY.

A LINE of glorious light upon the hills
Edged the horizon. All the landscape lay
In deepest shadow; but the living rills,
Like veins amid the mountains, lapsed away
Through the purpureal garment of the day,
Sparkling in silvery beauty. At my feet,
Clad in a garb of twilight-tinctured grey,
The stirless lake reposed in slumber sweet;
And in its waveless mirror were enshrined
The sun-tipt mountains and the laughing streams
And shadowy landscape—perfectly defined,
As childhood's visions are in after dreams.
Above, the sky was beautifully blue,—
And one fair star beamed tremulously through.

R. F. H.



MAJESTY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, PRESENTING HER SON

Engraved by R. B. 1840.

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QUEEN MARY AND THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.

The Assembly of the Church, convened in Edinburgh, sent the Superintendent of Lothian to testify their gladness for the birth of the Prince, and to desire, that he should be baptised according to the form used in the reformed churches. To this last, she (Mary) gave no answer: otherwise, the Superintendent and his Commission were very graciously accepted. The Queen calling to bring the Infant, that the Superintendent might see him, he took him in his arms, and falling on his knees conceived a short and pithy prayer, which was very attentively heard by her: having closed his prayer, he took the babe, and willed him to say Amen for himself, which she took in such good parte, as continually after she called the Superintendent her 'Amen.'---*Spottiswode.*

I.

O BLESSÉD be the Painter's art, which brings
 Scenes long vanished brightly to our view!
 His is the mighty spell: Age-buried things
 Start into form, the dim past dawns anew;
 Death, vanquished, yields his prey; and fresh upsprings
 The beauty that could erst all hearts subdue:
 In undimmed radiance, Mary! thou dost seem
 Bright as thou smil'dst on Chatelar's fond dream.

II.

Yet is thy smile less gladsome ; for a band
Of grave and reverend men before thee now
Are gazing on the young heir of thy land,
With many a deep-breathed prayer and anxious vow :
Unheralded by pomp—yet, there they stand,
Sworn vassals of a loftier Queen than thou ;
And she hath sent them with her stern decree —
“ Give them thy child, to bring him up for *me*.”

III.

The suit's denied ;—yet with demeanor bland
Thou greetest them : and now, with tenderest care,
The aged leader of that reverend band
Bends o'er the royal child,—the fervent prayer
Gushing from his full heart—“ Babe ! thou shalt stand
Champion of pure religion —first to bear
Her holy banner 'gainst Rome's mighty host,
Like wise young Edward—Oh too early lost !”

IV.

Frail casket of a nation's hopes and fears,
Smil'dst thou assent, as the glad prophecy
From th' old man's lips poured forth ? How bright
appears
To him thy course : what glorious days shall be
Unto thy children : all forthcoming years
Shall hail them monarchs of the great and free !
Alas, old man ! did murky clouds sail by,
Blotting those fond dreams from thine heaven-rapt eye ?

V.

Look into the dim future. O! how dark,
Fair Queen! thy fate: Life's common boon denied—
The headsman welcomed!—Woe to thee! thy bark,
That might have lightly skimmed a placid tide,
Was launched on whelming billows, without mark
To steer by—with no pilot hand to guide:
When many a gallant ship was tempest-tost,
What marvel thy frail faery bark was lost?

VI.

Peace to thy memory, Mary!—Time fleets on:
And what thy lot, fair Child? Prosperity
Brims her full chalice for thy lip: thou'rt gone
Unto the sister realm; and joyfully
Doth merry England hail thee, 'neath thy throne,
Placing her sceptre of the land and sea;
While on thy twice-crowned brow she proudly sets
The circlet of her famed Plantagenets.

VII.

Hast thou fulfilled that prayer? Ask in Whitehall,
Where masque and revel while the night away.
Go ask through England: list the royal call
For profanation of the Holy Day.
Go ask through Scotland, fond Enthusiast: all
Thou pray'dst he might uphold, his reckless sway
O'erturns; and haughty minions set at nought
All that grave Knox and learned Buchanan taught.

VIII.

On comes the tempest. Hence across the main
To brave New England, bold ones ! 'Mid the woods,
Serve God with gladness ; ye have burst your chain,
And fled the oppressor. Lo ! the echoing floods
Of far Niagara shall prolong your strain
Of holy triumph ;—those vast solitudes
Shall teem with populous cities, and thy name,
Bold Knox ! shall gather in new worlds new fame.

IX.

Outfling the banner ! Freedom's voice hath spoken,
And, fiercely, at that all-compelling cry,
Lo ! England, like the giant Hebrew, woken,
In new strength riseth, prompt to dare or die ;
Her captive lion, his clenched fetters broken,
Coucheth with bristling mane and flashing eye :
Freedom hath won !—Short triumph !—clouds arise ;
'Twas but a sunny flash o'er stormy skies.

X.

Heat ye the furnace sevenfold ! nor the less
Rage and devour the time is short, fierce men !
Fair Church ! whose dwelling is the wilderness,
Fill with thy song of gladness each far glen ;
This trial is thy last : lo, blessedness
Tracks thy lone way, gilding thy mountain den
With heavenly glory. Wait Heaven's firm decree —
Hail to Nassau ! — Britain, for aye, thou'rt free !

XI.

Meek Infant! cradled thus — who might foretell
 For thee and thine such ill-starred destiny?
 Thou child of many prayers! Yet, it is well;
 For, what a page of noblest history,
 Bidding the heart with holiest transports swell,
 Is that, which tells of them, the brave, the free —
 Fair England's patriot band of deathless fame!
 And Scotland's martyrs' ever hallowed name!

H. L.

SONNET.

DEATH AND TIME.

TIME, taunting, said to Man with austere brow,
 "Thou fool to pile up monuments of fame;
 Thy lesser works are durable as thou —
 The pyramids bear not the builders' name."
 Death, Time's dark page, to Man in triumph said,
 "Thy mighty schemes of little power resign,
 Millions, whence thou art sprung, are with the dead,
 Canst thou escape? even Time himself is mine."
 Then Man looked round with a despairing eye,
 And asked his heart and heaven, 'if this were so?'
 Straight from the blooming earth, and beaming sky,
 And from the soul, came the full answer — 'No!' —
 Immortal hope then raised Man's brow sublime, —
 And from him shrunk the Conquerors, Death and Time!

WHATEVER BETIDE — FOR THE RIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.'

Take 't up I say,
Do not delay, but do it: you know I'm officer,
And I know 'tis all unfit that these good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

THE young sun poured his noontide radiance from a cloudless sky, upon fields rich with the first gifts of spring, fresh grass and early wild flowers, upon hedges white with the blossoming may, and woods bright in their spring-tide livery of tender green; and the light gale, laden with sweet incense of leaf and flower, swept along, bearing no ruder sound on its wings than the low hum of distant voices and the pleasant tinkle of the Sabbath bell. It was the first Sunday in May—one of those bright, balmy, and rejoicing days, which called forth the sweetest numbers of our earlier poets, and bade them celebrate, in lays worthy her whom they hymned, the flower-crowned, joy-bringing May. The genial influence of the season and the hallowed calmness of the day, seemed alike felt and acknowledged by the brute creation; and the steed,

untired by labour, as he leisurely paced the green pasture, and the patient ox, with neck ungalled by the yoke, as he lay quietly basking in that soft reviving sunshine, seemed to breathe forth a voiceless song of thanksgiving to Him, who, with such large benevolence, hath provided a rest, not merely for his intelligent creation, but even for the 'cattle of the field.'

Still pleasantly chimed the bell; and already, along the neighbouring fields, numerous groups were seen bending their footsteps towards Stoke Newington church—many a village Corydon, his clean white frock tied with gay-coloured ribbon at the neck and collar, flourishing, in his broad sun-burnt hand, the bright silk-kerchief, gift of some 'neat-handed Phillis' who, in short kirtle and boddice laced with blue or red, and close-plaited coif white as snow, trudged merrily beside him. In the churchyard a picturesque group presented itself: the substantial farmer, in his coat of blue homespun and church-going falling collar edged with Flanders lace, holding carefully yet ostentatiously in his hand his costly 'two pound beaver,' destined to last his life and perhaps be bequeathed duly 'by will' to his grandson; and his wife in high-crowned hat, snowy muffler, and rustling paduasoy-gown, the cherished heir-loom of her grandmother, eyed with a feeling of mingled curiosity and vexation two 'city madams,' who, in low bonnets, silk scarfs, and ample gowns of changeable taffeta, stood, black-velvet masque in hand, beneath the church porch, conversing about the last banquet at court, and the Duke

of Buckingham's new liveries. And there were others, whose plain—studiously plain apparel—showed them to belong to that class, which, cast out by the church and persecuted by the state, seemed but to derive new vigour from every attempt to crush them. Still the crowd increased; and loud converse and hoarse laughter burst from the assembled rustics, who most appropriately endeavoured to beguile the time by races among the osier-bound graves.

At length the bell ceased—the church-door opened—when the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and, with slow and stately pace, four huge Flanders mares, well characterized in the household books of our old nobility by the term 'strong trotting horses,' encumbered with trappings, dragged along a huge, low-built, velvet-covered coach, which, with the body large enough for the habitation of some itinerant showman, and wheels about the size of those for a garden chair, with silk curtains instead of glazed windows, stopped at the church gate. At the appearance of the equipage of Sir Hargreave Bellasyse, there was instant silence:—what the solemnity of the churchyard and the sanctity of the sabbath had failed to produce, was effected by the velvet coach and liveried serving men; and each rustic stood awed into silence, bareheaded and with look of mute reverence, while the wealthy owner of Sutton Hargreaves, the friend of the late princely Buckingham, one of the lords of the High Commission Court, and the wealthiest inhabitant of Stoke Newington, passed along.

With reverend bows and swift step, the old sexton scudded past the narrow aisle toward the chancel, to open the door and place the cushions in the high-raised pew closed round from vulgar sight with its crimson curtains; while, leaning on the arm of his steward (conspicuous by the gold chain of office upon his cut velvet gown), came the old baronet, his rich damask gown furred with sables, and holding an ebony gold-headed staff in the withered hand on which blazed the 'cut table diamond' presented some forty years since by the wise and politic Elizabeth. And close behind—led by a young and handsome cavalier arrayed in all the bravery of point-lace collar, slashed satin doublet, pearl earrings, and perfumed love-locks—came one whose young loveliness had attracted the gaze and the homage of half the nobles at Whitehall: with shining auburn locks drawn back from the clear open brow by pearls that looked dim and discoloured beside its surpassing whiteness, with features rich in intellectual beauty, and with tall, graceful, stately form, but partially concealed by the ample drapery of white satin that fell in rich folds to her feet, onward—making, like all-commanding Una, 'a sunshine in that shady place'—came the orphan grand-daughter of Sir Hargreave—sweet Mistress Helen. Arrived at the pew, the old baronet deliberately took his seat on the down-filled cushion, and the young page, depositing at that sweet lady's feet the rich train it had been his office to bear, presented her silver-stemmed feather fan; while the young cavalier, more at home at the ban-

quiet than in the house of prayer, leant gracefully beside his fair mistress, plumed cap in hand, willing to receive his accustomed meed of admiration from the marvelling gaze of a village congregation rather than remain unnoticed.

Although it was afternoon service, the church was crowded to overflowing; and many an exulting look was cast by one party toward the pulpit, where, upon the brass-clasped bible, a roll of parchment was placed—while those exulting looks were returned by the other with glances of indignation and words of stern reproof. A strange anomaly did that pulpit desk present:—Here was the book containing the mandate of the King of Kings, enjoining reverence and religious homage to the day of his own appointment, while upon it lay the proclamation of the King of Great Britain, directing “that the book of sports, set forth by our father of blessed memory, be revived;” and “that after the end of divine service, our good people shall not be letted or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing, archerie, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreation; nor from having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, Morris-dances, and the setting up of May-poles, therein used.”

“Good master minister keeps us waiting: methinks he is seeking new light,” said Sir Hargreave Bellasyse, sarcastically. “But he had best make up his mind to read yonder proclamation, or he shall have choice entertainment in the Gate-house at the King’s own cost and charge.”

“Or a voyage to Jersey or the Scilly Isles,” replied the young cavalier, laughing, “to exercise his gifts among the swallows and sea-gulls, a more sober congregation than the dearly beloved brethren to whom he holds forth three hours good measure by the hour-glass.”

“He hath been dealt with too mildly,” returned Sir Hargreave; “but I have now duly advertised him, that unless he comply with the order, he shall never preach in that pulpit again.—What! shall a man, who hath given up his living for his childish scruples, forsooth! refuse, when suffered to be lecturer, to do as he is ordered? No, that shall never any one, while the High Commission Court stands, and I an unworthy member of it.”

This Christian colloquy was here concluded by the appearance of its subject—a middle-aged man, on whose countenance deep thought and anxious care had impressed indelible lines. He wore the plain black university gown and band, and held a small silver-clasped Bible “whose very size and figure,” the young cavalier remarked, “bore the image and superscription of Geneva.” He stood for a few moments eyeing the hushed congregation, with an expression in which sorrow and determination seemed to struggle for the mastery; and then taking up the roll, in a clear and emphatic voice read it quite through. He laid down the parchment, unclasped the Bible, and, stretching forth his hand, thus spoke: “Such is the declaration set forth by authority, and which, in

obedience to that authority, I have read. But, be it known to you all, I stand here by the mandate of no earthly monarch: hear, therefore, the command of Him from whom alone I derive power to address you; and listen with reverence to words, not proclaimed by royal herald, but thundered forth, from the midst of surpassing glory and the blaze of unsufferable splendour, by the voice of the King of Kings;" and then, reading the fourth commandment, he continued — "Such is the mandate of Omnipotence. Hearken ye, therefore, this day, and chuse which ye will serve."

The last words were scarcely uttered, ere two officers of the High Commission Court appeared on the pulpit stairs and exhibited their warrant. The minister, in no way surprised at a conclusion to a religious service unhappily at this period too common, calmly descended; and, amid the affectionate and sorrowful farewells of his flock, left the church in custody of the officers. The congregation now tumultuously prepared to depart.

"Call ye this merry England?" said a handsome middle-aged man, in the dress of a country gentleman.

"Merry England!" responded his companion, a rude-featured, heavy-looking man; "no, truly! Westward ho! cousin: on to *New England*! if she be not merry, at least she's free!" — casting an angry look toward the old baronet, who, in all his proud array, was advancing slowly toward the door.

"Ay, westward ho!" replied the first; "it needed

but such an exhibition of wanton power as this, to make me sell my acres and leave old England willingly, though, alas ! not gladly."

"Out with ye, Master Pragmatical !" cried Sir Hargreave, shaking his staff as he past ; " leave these matters to your betters, unless ye would follow your painful preacher to the Gate-house."

The fine hazel eyes of the first speaker flashed fire : " Think not to ruffle with us as ye do with your slaves at the council-table, Sir Hargreave ! True Englishmen *will* speak, as ye know full well ; and were it not for this holy day and your grey hairs, I would tell you some truths ye should not soon forget."

"Come on, cousin," said the second, forcibly pulling him on. " Ho, for New England ! *There* we shall worship God in peace, and do some good in our generation."

Just withinside the church porch sate an old woman bowed down with age, her eyes fixed, and apparently unconscious of the confusion around : as the angry pair passed her she suddenly started up, and laid her hand on the nearest to her — " Do *ye* seek to leave poor England ?"

" Ay, truly, dame," cried the first ; " 'tis time for all bold hearts to depart—or break."

" Ye shall *not* go !" replied the old woman ; and the sepulchral tones of her voice sounded like a message from another world : " ye may seek, and may strive, but there is a work for you both to do, and ye shall perform it."

“What is yon old witch croaking about to these two swash-bucklers?” cried the enraged Sir Hargreave; “are we to have brawling at the church porch, as well as sedition within? Bring her before me to-morrow, good people: I’ll teach her to prophesy.”

The old woman, unmoved by the threats of the great man, calmly departed: but the following morning, when the neighbours sought her lowly dwelling, she was dead.

“I give you joy, Sir Hargreave, for ye’ve gallantly driven off master preacher,” said the young cavalier; “and these honest folk will now have a merry evening.”

“Ay, that will they, Sir Edward; so we’ll e’en home,” cried the old baronet; “and Helen shall give ye a tune on her lute, or I will again beat ye at bowls.”

“But sweet Mistress Helen! ye are sad,” said the young knight, as they slowly passed through the church-yard.

“Methinks what hath just happened were enough to make any one so,” returned the lady.

“But, fair Mistress Helen, what hath the granddaughter of Sir Hargreave Bellasyse to do with it? Is it for her to lament over silenced preachers, like some pretty precisian of Blackfriars, with her sad-coloured gown, single ruff, and ivory table book, to note down all the pithy sayings of a six-o’clock Sabbath-morning exercise?”

“Better, far better, so employed than in witnessing wrongs she cannot redress!” replied the lady offensively.

“ Fairest Mistress Helen, are ye turned precisian?” cried Sir Edward: “ ’tis a vile fashion—give it up, I pray ye, like a cast-off ruff or unbecoming head tire. A plague on these psalm-singers with their exercises and catechising; a plague on all who seek to be better than their neighbours.”

“ You, at all events, would stand in no danger from that infection,” replied the lady coolly.

“ And you, fair Mistress, would look far lovelier with a smile than with that most unbecoming frown,” angrily retorted Sir Edward.

“ Helen, sweet, look!” cried the old baronet, turning back, “ look! lady-bird, see how they’re thronging thither; and here’s the May-pole all decked with garlands and ribbons, with six stout horses to draw it. Wilt stay and be queen of the May, pretty one? Soothly, Sir Edward, they may look long, I warrant *you* think, ere they will find one so fair;” and the old man gazed with proud fondness on the beautiful features of his sole surviving grandchild.

“ No, grandfather, no,” replied she; “ this is no pleasant sight.”

“ What’s this? what’s this?” cried Sir Hargreave. “ What! art so soft-hearted that thou canst not see a puritan sent to prison? Pshaw! leave this foolery.”

“ But why must he be sent?” cried Helen; “ wherefore, before ye have talked with him? Truly he would shew you he was forced to do so. Must he not obey God rather than man?”

“ What! are ye at your old foolery again?” cried

the irritable old man, striking his staff violently on the ground; "what! is not your nurse's folly yet out of your mind? Go on, go on. Conscience, forsooth! Of all things commend me to conscience! Doth a man withstand his prince, or a minister his bishop,—they must chop logic about conscience, forsooth! He *shall* go to prison and be kept there, wer't only for turning your silly head. *Talk* with him! say ye? 'Tis just as likely I should go cap in hand to him and pray his good offices, as that he should be let out of prison."

The huge velvet coach jolted off at the rate of about three miles an hour, followed by the shouts of the revel-expectant villagers. On came the Morris-dancers covered with ribbons and bells; on came the musicians with discordant noise meant for melody; and on, surrounded by a riotous half-drunken crew, came the waggon bearing the May-pole, soon triumphantly reared in the midst of the highway right opposite the church. Now commenced dancing, wrestling, cudgel-playing, racing, drinking, and their never-failing attendant—fighting. The last rays of the calm Sabbath's sun glanced upon a scene of disgusting riot and profanation; and his earliest beams, the following morning, roused from their deep but oppressive slumbers the brutish herd, who, overcome alike by fighting and drinking, lay stretched among the osier-bound graves of the quiet church-yard.

The blue damask withdrawing-room of Sir Hargreave Bellasyse's noble mansion was filled with a fair and noble company. Satin-robed dames and velvet-

clad cavaliers paced up and down, or lingered in select groups in the tapestried recesses of the deep bay windows; while, from time to time, some young votary of verse and song took up the ribbon-decked lute, and sung some of the beautiful productions of Herrick, Carew, or Withers. And conspicuous among them all was Sir Edward Digby, his long dark locks most becomingly arranged, wearing the very suit in which, on Easter Sunday, he graced the dance at Whitehall and attracted the admiration of the vain and capricious Henrietta Maria. ‘Armed at all points,’ and prepared, too, with a song made expressly ‘to his mistress’ eye-brow,’ he leant, in full confidence of his charms, gracefully against the crimson drapery of the bay window, and, touching a short prelude on the lute with the ear and the finger of a master, in the quaint and fanciful style of the day thus sung:—

“ I’ll not seek nor ask to know
Where the golden sun doth go,
When he leaves our glowing skies ---
Might I sun me in thine eyes.

“ I’ll not plough the green waves o’er,
Seeking afar some gem-paved shore,
When, in thy rosy mouth I view
Pearls, and richest rubies, too.

“ Nor will I dwell in cloistered nook,
Poring o’er each lore-fraught book;
For sweeter strains than bard ere sung
Flow from thy honey-dropping tongue.

“ For, all that ever lover sought ---
All that muse-nursed poet thought ---
All brightest dreams of phantasy ---
Are, my lady, met in thee.

“ And, therefore, with admiring eyes
I duly scan the star-gemmed skies,
For Hesper likeliest paints to me
Thy beauty and thy cruelty.

“ Like her art thou --- her diamond gleam
Millions may hail, and bless her beam ;
Like thee, she shineth coldly-bright,
Happy in her unshared light.”

“ And what, if after all these most superlative compliments, I were to put the gallantry of the singer to a severe test ?” said Helen, with an arch smile.

“ What can be a severe test, sweetest Mistress Helen, if imposed by you ?” replied Sir Edward.

“ Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be ;
Or, bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee :

“ Bid me despair, and I’ll despair
Under yon cypress tree ;
Bid me to die, and death I dare ——”

“ A truce with your second-hand protestations, filched from the blooming garden of Herrick’s Hesperides,” returned the lady ; “ but, in sooth, I must ask your aid, Sir Edward.”

“ And for what, fairest damsel ?—to maintain the proud claim of your beauty as far as the great wall of China ?—to kill some four-score Turks before breakfast, and to take the Grand Seignior by the beard ?—or to go forth and challenge Prester John to bow the knee to a fairer Helen than Paris ever saw ?”

“ No, thou most extravagant knight-errant !—some-

what far easier ; merely an act of benevolence," replied Helen.

" Is that all ? fair mistress," cried the disappointed knight.

" And what would you more ?" resumed the lady. " But truly, Sir Edward, I must most seriously pray your good offices with your father in behalf of that good minister who now lies in prison. 'Tis vain to attempt to move my grandfather, so my whole chance of success lies with you. You will not deny me—you cannot ; for his physician says close confinement will endanger his life : and remember his wife—his family."

" My fairest mistress"—said the young cavalier, turning toward the large mirror, and deliberately lifting one of the perfumed curls that concealed his pearl ear-ring, and carefully bringing it forward—" My fairest damsel ! ye are bewitched. Saints ! 'twere time some steps were taken with these puritan rogues, if they make such converts as you ! A goodly piece of service you ask, truly : what would the maids of honor say, if they hear I persuaded my father to set a brawling Geneva bull at liberty ? What would master Clieveland say ? We should soon have him inditing some ' mirthful tragic ballad ' on the occasion, to be sung to ' Green Sleeves,' or ' Packington's Pound,' or some such dolorous melody, and called ' Sir Edward Digby's Good-night to Love-locks,' setting forth his new fancies for stiff ruffs and cropt heads, and two sermons and an exercise on the Lord's day !"

" Leave off scoffing—at least, for your own sake, Sir Edward," replied Helen severely.

“In good sooth, Mistress Helen,”—answered the knight, glancing another well-pleased look in the mirror, and again attempting to bring back the obstinate curl to its place,—“this plan cannot be thought of. Should you chuse to solicit my father, I doubt not you will obtain his kind offices; but for myself, I can offer no aid.”

“I shall request none, Sir Edward,” answered Helen, proudly; “since I have learnt that most useful lesson,—the wide difference between protestation and performance.”

Fair Helen early retired from the scene of mirth and gaiety, and sought her own apartment. There she sate, her white hands folded on the ebony table and her fair open brow clouded with care. “I will go to Lord Digby myself,” said she; “and yet if my grandfather learns my errand, and learn it he must, I may never expect forgiveness.” She paused; and her eyes fell on the billet which that afternoon she had received from the minister’s wife, praying her to exert her good offices with her grandfather, and adjuring her, by the remembrance of the benefits she had received from the imprisoned pastor’s ministry, not to desert him in this his great necessity. “I must do it,” said she; “and whatever be the cost; for if he remain a single day in prison when my request could prevent it, will not the crime rest with me? And yet,” whispered Fear, “what if my grandfather, so irascible, so determined, should refuse me his forgiveness—should even cast me off!”—and her eye rested on the damask hangings, the Venetian mirrors, the ivory cabinets, and the silver-

clasped volumes, proofs not merely of the wealthy independence which had been her portion from infancy, but of the warm and solicitous attachment of the old baronet to his cherished darling, the last fair blossom of his erst wide-spreading tree. There, just before her, too, lay the bracelets she received from Sir Edward, that graceful and all-admired cavalier, whose homage had rendered her the envy of half the fair damsels of the brilliant and luxurious court of Henrietta Maria. One moment she paused—it was but one moment—for she fixed her eyes on the fine portrait of her father—(painted just before he set out with that gallant band of volunteers, to aid the recovery of the Palatinate and maintain the cause of religion abroad, an expedition from whence he never returned)—with the noble motto of her ancient house, which the painter had inserted on the scarf—‘Whatever betide—for the right.’—“Whatever betide—for the right!” responded Helen, “and Heaven grant me grace to do it!”

“Honourable Sir, I trust nothing ill hath happened!” cried the steward, alarmed at the angry stride, and the paleness of deadly passion that overspread the countenance of Sir Hargreave, as he entered the oak parlour on his return from the High Commission Court.

“Pray sit down, your honor;” wheeling forward the huge arm chair, “and let me fetch you a cordial. Alack! this High Commission Court will be your honor’s death, as Dr. Mayerne told your honor afore time.”

“That it will, good Hewitt, that it will, and all the

better too ;—for then these young pragmatics, who never knew Sir Francis Walsingham and the great men of those times, never sat at the council-table with Lord Salisbury and Lord Ellesmere, may have it just as they list, and send for all the canting rogues who have gone off to New England, as well as those they sent back this morning. Here's goodly work ! But would this were the worst. — Call Helen hither ; bid her come instantly. Saints ! methinks every thing is against me. To have nourished a young viper at one's own fireside — to have nurtured and educated at such cost a girl that now turns out to be only fit to take down notes of a market-cross sermon, and sing the whole book of Psalms through between Saturday and Monday — Saints ! 'tis not to be borne. — Oh come in, sweet Mistress Precision ! fair sister to the painful brethren of Banbury, who edify from the pillory and whipping-post — come in, a plague on ye ! and lift up your demure face, an ye dare ; and tell me how ye had the boldness to go down to Lord Digby this morning with your humble supplication for your silenced minister ? Answer me, Mistress Malapert ! — ' your conscience,' forsooth ! was it not ? — and so said your silly father before you, when he would go and fight for the Palatine, and much good came of it. — Oh ye little viper ! an I could not have thrown myself into the river, when Lord Digby said ' I have attended to your fair granddaughter's supplication.' — So much the better for ye if I had ; — then ye might have chaplains and sermonizings enow."

“In truth, my dear grandfather,”—timidly interposed Helen.

“Who bid ye answer, Mistress Boldface?” retorted the angry old man; “stop and hear, an ye list, what I told him:—‘Hath *she* sent a supplication,’ said I; ‘then my good lord, she shall no longer be grandchild of mine.’”

“Sir Hargreave—worshipful sir! ye surely did not!” cried the startled steward.

“Peace, Hewitt! I did,—and more than that, I have not repented it: so prepare, fair mistress! for your departure. What! is it not enough that my opinion is set lightly by at the council-board, and men prevented from leaving the country of whom the land may be well rid, but the very preacher whom I determined should go to prison set at liberty by my own grandchild!—No, Hewitt, that name she shall never bear again.”

“But, Sir Hargreave, whither can Mistress Helen go?” anxiously replied the steward: “think again, honored Sir.”

“Let her go among the silenced brotherhood, or to the minister whom, forsooth! she hath set at liberty—or to her nurse—I care not, so long as she never comes within my sight again. And now, good Hewitt! go and see to the plate and household stuff and hangings; look to the horses that they be well shod, and the carriage fit for a journey of forty miles” (a formidable performance in those days). “I’ll e’en to Sutton Hargreave, for I never can bear this house

again.—Ay! the next time Hargreave Bellasyse sets foot within the parish of Stoke Newington, it shall be to beg his life."

* * * *

Six years passed on : who knows not the eventful history of these six years ? The Sabbath bells were pleasantly chiming, the sun shone out brightly ; but, although the first Sunday in May, no groups of merry-making rustics or idle loiterers were seen ; and when an old velvet coach, surrounded by an escort of buff-coated troopers, jolted down the High-street, and stopped before the closely shut door of the Rose and Crown at Newington, many a head was thrust out of the adjacent windows, marvelling what was disturbing the quiet of the day.

"What! know ye not the ordinance of the Parliament for the better observance of the Lord's day?" growled the landlord, half opening the door.

"Ay, truly, Master Host,"—returned the principal trooper, a tall, bold-looking fellow in a buff coat fastened round by a broad leather band, from whence depended his sword, horse pistols, and bandoliers (small boxes covered with leather strung together in a manner resembling the modern bullion fringe, each of them containing a charge of powder), whose single feather in his high-crowned hat, and handsomely caparisoned charger, were the sole distinctions between him and his men. "Necessity hath no law,

Master Host, or I and my lads had been at church rather than prancing along the highway like Lord Goring's graceless troopers, or Sir Edward Digby's heathen crew : so let's in."

"I cannot," replied the host; "'tis during divine worship, and my servants are all at the catechizing, so ye must e'en stay there, or go to the church."

"And 'tis well we've no worse place to go to," said the trooper; "but we must take our prisoner with us, and he's not of the sort to like afternoon exercises."

"What? ye've some malignant there, have ye? — some delinquent who must come down with a goodly sum to the Committee at Goldsmith's Hall, ere he see house or lands again?" enquired the host.

"Ay truly, an it be not a worse business than fining," replied the trooper. "On with ye, lads; mayhap this old man here may get a saving cast yet."

The old coach jolted on, surrounded by the troopers, and soon stopped at the church gate.

"Who have ye here?" cried the old sexton; "methinks I should remember yon old velvet coach. — Good heavens!" continued he, as the door was opened; "'tis Sir Hargreave Bellasyse! But how is this? Surely there's Mistress Helen too?"

The old baronet, apparently unconscious where he was, made an effort to rise, and the fair hand of his beautiful granddaughter, who sat beside, was stretched out to assist him.

"Leave me alone, Helen," said he; "I have done without your aid six long years, and wherefore should

I not now ? Why did ye come to seek me out, and insist on going with me ? Alas ! all things have gone ill since I sent thee away ; and, methinks, this sore trial is a judgment too."

" Let his honor walk into my house until the catechizing's over, Mistress Helen," said the sexton ; " and then I'll bring Doctor Manton to him, for truly the Doctor is very great in cases of conscience."

" Well, but where am I to go to ?" cried the old man, looking bewilderedly around. His eye caught the well-remembered church, and the tall elm trees. — The May games, the arrest of the preacher, the old crone's prophecy (so strangely fulfilled), — every incident of that eventful afternoon rushed overpoweringly on his mind. " I see it all !" cried he ; " I *knew* better, but wealth and honors and worldly promotion entangled me, and I became a persecutor ; nay, not merely a persecutor of men whom I knew not, save by report, but a most bitter one even of you, my sweet Helen. Ay ! therefore is it, that I am brought here to be a scorn and a mockery."

" Heaven forbid, Sir," said the trooper, respectfully. " But will you not into the church ? The minister may speak comfort to ye yet."

" Ay, I'll onward," cried the repentant old man. " But, sweet Helen, in what straits ye must have been since I so cruelly sent you away ! Truly, 'tis more than I deserved at your hands for you to come and meet me this morning, when methought I had no friend to comfort me in these my sore trials."

“Be not distressed, dear grandfather,” returned Helen, as leaning on her arm he slowly proceeded up the church path; “I soon found an asylum with a wealthy and most Christian lady, and never have I had cause to repent:—ye shall know all hereafter; so take comfort, I pray ye.”

They entered the church: there stood the minister, the celebrated Doctor Manton, in his tasselled Geneva cloak, pouring forth a fervent and affectionate prayer for the young catechumens that surrounded him, each bible in hand, and those of the higher class holding ivory table books well scored with notes and references. Harrassed by long-continued anxieties, and overcome by the strong tumult of his conflicting feelings, Sir Hargreave sunk into a swoon so long and so deep, that it was thought life indeed had departed.

“Well, poor gentleman!” said the trooper; “whatever becomes of his estate, methinks he will have reason to say this was a profitable affliction.”

Long did the old man’s life hang in doubtful suspense, and many days passed ere he awoke to returning consciousness. Still, by night and by day, the fair vision of his lovely grandchild, with her rich auburn locks and clear open brow, floated in indistinct beauty before him; and oft-times that soft silver-toned voice, or the low sweet sounds of her skilfully touched lute, seemed to recall him to life and consciousness.

“My sweet Helen!” cried the old man, awaking, as though from a long slumber, and fixing his eyes

on the fair face that had beamed like a star of hope to him throughout his past illness,—“how strangely things come about! This very time six years, I mind that I swore I would never enter Stoke Newington again save to beg my life. Alas! I soon shall have to do that, though methinks this small remnant is not worth the begging for.”

“Peace, dear grandfather, I pray you; think not of the morrow. Here hath Hewitt been waiting to see you; and I trust he brings good tidings.”

The door was opened by the trooper, who kept watch over his prisoner until he should be able to be removed; and the faithful steward, whose now threadbare velvet gown contrasted mournfully with the cherished gold chain, entered.

“I have but to bring his honor heavy tidings,” said he, aside to the lady. “Alas! madam, I have been before the Committee of Sequestrations, and they give me scant comfort for my worthy master; for Colonel Hampden’s company, three days since, fell in with Sir Ralph Hopton’s troopers, and took from them their baggage, and among it were found letters from Sir Edward Digby to the burgesses of Newbury, bidding them in Sir Hargreave’s name give up the town to Prince Rupert; whereupon, it was yesterday moved in Parliament, that my honored master be committed to the Tower.”

“What doth he say?” cried the old baronet; “though he need not tell, I know it by his looks: well, I brought ye into sore trouble, my sweet Helen, and it hath rightly come to pass.”

“ Think no more of this, my dear father,” cried Helen; “ I have never wanted since I left your roof, and trust I never shall.”

There was a peremptory knock at the door; and with hesitating footstep the steward advanced.

“ Alas, Mistress Helen !” said he, “ they are come with the order for Sir Hargreave’s committal to the Tower. Alack ! I always said that graceless Sir Edward would bring him into trouble.”

The door opened, and two strangers entered; one in the dress of a minister, and the other a middle-aged man in half armour, whose ample brow, and the fire that flashed in his full hazel eye, marked him for one of those all-commanding spirits whom Providence sometimes raises up for a nation’s deliverance, and sometimes, most inscrutably, ere the great work be accomplished, taketh away. The wondering old man looked up, and immediately recognised the minister whom he had consigned to prison, and in the other, the unknown stranger who, in the church porch, had avowed his determination of quitting England for ever — he of whom now ‘ all England rung from side to side’ — John Hampden.

“ My fair Lady Thornhaugh,” said he, addressing Helen, “ I have good tidings for your grandfather. Through the great care and trouble of my chaplain, strict enquiry hath been made into Sir Hargreave Bellasyse’s case, and the letter hath been found to be a forgery ; — it was at last confessed to be so by Sir Edward Digby’s secretary, who fell into our hands

mortally wounded, and who, by the unremitting endeavours of this worthy minister, at length furnished a clue to the whole."

"What!" cried the old man, "did *he* try to save me from prison, whom I caused to be sent to one? Alas! I now see two before me to whom I can never make amends."

"Be comforted, worthy Sir," replied the minister; "for through a wondrous overruling Providence, every thing that you did against us hath turned to our great benefit. Had I not been sent to prison that very afternoon, I had never become acquainted with this honorable gentleman, and a friendship of great advantage had probably never been formed; and had not you, worthy Sir, blindly and sinfully it is true, cast Lady Helen out from your house, she had never sought an asylum in Lady Thornhaugh's family, nor become the honoured wife of Sir William Thornhaugh."

"Good Heaven! how wonderful indeed are thy ways!" cried the old baronet, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes: "What! my sweet Helen married to Sir William Thornhaugh! Full fifty years ago his grandfather agreed with me to make an alliance between our families; but I rose at court, and looked forward to great honors, and I broke my solemn promise to him — but that promise hath been fulfilled."

"So is it, Sir Hargreave," replied the minister; "man plans and arranges, but God disposeth all. On what a turn depended the liberties of England, when

this worthy gentleman had actually set foot on the vessel to carry him away."

"Peace, I pray you, on that," replied Hampden ; "I have been thrust forward in this great enterprize ; and may He who drove me back when, too like the discontented prophet of old, I sought to flee away from the work appointed, support and direct me. Never let it be said that John Hampden lifted sword for private feud or personal aggrandisement : but if to restore peace and justice and freedom, ay, to obtain the dearest of all possessions — religious liberty — be a cause worthy the sacrifice of life itself, such be my lot — I ask no better."

Ere many days elapsed, Sir Hargreave Bellasyse, having compounded for his estates by a small fine, again took up his residence at Stoke Newington : and, as in those days, a sermon was indispensable on all occasions of rejoicing, Dr. Manton "preached in the great halle," says my manuscript, "a moste learned, judicious, pithy and profitable sermon, from the wordes of Joseph — 'So now, it was not ye that sent me hither, but God.'" And grateful that the storm which had threatened the evening of his days had so unexpectedly rolled away, basking in the mild and pleasant sunset of a happy old age, Sir Hargreave Bellasyse outnumbered the years allotted to man ; and at length, supported by his fair grandchild, and surrounded by her numerous family, closed his eyes in peace.

TO FELICIA HEMANS.

"Bright names will hallow song."

I.

HADST thou, beneath the cloudless skies
Of old heroic lands,
Poured forth thy thrilling melodies
Amidst assembled bands,
Unnumbered harps had waked for thee
Triumphant peals of jubilee.

II.

And they had voted thee a crown,
A laurel chaplet green ;
And hailed thee in thy blest renown
The Lyre's transcendant queen ;
And borne thee through their ancient ways,
The idol of a nation's gaze.

III.

Such were thy meed : but holier far,
All gentle as thou art,
To thee, than crown or triumph's car,
The homage of the heart :
So shalt thou reign, like summer's smile,
The gladness of thy native isle.

IV.

Thou of a hundred lays ! — on thee,
As on the inspired of old,
A voice, a power, a ministry,
Things glorious to unfold,
Hath fallen, earth's depths to thee unsealing,
And Heaven in harmonies revealing.

V.

The south-wind came on viewless wings
From bowers of fragrance rare,
And sighing o'er thy harp's bright strings,
Left all its sweetness there :
The sun-set gleams to each soft tone
Bequeathed a splendour all their own.

VI.

And, varied as the iris-hues,
Thy graceful numbers blend :
Now like the summer's sparkling dew
In radiance they descend ;
Now pensive as the cypress-glooms
That rest on oriental tombs.

VII.

Anon, a solemn cadence floats
O'er twilight landscapes dim,
Grand as the organ's rolling notes,
Sweet as a choral hymn,
Borne fitfully upon the gale
From some lone chapel of the dale.

VIII.

Enchantress! in thy fervid songs
Fame, joy, grief's piercing sound,
All, all that to the heart belongs,
Have general echoes found :
Thine too are the impassioned spells
That lie in earth's wild, sad farewells.

IX.

All gentle, and all holy themes,
Truth, hope, faith's martyr name,
Touched by thy spirit's golden dreams,
Have found immortal fame :
Even death, the stern one, doth appear,
Hymned by thy harp, less dark and drear.

X.

Oh! thou a splendid chain hast wrought
Of life's endearing ties,
Strong human love, and many a thought
Of home's fond memories :
And richer still thy verse hath shrined
The mysteries deep of woman's mind.

XI.

Woman, the true, the ill-requited !
From whose meek spirit flows
A purer incense crushed and blighted,
Like to the wounded rose —
Oh beautiful and meet her praise
Sounds in a gifted sister's lays !

XII.

Methought, as o'er me blandly stole
The witchery of the strain,
Since thou hadst breathed my inmost soul,
I ne'er would sing again :
Yet, ere its voice of song be mute,
Thy name shall sanctify my lute.

CATHARINE G. GODWIN.

AFRICAN WOODLANDS.

At still midnight, within our wattled shieling,
'Twas wildly beautiful at times to hear
The Elephant his shrill reveillé pealing,
Like some far signal trumpet on the ear :
Then, while the silvery moon was shining clear,
How fearful to look forth upon the woods,
And see the stately forest-kings appear
Emerging from those mountain solitudes —
As if that tramp had woke Earth's old gigantic broods !

T. P.

GOD AND HEAVEN.

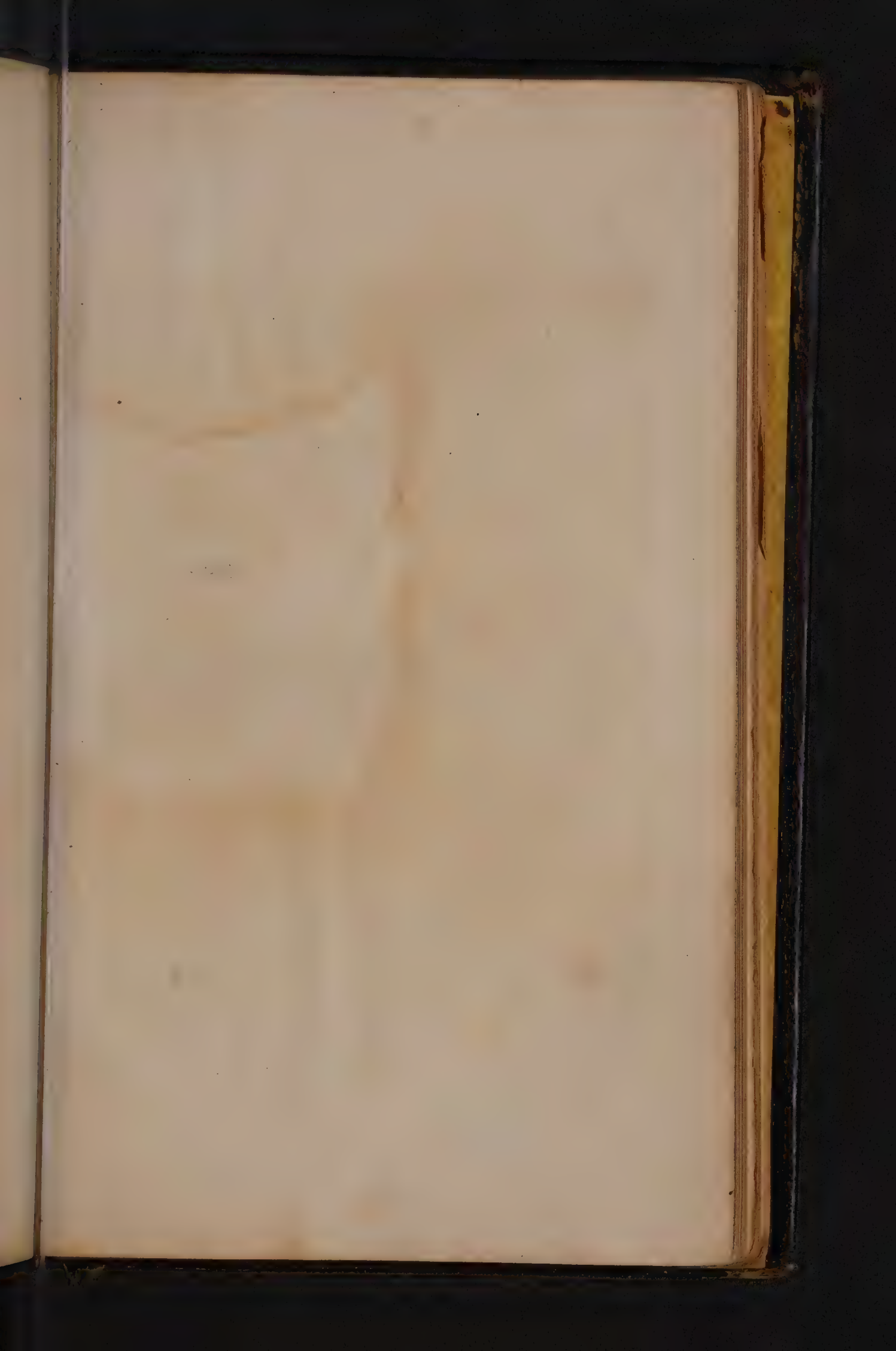
BY JOHN BOWRING, L. L. D.

I.

THE silver chord in twain is snapped,
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
The words funereal spoken ;
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
Or delved is the grassy clod :
And what for mourning man is left ?
O what is left — but God !

II.

THE tears are shed that mourned the dead,
The flowers they wore are faded ;
The twilight dun hath veiled the sun,
And hope's sweet dreamings shaded :
And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep,
From our heart of hearts are riven ;
And what is left us when we weep ?
O what is left — but HEAVEN !





Painted by W. Kidd.

Engraved by C. Armstrong.

THE MASQUERADE.

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THE MASQUERADE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"You surely will not persist, Emma, to refuse accompanying Lady Forester and her party to the masquerade?" said Alicia Clinton to her young friend, with a look of supplication.

"I certainly shall, my dear."

"But she has sent you a ticket, my dear girl; and she has persuaded my grandmama there is no harm in it, and so decidedly renewed my wishes on the subject, that really ——"

"Do not finish your sentence by saying '*really* you intend to go.' Remember, dear Alicia, the peculiarity of your own situation. An affianced bride, long parted from the chosen of her heart, and newly arrived in this great mart of pleasure, is placed in a more delicate and perilous situation than a wife; for although her bonds are equally sacred, they are less obvious. Do not go."

"You speak, Emma, with as much seriousness as if I were going to do a positively wrong thing, — to be guilty of some unfeminine impropriety of the most reprehensible nature. Surely I have a right to a little innocent amusement, when I go in good company?"

“ Very true, Alicia ; but you also know that different definitions are given by different persons to words and things, and that no young woman who has given herself to another can act always upon her own conviction. No person for a moment will doubt that our fancy balls in the country, where each assumed a character, were as innocent as they were gay ; but I apprehend a London crowd of people in masks, who are thereby privileged to address you, be they who they may, is a very different affair, and might subject a gentlewoman of correct manners to very embarrassing feelings.”

“ Impossible ! when she is with a party. I promise you not to leave Lady Forester for a moment : no, I’ll hang upon her like a drowning creature, rather than subject myself to any attentions that could by possibility give future pain to your brother.”

“ But will you be able to do that ? You have often compared Charles, in days past, to Captain Wentworth, in the admirable novel of ‘ Persuasion,’ not only on account of his person and profession, but for that acute sensibility, and even fastidious perception, of the honourable, modest, and virtuous, in female character ; and whilst admiring him have said, ‘ would I were like Anne Musgrave, for his sake.’ Now do you, *can* you think, that on the eve of her lover’s return from a long and dangerous voyage, *she* could have given even her wishes to a masquerade ?”

“ No, Emma, she would not, I grant you ; but we know that when the story commences she was five or six years older than I am ; and these ‘ tamers of the

human breast,' disappointment and comparative poverty, had impaired her spirits, diminished her beauty, and rendered her a pensive, gentle, stay-at-home sort of a person. Now, try as I may, I cannot become like her, for I have had indulgent friends, a plentiful fortune, and an attached lover; I cannot become compliant, and meek, and dejected, do what I will."

"But you can be, and have been, constant, tender, and affectionate. You are capable of the heroism of self-denial, of sacrificing the love of admiration, and the stimulus of curiosity, to a deeper and more endeared motive of action?"

As Emma uttered the last words she withdrew, perceiving she had made an impression on her gay friend, who soon began thus to soliloquise.

"If I thought dear Charles would come to-day, or to-morrow, it is true I should not think of going: but seamen are so uncertain, and I may never have another opportunity; for he is very particular, and thinks so much of me, that I question if he would deem me safe, even in his own protection; he is so ardent, so sincere, so unlike every body one sees——"

The tide of tender recollections now beginning to flow in the young beauty's bosom, would have soon restored her to her wonted feelings, if the cunning tempter had not arrived at this moment, and influenced her decision by reiterating her former intreaties, and adding the blandishments of well-acted interest in her lovely young friend, —who was little aware that her company was sought not only to add brilliance to the dowager's evening parties,

but for the purpose of ensnaring her person and fortune, as the prize of some one of her ladyship's favorites.

So short a period intervened between the time when Alicia's promise was exacted, and that when she was to be called for, that she found herself much at a loss how to procure a dress, such as she could approve herself, or please her new and her former friend by adopting. "I will not be a flower-girl," said she, "for every body says the rooms will overflow with them; and Lady Forester would laugh at me as a nun, or a tragic muse, or a quaker: and suppose I were Thalia, or Rosalind, or Perdita, or a sultana, or even Diana, Emma might see something in my dress that would be painful to her; and she is so good, and loves me so truly, I could not bear to wound her. I could better bear the sneer of Lady Forester, when she talks of blue-stockings ladies, and sentimental country misses, than grieve dear Emma."

In this dilemma her grandmother suggested the idea of her wearing the dress of one of her female ancestors, as she appeared at the court of George the Second, and which had been carefully preserved in the family since that time. It was accordingly tried on by an ancient waiting woman, proud of understanding by-gone fashions; and was found to be not only splendid in general effect, but exceedingly becoming, and so perfectly adapted to her height and shape, that Emma herself declared it unexceptionable.

Thus attired, Alicia joined the motley party of Lady Forester, who appeared in the costume of Maria Theresa;

and she proceeded to the masquerade, assuming no particular character, and of course affecting no theatrical graces; but by no means unconscious of the elegance of her figure, and the graces of her manners, and under the full persuasion that the novelty of the scene on which she was entering, and the abilities of those with whom she must mingle, would not fail to elicit her talents, and render her wit still more conspicuous than her person. She concluded that all the former abodes of gaiety in which she had found herself happy, and the cause of happiness to others, must be eclipsed for ever by this.

But, alas! those spirits that 'live i'the sunbeam' of young hearts, and light young eyes with rapture, refused on this eventful evening to visit Alicia. When she indeed found herself one in the midst of a crowd, at once brilliant and low, the motley group, in their numbers and incongruity, oppressed her spirits; and she felt much more inclined to moralize on their characters, than laugh at their absurdities. This feeling increased whenever a domino appeared, for to the wearers of this dress her active imagination appended the office of an inquisitor; and she shrunk from every one that approached, as if he had the power to read alike her thoughts and her situation, and report both to her disadvantage.

She was compelled to resign her reflections, and exert herself to recover those powers of mind, and, if possible, obtain that vivacity, for which she was so generally admired; but her efforts to this end were paralysed by

the fulsome adulation of a grand Turk, who belonged to the party, and the teasing attentions of a beau of the last century, who considered himself privileged to address her. As neither of them had either wit, or even the technicalities which belonged to the forms they assumed, effrontery and stupidity appeared to Alicia their only characteristics; but she had not the power of even satirizing these tormentors, for the Hungarian queen, her chaperone, did not allow her the power of addressing her. Under the pretext of supporting her character, she threw her on the attentions of one or other so decidedly as to render her sense of impropriety extremely painful.

This increased to alarm, when she found the disciple of Lord Chesterfield vanished, and the officious Turk her sole attendant, at the very time when she lost Lady Forester, and the humble companion who accompanied her. As she insisted on following them immediately, she was compelled to accept the stranger's arm and guidance, and hear with burning cheek and heaving bosom his self-gratulations on her soft compliance, no longer uttered in the feigned voice he had previously adopted. Tears of vexation and self-reproach rose to her eye, which she cast round in vain for her conductress to this now hateful scene, when she was interrupted in her path by a mask, who appeared to personate a dumb slave, and, being arrayed in the Turkish costume, by his gestures invited her conductor to follow him.

Glad of any interruption, Alicia expressed her willing-

ness to do so ; but the representative of an imperial despot determinately resisted her intreaties in this respect, and dismissed the slave, who lost not a moment in darting through the crowd, and with more courage than complaisance compelled Lady Forester to return with him. Alicia's short but pointed reproof effectually silenced the sarcasms the *friend* was prepared to pour on our mortified heroine ; in consequence of which, that amiable personage determined to mortify her, by remaining at the place till the latest moment, being fully aware of Alicia's desire to quit it.

Whatever might be her wishes, or those of the Turk her friend, it was evident that their designs were in a great measure neutralised by the intrusion of the dumb slave, who seemed determined never to leave them, and who stood a battery of observations directed at him, if not to him, with a *sang froid* that really communicated the idea that he was deaf, as well as dumb. At length, however, he made a sudden start, and ran off, to the evident pleasure of the party ; but Alicia had by this time so far recovered her self-possession, and was so certain, from the extreme thinness of the rooms, that she must be soon relieved, that she determined to sustain with calmness the remainder of that wearisome time she was called on to endure.

At length their carriage drew up, and under the sickly daylight of a cold spring morning, Alicia drove home, exhausted and harrassed, with feelings estranged from her companions, and penitent towards her beloved Emma.

As she arrived at the door of her revered relative, a post chaise and four drove from it: the circumstance struck her as extraordinary, and she eagerly enquired of the servant in waiting who was in the carriage that had driven thence.

“ Captain Alderson, ma’am; he arrived last night after you were gone. Miss Alderson is up and in the breakfast parlour.”

Thither Alicia went in extreme agitation. Joy that her lover had arrived, sorrow that she had been absent, and anger that he could have left the house without seeing her, were strangely mingled in her bosom; but fear for the consequences of that conduct which had cost her already so much vexation, was her predominant sensation. Seizing the hand of Emma, she exclaimed — “ Tell me in a moment what is the meaning of all this? Charles (poor Charles, from whom we have been so long parted!) has been here and is gone!”

“ Yes, he arrived unfortunately before you had left us half an hour. I was very sorry you lost the pleasure of receiving him, for he is looking so well, and is every way so entirely himself; so kind, and frank, and noble-hearted.”

“ But why did he go? How could he go without seeing me, knowing that I came to London to meet him?”

“ He had promised a sick boy, his midshipman, not to part from him till he had given him in charge to his own widowed mother at Tunbridge. He sent an express to this lady, and ordered a post chaise to be here at six,

before he came hither. It stood at the door half an hour, in the hope of your arrival, when, finding the patient became feverish from anxiety, he set out—a little vexed at your delay—but losing his own troubles in his cares for the invalid. You know how tender he is towards all who suffer.”

Alicia threw down her mask, hastily unclasped her necklace, and, throwing herself into the arms of her friend, burst into a passion of tears.

At length she exclaimed—“And from such a man as this, so generous to others, so disinterested for himself, so confiding in me, I could fly to mingle in a crowd of strangers, to hear nonsense I despised, and witness folly I could not ——”

“Were you not amused, then, after all?”

“No! not for a single half hour: beyond the first five minutes (in which the novelty of the scene struck me), I found it insupportably dull. I tried to fancy I was in the carnival of Italy, of which one has read so much; but it would not do: there was no exhilarating sun above me, no flashes of merriment or beams of wit around me, and I was teased to death with two stupid coxcombs, who ——”

“Were driven away by a third.”

These words were not spoken by Emma. Alicia started, looked up, and with inexpressible emotion beheld Charles himself before her.

The cause of his return was soon explained: he had met the anxious mother whom he sought, placed her son in her care, and returned immediately. Alicia

heard this account—and her head again sunk on the bosom of Emma, anxious to hide there the traces of her past tears, and the blushes which now lighted her pale cheeks. The lover complained of his reception, adding that she “could give a better to a black slave.”

“Ha!” cried Alicia, “is my past folly already known to you?”

The lover threw himself at her feet, in such an attitude as to show that he had himself been her attendant under that disguise.

Alicia’s countenance was half smiles, half tears, as she extended her arms to raise him. She felt assured that Charles had read the mortification of her heart, and approved her manners, though he might blame her appearance at the masquerade; and in this sweet conviction she almost forgave herself, though she ingenuously told the solicitude of Emma to save her from committing an action, which, in her present circumstances, might be deemed one of folly and unkindness.

“My sister’s kindness was worthy of herself, and beneficial to me,” returned the lover: “for finding her ticket on the mantle piece, I was induced to avail myself of it, unknown to any one but my own servant, and by taking the only dress I could procure, to effect relief to you from evident annoyance. I cannot regret an incident which enabled me to read a new page in the heart of her to whom I have been so long and profoundly attached; but never again may I have the pain of fearing to find its innocent gaiety misconstrued, or its purity sullied, by the unfeminine absurdities of a public masquerade.”

LARRY MOORE.

An Irish Sketch.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"THINK of to-morrow!"—that is what no Irish peasant ever did yet, with a view of providing for it: at least no one I have had an opportunity of being acquainted with. He will think of any thing—of every thing but that. There is Larry Moore, for example: who, that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow, is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman—the invaluable Larry—who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision?—He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. The cliffs that skirt the shore where his boat is moored are crowned with wild furze; while, here and there, a tuft of white or yellow broom sprouting a little above the bluish green of its prickly neighbour, waves its blossoms, and flings its fragrance to the passing breeze. Down to the very edge of the rippling

waves is almost one unbroken bed of purple thyme, glowing and beautiful;—and there Larry's goat, with her two sportive kids—sly, cunning rogues!—find rich pasture—now nibbling the broom blossoms, now sporting amid the furze, and making the scenery re-echo with their musical bleating. The little island opposite Larry considers his own particular property; not that a single sod of its bright greenery belongs to him—but, to use his own words—“sure it's all as one my own—don't I see it—don't I walk upon it—and the very water that it's set in is my own; for sorra' a one can put *foot* on it widout me and the coble,* that have been hand and glove as good as forty years.” But look, I pray you, upon Larry:—there he lies, stretched in the sun-light, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise—sometimes on his back—then slowly turning on his side—but his most usual attitude is a sort of reclining position against that flat grey stone—just at high water mark: he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words) “the tide, bad cess to it, was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of throuble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra' a morsel of harm the salt water could do ye on the grey stone, where a living mer-woman sat every new year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves,—who, consequently, trated her sate wid grate respect—Why not?”—There, then, is Larry—his chest leaning on the mer-maid's stone, as we call

* Boat.

it—his long bare legs stretched out behind—kicking occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about, what he naturally considers lawful prey:—his lower garments have evidently once been trowsers—blue trowsers; but as Larry, when in motion, is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed his frieze jacket is no great things, being much rubbed at the elbows—and no wonder; for Larry, when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles which the large and small pebbles he throws in form on the surface of the calm waters—and as Larry, of course, rests his arm, while he performs the above-named exploits—the sleeves must wear, for frieze is not ‘impenetrable stuff.’ His hat is a natural curiosity—composed of sun-burnt straw, banded by a misshapen sea-ribbon, and garnished by ‘delisk,’ red and green—his cutty pipe, stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it “quite handy widout ony trouble.” His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in his extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders—and a low furrowed brow, very unpromising in the eye of a phrenologist:—in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved, at times, by the humourous twinkling of his little grey eyes—pretty much in the manner that a

star or two illumine the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an undressed, wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist: from this depends a rough wooden case, containing his whisky bottle; a long narrow knife; pieces of rope of various length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns in his 'vocation.'

"Good morrow, Larry!"—

"Good morrow kindly, my lady! may be ye'r going across?"—

"No thank ye, Larry—but there is a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye.—I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the sowl out o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass:—asy, says I, what trouble ye takes; sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by tokens the grawls were so plased wid the mate, the cratur! sorra' a morsel o' pratee they'd put into their mouths;—and we'll have as good a one to day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry—if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"—

"Is it fish! Ough! Sorra' fancy I have for fast-ing-mate—besides it's mighty watry, and a dale of trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod lept into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up; I thought it would ha' sted asy while I holloed to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the

samphire for the quality, the gomersal! — but, my jewil! it was whip and away wid it all in a minit — back to the water. — Small loss!”

“ But Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner.”

“ Sure I’m after telling y’er ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner by good luck yesterday.”

“ But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing.”

“ Sure you ’ve just given me sixpence.” —

“ But suppose I had not!”

“ Where’s the good of thinking that, now?” —

“ Oh Larry, I’m afraid you never think of *to-morrow*!”

“ There’s not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it nor I do,” responded Larry, raising himself up; “ and to prove it to ye, madam dear, we’ll have a wet night — I see the sign of it for all the sun’s so bright — both in the air and the water.”

“ Then, Larry, take my advice, go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin.”

“ Is it the hole! where’s the good of losing time about it now, when the weather’s so fine?”

“ But when the rain comes?” —

“ Lord bless ye, my lady, sure I can’t hinder the rain! — and sure its fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the *teams* to stop up a taste of a hole. — Sorra’ a drop comes through it in *dry weather*.”

"Larry, you truly need not waste so much time : it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day—and here you stay doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself by a little foresight."

"Would ye' have me desert my trust ? Sure I must mind the boat. But God bless ye, ma'm darlint, don't be so hard intirely upon me ; for I get a dale o' blame I don't by no manner of means deserve.—My wife turns at me as wicked as a weazel, becace I gave my consint to our Nancy's marrying Matty Quough ; and she says they were bad to come together on account that they had'nt enough to pay the priest ; and the upshot of the matter is, that the girl and a grand-child is come back upon us ; and the husband is off — God knows where."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Larry ; but your son James, by this time, must be able to assist you."

"There it is again, my lady ! James was never very bright—and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school, and saying a dale about the time to come ; but I did'nt care to bother the cratur—and I'm sorry to say he's turned out rather obstinate, and even the priest says it's becace I never think of *to-morrow*."

"I am glad to find the priest is of my opinion : but tell me, have you fatted the pig Mr. Herriott gave you ?"

"Oh ! my bitter curse (axing ye'r pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland—that pig has been the ruin of me,—it has such a taste for

ateing young ducks as never was in the world ; and I always tethers him by the leg when I'm going out ; — but he's so cute now, he cuts the tether."

" Why not confine him in a sty — you are close to the quarry, and could build one in half an hour ?"

" Is it a sty for the likes of him ! — cock him up with a sty ! Och Musha ! Musha ! the tether keeps him asy for the day !" —

" But not for the *morrow*, Larry." —

" Now ye'r at me again — you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder, if there is 'nt Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat ! Oh ! ye'r in a hurry are ye ? — well, ye' must wait till ye'r hurry is over — I'm not going to hurry myself, wid whisky in my bottle, and sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister." —

" But the more you earn, the better, Larry." —

" Sure I've enough for to-day." —

" But not for *to-morrow*, Larry." —

" True for ye, ma'm dear — though people takes a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, when they've full and plenty at the same time ; and I don't like bothering about it then — and it'll be all the same in a hundred years. Sure I see ye plain enough, Master Rashleigh. — God help me — I broke the oar yesterday — and never thought to get it mended — and my head's splitting open with the pain — I took a drop too much last night — and that makes me fit for nothing —"

" On the *morrow*, Larry." —

" Faith ! ma'm dear, you're too bad. — Oh dear ! If I'd had the sense to set the lobster pots last night,

what a power I'd ha' caught; they're dancing the hays merrily down there, the cowardly blackguards — but I did not think ——”

“Of the *morrow*, Larry.”

“Oh then let me alone, lady dear! What will I do wid the oar! Jim Connor gave me a beautiful piece of strong rope yesterday, but I did n't want it — and — I believe one of the childre got hold of it — I did n't think ——”

“Of the *morrow*, Larry!”

“By dad I have it! — I can poke the coble on with this ould pitch fork; there's not much good in it; but never heed — it's the master's; and he's too much of a jontleman to mind trifles; though I'm thinking times an't as good wid him now as they used to be; for Barney Clarey tould Nelly Parell, who tould Tom Lavery —, who tould it out forenent me and a dale more genteel men who were taking a drop o' comfort at St. Patrick's — as how they bottle the whisky and salt the mate at the big house; and if that isn't a bad sign, I don't know what is — though we may thank the English houskeeper for it, I'm thinking — wid her beaver bonnet and her yellow silk shawl, that my wife (who knows the differ) says, after all, is only calico-cotton.”

“What do you mean by bottling the whisky and salting the meat, Larry?”

“Now, don't be coming over us after that fashion; maybe ye don't know, indeed? — Sure the right way, my lady, is to have the whisky upon draught; and then it's so refreshing of a hot summer's day to take a good

hearty swig;—and in winter—by the powers! Ma'm, honey—let me just take the liberty of advising you never to desert the whisky; it 'll always keep the cold out of y'er heart, and the trouble from y'er eye.—Sure the clargy take to it—and the lawyers take to it, far before new milk;—and his holiness the Pope—God bless him—to say nothing of the king (who's the first king of *hearts we* ever had)—drinks nothing but Innishown—which, to my taste, hasn't half the fire of the rale Potteen. It's next to a deadly sin to bottle whisky in a jontleman's house:—and as to salting mate!—sure the ancient Irish fashion—the fashion of the good ould times, is just to kill the baste, and thin hang it by the legs in a convenient place; and, to be sure, every one can take a part of what they like best."

"But do you know that the English think of *to-morrow*, Larry?"

"Ay, the tame negres! that's the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewil; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure if there had been English before his time, its long sorry they'd ha' been to let Ireland alone."

"Do you think so, indeed, Larry?"

"I'll prove it to ye, my lady, if ye'll jist wait till I bring over that impatient chap, Rashleigh Jones, who's ever running after the day, as if he hadn't a bit to eat:—there, d'ye see him? he's dancing mad—he may just as well take it asy. It's such as him give people the feaver. There's that devil of a goat grinning at me; sorra' a drop of milk can we get from her,

for she won't stand quiet for a body to catch her; and my wife's not able, and I'm not willing, to go capering over the cliffs. Never mind! sure whisky is better nor milk."

At last Larry and his boat are off, by the assistance of the pitchfork, and most certainly he does not hurry himself; but where is Rashleigh going to? As I live! he has got into Mr. Dorkin's pleasure boat, that has just turned the corner of the island, and will be at this side before Larry gets to the other. Larry will not easily pardon this encroachment; not because of the money, but because of his privilege. I have heard it rumoured that if Larry does not become more active he will lose his situation; but I cannot believe it: he is, when fairly on the water, the most careful boatman in the county; and permit me to mention, in *sotto voce*,—(I would not have it repeated for the world)—that his master could not possibly dismiss him on the charge of heedlessness, because he himself once possessed *unincumbered* property by field and flood,—wooded hills, verdant vales, and pure-gushing rivers. Those fair heritages are, however, unfortunately passing into the hands of other proprietors; and the hair of the generous good-natured landlord has become white, and sorrow has furrowed his brow, long before sixty summers have glowed upon his head. His children, too, do not hold that station in society to which their birth entitles them; and latterly he has not been so often on the grand jury, nor at the new Member's dinners. The poor love him as well as ever; but the rich

have neglected, in a great degree, his always hospitable board. Rats, it is said, desert a falling house: have nobles, then, the same propensity? Be it as it may, the parish priest told me, in confidence, that all the change originated in our excellent friend's never thinking of TO-MORROW.

TO A BLIND GOLDFINCH.

'Tis a fond foolish sympathy I feel

With thee, poor sightless sufferer! whose strain
Bewails the cruelty of burning steel,

And life's long darkness torturing more than pain.
I droop like thee; my hopeless spirit pines

Through darkened months, perhaps the germ of years,
E'en more than when those cold and cruel lines

Stunned thought and feeling, till relieved by tears.

Like thee, I feel the light I loved withdrawn,

The gloom oppressing with perpetual weight;
To thee sad memory brings the dewy lawn—

To me the social hours I shared so late;
Captivity and darkness prompt thy song—

As dark an exile bids me idly rhyme:
To each the hours uncounted steal along;

Why should the hopeless watch the flight of time?

C. B. S.

May, 1829.

TRYSTING TIMES.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

I.

WHEN young leaves are springing
In forest and lea,
And swallows are winging
Home over the sea ;
When grey rocks are blushing
With harebell and heath,
And small rills are gushing
In music beneath ;—
Oh then for blithe meetings
Beneath the fair sky !
Oh then for fond greetings
With lip, lute, and eye !

II.

When winter comes riding
To waste and deform,
A grim king bestriding
His steeds of the storm;
And fierce waves are prowling
Round ships in the bay;
And wild winds are howling
Like wolves for their prey;—
Oh then for blithe meetings
Within the loved home!
Oh then for fond greetings
Where no storm may come!

III.

When life's long day, chequered
With shadow and beam,
Hath fled like the record
That's left by a dream;
When bright flowers are weeping
Their leaves o'er our tomb,
Or brighter stars keeping
Kind watch o'er its gloom;—
Oh then for blithe meetings
Where grief dims not love!
Oh then for fond greetings
In calm spheres above!

A BARD'S ADDRESS TO HIS YOUNGEST
DAUGHTER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Come to my arms, my dear wee pet !
My gleesome, gentle Harriet !
The sweetest babe art thou to me
That ever sat on parent's knee ;
Thy every feature is so cheering,
And every motion so endearing.
Thou hast that eye was mine erewhile,
Thy mother's blithe and grateful smile,
And such a playful merry mien
That Care flies off whene'er thou 'rt seen.

And if aright I read thy mind,
The child of nature thou 'rt designed ;
For, even while yet upon the breast,
Thou mimick'st child, and bird, and beast ;

Canst cry like Maggy o'er her book,
And crow like cock, and caw like rook,
Boo like a bull, or blare like ram,
And bark like dog, and bleat like lamb :
And when afield in sunshine weather
Thou minglest all these sounds together, —
Then who can say, thou happy creature !
Thou'rt not the very child of nature ?

Child of my age and dearest love !
As precious gift from God above,
I take thy pure and gentle frame,
And tiny mind of mounting flame ;
And hope that through life's chequered glade,
That weary path that all must tread,
Some credit from thy name will flow
To the old bard who loved thee so.
At least thou shalt not want thy meed,
His blessing on thy beauteous head,
And prayers to Him whose sacred breath
Lightened the shades of life and death —
Who said with sweet benignity,
“ Let little children come to me.”

'Tis very strange, my little dove !
That all I ever loved, or love,
In wondrous visions still I trace,
While gazing on thy guiltless face.
Thy very name brings to my mind
One, whose high birth and soul refined

Withheld her not from naming me,
Even in life's last extremity.
Sweet babe ! thou art memorial dear
Of all I honour and revere !

Come, look not sad : though sorrow now
Broods on thy father's thoughtful brow,
And on the reverie he would dwell—
Thy prattle soon will that expel.
— How darest thou frown, thou freakish fay !
And turn thy chubby face away,
And pout, as if thou took'st amiss
Thy partial parent's offered kiss ?
Full well I know thy deep design ;
'Tis to turn back thy face to mine,
With triple burst of joyous glee,
And fifty strains at mimicry !

Crow on, sweet child ! thy wild delight
Is moved by visions heavenly bright :
What wealth from nature may'st thou gain,
With promptings high to heart and brain !
But hope is all — though yet unproved,
Thou art a shepherd's best beloved :
And now above thy brow so fair
And flowing films of flaxen hair,
I lay my hand once more, and frame
A blessing, in the holy name
Of that supreme Divinity
Who breathed a living soul in thee.

LUCIFER.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

— Λόγος ἐστὶ ψευδὴς εἰκονίζων ἀλήθειαν.

Athonii Progymnasmata.

IN an ancient chronicle of Arezzo, which still remains in manuscript in the church of St. Angelo, in that city*, there is found the following very extraordinary story of the painter Spinello Aretino, to which Lanzi alludes briefly, in his History of Painting in Italy. No farther notice has, I believe, been taken of it by any other writer whatever, although it appears to me to be singularly well calculated to gratify or to excite the curiosity of those who love to pry into the mysteries of human nature, and to mark the strange avenues by which mortals sometimes approach the gates of death. Though I was not permitted, while at Arezzo, to copy any portion of the manuscript, the adventures, if they may be so called, of this unfortunate artist, made so

* Vide Catal. Manuscript. Sanct. Ang. No. 817. 4to. Rom. 1532.

profound an impression upon me, that they frequently present themselves to my memory when I least desire it, and float in long and fearful procession before my inward sight, saddening and harrowing up my soul. However desirous, therefore, I may be to banish such unpleasant images, forgetfulness is altogether out of the question; and, indeed, I have generally remarked, that when once a disagreeable idea has got footing in the mind, no effort of the will is capable of driving back the unwelcome intruder into oblivion. Perhaps by clothing the vision with words I may in some measure vulgarize it, transform it into a mere tale that is told, and thus prevent it from tormenting me any further; as persons sometimes get rid of a ghost by pointing him out to another.

When Spinello first arrived at Arezzo, he took lodgings in the house of an artist, who, although he possessed no great share of genius, had contrived to amass considerable wealth. This artist was no other than Bernardo Daddi, whose son, also named Bernardo, afterwards became the pupil of Spinello, and almost eclipsed his father's reputation. Besides this son, Bernardo had several other children, and among the rest a daughter named Beatrice, then just verging upon womanhood. With this daughter it was to be expected that Spinello would immediately be in love; but our young artist had left behind him, in his native village, a charming girl, to whom he was in a manner betrothed; and he was the last man in the world to look upon another with a wandering heart. He, therefore, lived

in the same house, and ate at the same table with Beatrice, without even discovering that she was beautiful; while they who merely caught a glance of her at church, or as she moved, like a vision, along the public walk, pretended to be consumed with passion.

Fathers, whether their children are beautiful or not, are often desirous of preserving an image of them during their golden age, when time, like the summer sun, is only ripening the fruit he will afterwards wither, and cause to drop from the bough. Bernardo was possessed by this desire; and as he never dreamed that any pencil in Arezzo, but his own, could reproduce upon canvass the lovely countenance of Beatrice, he spent, as from his opulence he could now afford to do, a considerable portion of his time in painting her portrait. The girl, however, who was not greatly addicted to meditation, and could not read, for books had not then come into fashion, grew melancholy during these long sittings, and her father perceived it. At first no remedy presented itself. He endeavoured, indeed, to converse with her a little in his uncouth way; but he had not cultivated the art of talking, and quickly exhausted his topics. He next introduced his son Bernardo, the junior of Beatrice by one year, whose efforts at creating amusement, being constrained and unnatural, for he came against his will, were little more successful than his own. At length the idea of engaging the services of his lodger, with whom he had observed that Beatrice sometimes laughed and chatted of an evening, occurred to him, and he forthwith mentioned the subject

to Spinello. The young man entertained a very strong affection for Bernardo, who, if he wanted genius, was far from being destitute of amiable and endearing qualities; and therefore, notwithstanding that he felt it would greatly interfere with his studies, and trench upon his time, he immediately determined to comply with the old man's desires.

The next morning saw Spinello installed in his new office. Beatrice was seated like a statue in an antique chair, with her arms crossed upon her bosom, her eyes fixed upon vacancy, and her features screwed, in spite of herself, into an expression of weariness and impatience. By degrees, however, as Spinello conversed with her, now of one trifle, then of another, her eyes involuntarily wandered to that portion of the room in which the young dialectician sat involved in shadow, and exerting all his eloquence and ingenuity to awaken her attention. The experiment succeeded. Spinello was entreated to be present the next day, the day following, and, in fact, every day, until the portrait was completed, or, at least, nearly so. By this means the young man was led to gaze for whole hours together upon the face of Beatrice; until at length, feeling from a distance, as it were, the influence of beauty, he was enabled to explain, as well as the old philosopher, why Cupid is painted with arrows. He gazed, as I have said, upon the face of Beatrice, and would sometimes spend a moment in examining the inanimate representation of it, and in instituting a comparison between it and the original; and one day, forgetting in his idolatry

of loveliness the respect due to old age, he snatched the pencil from the hand of Bernardo, and with singular ardour and impatience exclaimed—"Let me finish it!" Without uttering a word, the old man, awed by the vehemence of his manner, yielded up the pencil; and Spinello proceeded, as if in a dream, to embody upon the canvass the ideas of beauty which inhabited his soul. When his fit of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, he perceived what he had done, and began, with many blushes, to apologise for his extravagance: but the old man, charmed with the delicacy and freedom of his touches, declared that he alone was competent to represent the charms of Beatrice, and that to him he yielded up the honour.

Spinello, thus entrapped by his own enthusiasm, could do no other than proceed with the portrait. Though infinitely desirous not to wound the feelings of Daddi, he perceived at once that it would be necessary to recast the whole design of the piece, to change the style of colouring—in a word, to paint a new picture. Daddi, who loved his child still more than his art, and wished to preserve and transmit to posterity a likeness of her, by whomsoever painted, was not offended, though he was a little hurt, by this freedom, and without murmur or objection allowed Spinello to accomplish his undertaking in whatever manner he pleased. The young man went to work with a satisfaction and alacrity he had never before experienced; and the image of Beatrice, passing into his soul, to be thence reflected, as from one mirror upon another, on the canvass, shed

the light of Paradise over his fancy—as the musk-deer perfumes the thicket in which it slumbers.

Though this picture is greatly celebrated in Italy, and especially at Arezzo, I shall not pause to describe it minutely, or dwell upon the effect which it produced upon my imagination when I first beheld it. Perhaps, as I knew the story of the artist, my feelings might be traced to another source; but I well remember how strongly I was moved on first beholding the pale and thoughtful countenance of Beatrice. She is represented reclining, in a chaste and thoughtful attitude, on an antique couch at the foot of a pillar: flowers and flowering shrubs appear to shed their perfume around; and a spreading tree, with a vine loaded with grapes climbing up its trunk and branches, stretches over her. In the back-ground the sky only, and a few dusky trees, appear. The design, it will be perceived, is meagre enough, but the execution is incomparably beautiful; and it may be safely affirmed, that if immortality upon earth was all that Bernardo coveted for his child, his prayer has been granted. A thousand pens have been employed in celebrating this picture, and Italian literature must perish ere Beatrice be forgotten.

It were as easy to count the billows which roll before the breath of the tempest over the wintry sea, as to describe that series of signs by which the soul reveals through the countenance the changes which take place in its condition; and therefore I shall not pretend to say by what means, since it was not by words, Spinello discovered that he was beloved by Beatrice: but assuredly

the discovery gave him considerable pain ; for he was not one of those vulgar men, who, like the pagans of old, can pass with unconcern from the worship of one idol to another. The woman, whose image he had first set up in his heart, though the image only had latterly been visible to him, was still the deity of the shrine, and he neither dared nor wished to bend the knee to a new object. Still the form of Beatrice would rise up both in his sleeping and waking dreams before his fancy, among his most cherished associations ; and her features, although he observed it not, mingled themselves, as it were, with the elements of every picture he painted.

While this was the state of his mind and feelings, Spinello was engaged to paint his famous picture of the ' Fall of the Angels,' for the church of St. Angelo at Arezzo. The design of this great work, which has been celebrated by Vasari, Moderni, and other writers on Italian art, was at once magnificent and original ; and the countenance and figure of Lucifer, upon which the artist appeared to have concentrated all the rays, as it were, of his genius, were conceived in a manner fearfully sublime. Spinello disdained the vulgar method of binding together, by an arbitrary link, all the attributes of ugliness, which artists have generally pursued when they would represent the greatest of the fallen angels ; and, after meditating long upon the best mode of embodying the principle of evil, determined to clothe it with a certain form of beauty, though of a kind not calculated to delight, but on the contrary to awaken in

the soul all those feelings of uneasiness, anxiety, apprehension and terror, which usually slumber in the abysses of our nature, and are disturbed only on very extraordinary occasions. In short, the beauty of Spinnello's Lucifer was that of the lightning, dazzling, pale, and fearful, such as it appears to the benighted traveller on some unknown and unsheltered heath, when the bright flashes, as they pass, appear to be the arrows of death, and himself the quarry at which they are successively darted.

From the moment in which he began to delineate this miraculous figure, a singular change seemed to have taken place in his whole nature. His imagination, like a sea put in motion by the wind, appeared to be in perpetual agitation. He was restless and uneasy when any other occupation kept him away from his picture ; and when he returned to it the motions of his mind, far from subsiding into that delicious tranquillity which generally accompanies the performance of a beloved task, only grew more violent and untractable. As his health was good, and his frame vigorous though susceptible, this state of excitement was at first rather pleasing than otherwise. He indulged himself, therefore, with those agitating visions, as they may be called, which the contemplation or recollection of his Lucifer called up before his mind ; as daring and ostentatious men sometimes sport upon the edge of a precipice. At length, however, the idea of the mighty fallen angel, whose form he had delighted to clothe with terror and sublimity, began to present itself under a

new character to his mind ; and instead of being a subject to be fondled, as it were, and caressed by the imagination, seemed as it approached maturity to manifest certain mysterious qualities, which, like the carnivorous propensities of the lion reared in domesticity, were altogether unexpected by the fosterer, and engendered terror and apprehension rather than delight.

Spinello's *studio* now began to be a place of torture to him, and he turned his eyes towards the amusements of the world, which he had hitherto shunned and scorned. He frequented the society of other young artists, with whom he often strolled into the woods, or rather groves, for which this portion of Etruria was always remarkable, sometimes traversing or descending the Val d'Arno, at others roaming about the ruins, or visiting the site of Pliny's Tuscan Villa. On returning in high spirits from one of these excursions, he learned by the letter of a friend that the object of his first love had proved unfaithful, and been united in marriage to another. This event, though it had no connexion whatever with his former cause of uneasiness, threw a new gloom over his imagination, in the midst of which the figure of Lucifer, dilating, like an image in the mists of the desert, to superhuman dimensions, stood up to scare and torment him afresh.

The unhappy young man, wounded in his feelings, and haunted by the shadow of his own idea, now fled to Beatrice for relief ; and her tone of thinking, which had in it something of the Stoic cast, united with a manner at once playful and dignified, delighted him exceedingly.

They conversed together on many occasions for whole hours ; and the trains of thought which at such times swept like glorious pageants through his mind, followed each other too rapidly to allow of the existence of melancholy. Sometimes, indeed, Spinello would observe that when he gazed in rapture, rather than in passion, upon the face of Beatrice, a certain something, like a ray of light, or a spark of fire falling upon an altar, would penetrate his soul, and kindle a sudden and fierce pain ; but it usually passed quickly away, and was forgotten. By degrees, however, its recurrence became more frequent, and the pain it inflicted more intense ; and consequently there soon mingled a considerable portion of uneasiness in his intercourse with his fair and beautiful friend. The existence of this strange feeling, however, appeared to him so extraordinary and inexplicable, that he now began to feel extremely desirous of tracing it to its source, to discover whether it indicated any hateful or abominable quality in the cause of it, or was merely the result of some peculiarity in his own organization. He meditated on the subject in vain. Beatrice always came out of the furnace of examination more bright and pure than ever ; and the perplexed, irritated, and unhappy artist, unable to account for the phenomena by which he was tormented, gradually learned to consider them as some of those mysteries of nature, which, however we may scrutinize them, we can never penetrate.

At length the picture was completed, and placed in the church of St. Angelo, above the altar ; and Spinello

felt relieved, as if the weight of the whole universe had been removed from his spirit. He now chatted with Bernardo, or with his pupil, and the other young artists of Arezzo ; or enjoyed the passionate and almost solemn converse of Beatrice, who from a lively, laughing girl, had now been transformed, by some hidden process of nature, into a lofty-minded, commanding woman.

His constant and almost devotional application to his great picture had considerably shattered his nerves, and he felt his natural susceptibility so much increased, that, although it was now summer, and the earth covered with glorious verdure, and the air peopled with balmy breezes, which seemed to have dipped their wings in all the spices and perfumes of the East, the horrible idea which had so long haunted him soon returned ; and a cloud spread itself over his imagination, which all the hurricanes that vex the ocean could not have blown away. To dissipate this unaccountable sadness, he wandered forth alone, or with Beatrice, over the sunny fields ; but he felt, as he wandered, that his heart was a fountain which sent forth two streams, —the one cool, delicious, healing, as the rivers of Paradise ; the other dark, bitter, and burning, like the waters of hell : and they gushed forth alternately, accordingly as his thoughts communicated with the recollection of his own picture, or with the landscapes around him, painted in celestial colours by the hand of God. Beatrice, who walked by his side, was herself a mystery. To feel the pressure of her hand, to hear her breathe, to listen to the music of her voice, was a bliss

unspeakable ; and there was a sovereign beauty in her countenance which seemed to cast forth rays of joy and gladness upon every thing around her, as the sun lights up with smiles the cool waves of the morning. Yet Spinello felt that as often as this fragment of Paradise, as it might justly be termed, was turned towards him, lightnings appeared to gleam from it which dismayed and withered his soul. At such moments a piercing cold darted through his frame ; and when it passed away, a tremor and shivering succeeded, which withered all his energies. In fact, whether in the society of Beatrice or not, Spinello now found that the terrible form of Lucifer, which his genius had created, was ever present with him, standing, as it were, like a mighty shadow, between him and the external world, and eclipsing the glory of earth and heaven. And when in the gloom of the evening he sometimes instinctively closed his eyes, as if to shut out some corporeal sight, he discovered that, like the image of the Oriental lover, the abhorred figure had taken up its abode between his eyelids and his eyes, and was not to be shunned.

The summer passed away in this manner, and autumn drew near ; and as the glories of the sun became dimmer, the figure of Lucifer appeared to increase in dimensions and brilliancy, and acquired more power over the imagination of Spinello. The apparition usually made choice of the night for its most awful visits ; and when the unhappy artist lay down to court slumber upon his couch, the Lord of Lost Spirits

seemed to lie down beside him, in all his fearful beauty, to project himself into the sphere of his sleeping fancy, and to envelop himself in all the folds of his dreams.

Tortured by an enemy who appeared to have passed by some dreadful process into the very core of his being, Spinello felt his energies and his health departing from him; while his imagination, into which every faculty of his mind appeared to be fast melting, increased in force and volume, as a wintry torrent is increased by the waters of every neighbouring streamlet. At length it occurred to him that perhaps this demon of his fancy, which he was well convinced was an unreal phantom, yet could not banish, might possess no resemblance to the figure his pencil had produced; and might disappear, or at least be reduced to the condition of ordinary ideas, by a comparison with the bodily representative of his original conception. This thought presented itself to his mind one night in October, as he lay tossing about in sleepless agony upon his bed. He instantly started up, dressed, threw on his cloke, which the coolness of the night, windy and dark, rendered necessary; and seizing a lighted torch, issued forth towards the church.

The holy edifice stood in those days, when Arezzo was but a small place, at some little distance from the dwellings of the citizens, and was surrounded by a thick grove of sycamores mingled with pine trees. The townsfolk had long retired to rest, and the streets were empty and desolate. Not even the shadow of a

monk flitted by him as he passed, with his torch flaring in the wind, and casting an awful and almost magical light upon the houses, painted, according to the fashion of the time and country, in broad stripes of deep red and white. As he approached the church, the wind, whistling through the pine branches, which swung to and fro, and flapped against each other, like the wings of the fabled Simoorg, or of some mighty demon struggling with the blast, sounded like numerous voices issuing from the black roof of clouds above him, and shrieking as he passed. At length he entered the church, which in those times stood open day and night to the piety of the people, and drew near the altar. Upon the walls on both sides were suspended rude images of the Saviour carved in wood, and blackened by time, and numerous antique scripture-pieces by Giotto, Cimabue, and other fathers of the art, which seemed to start into momentary existence as Spinello's torch cast its red light upon them. At every step, his heart beat violently against his side, and appeared as if it would mount into his throat and choke him. But his courage did not fail, and he ascended the Mosaic steps of the chancel, and, with his torch in one hand, climbed up upon the altar and lifted his eyes towards the picture. As he stood on tip-toe on the altar and passed his torch along the wall, the mighty ranks of the fallen angels, in headlong flight before the thunderbolts of heaven, seemed to emerge from the darkness, with the awful form of Lucifer in the extreme rear reluctantly yielding even to Om-

nipotence itself, while blasting lightnings played about his brow and eyes, that flashed with the fires of inextinguishable fury. On first casting his eyes over his picture, a feeling of self-complacency and pride stole over the soul of the artist. No one had ever before succeeded, as no one but Milton has since, in delineating that tremendous majesty which sits upon the throne of hell. But as he continued to gaze with a kind of idolatry at the work of his own hands, his imagination became excited by degrees, and life appeared to be infused into the figure of the gigantic demon. In spite of the singular beauty of the features, which looked like those of an arch-angel, the face before him appeared to be but a mask, beneath which all the passions of hell were struggling, gnawing, and stinging, and devouring the heart of their possessor. "The baleful eyes, that witnessed huge affliction and dismay," appeared to flame in the obscure light, like the fabled carbuncle of the Kaianian king; and the mighty limbs seemed to make an effort to free themselves from the canvass, and spring forth upon the floor of God's temple. As this idea rushed upon the mind of Spinello, the wind, moaning through the aisles, and multiplied by the echoes, sounded like the voices of wailing and desolation, which, the imagination may suppose, mingled in dismal concert when the spirits fell from heaven; and the artist, overpowered by the crowd of horrors which fastened like hungry vultures upon his fancy, sprang from the altar, and, stumbling in his haste, extinguished his torch. His imagination,

now wrought up to a frenzied pitch by the awful scene, distinguished in every moan of the blast the shrieks of a fallen spirit; and the wind, as if to increase his misery, raised its voice and swept through the sacred building with tremendous power, howling, and shrieking, and gibbering as it passed. The demoniac excitement of the moment now became too great to be endured. Spinello sunk upon the ground, struck his forehead against an angle of the altar, and fainted away. How long he remained in this condition, he could never conjecture; but when he recovered his senses, all around him appeared like the illusion of a dream. The wind had died away, the darkness had disappeared, the moon had risen, and was now throwing in its mild and beautiful light through the long windows upon the chequered pavement; and, rising from the ground, he crawled out of the church and reached his lodgings.

The next day he was too unwell to leave his bed; and Bernardo, with his whole family, who loved the young man, and were anxious to discover and remove the cause of his misery, came to see and console him. Beatrice was the first who entered; and when Spinello heard the sound of her footsteps, which he could most accurately distinguish, a beam of joy visited his heart, a tear of delight trembled in his eye, and he blessed her fervently. When he lifted his eyes to her countenance, however, the vision of the preceding night seemed to be renewed, and the hated form of Lucifer, with all his infernal legions, swept before his

fancy. Ignorant of what was passing through his mind, and with a heart yearning towards him with more than a sister's love, Beatrice approached his bed; and, kneeling down beside it, took hold of his hand which was stretched out languidly towards her. She felt that it was burning with fever, and that his whole frame was at that moment agitated in a fearful manner. He spoke not a word; but turned away his face, as if by a desperate effort to recover his composure, while he held her hand with a convulsive grasp. She saw his chest heave, and his eyes roll awfully, as he gradually turned towards her. And at length, finding it was vain to struggle any longer to conceal his feelings, he threw himself upon his face, pressed her trembling hand to his lips, and burst into a passionate and uncontrollable flood of tears. Beatrice, surprised and overcome by the scene, hid her own face in the clothes and wept with him; while her father, her mother, and the whole family, stood motionless upon the floor of the apartment, transfixed with sorrow and oblivious of every other consideration.

By degrees the young man recovered his composure, as persons generally do after shedding tears, and his heart seemed to be relieved. Beatrice also experienced the same change; and her father, a humane and compassionate old man, supposing that love might have some share in the misery of his lodger, after motioning his whole family to leave the room, drew near the bed, and inquired of Spinello whether his affection for Beatrice had any share in his present unhappiness;

and whether her hand, for her heart he perceived was already his, would make any change in the state of his mind. At this new proof of the old man's love, Spinello could scarcely contain himself. For the moment Lucifer left him, while visions of delight and joy painted themselves upon his fancy. To reveal to Bernardo, however, or to any other human being, the real cause of his misery, would, he was fully persuaded, expose him to the suspicion of insanity; and that we can, on such occasions, conceal what passes within us, is an advantage, the full value of which is not always understood by the vulgar. His expressions of gratitude, though few and brief, were vehement and sincere; and his mind becoming wholly occupied with this new idea, his fever soon left him; and in a few days he was again able to breathe the balmy air, with his future bride by his side.

His health still appeared, however, to be but feeble; and the benefit of change of residence being understood in those times as well as in our own, Spinello was counselled to remove for a season to some sea-port town on the coast of Naples. Through mere chance, and not from any classical predilection, he chose Gaëta, anciently Cajeta, whither Lælius and Scipio used to retire from the politics of Rome to amuse themselves with picking up shells upon the sand. To render the excursion more pleasant and profitable, Bernardo determined to accompany his intended son-in-law, and to make Beatrice also a partner of the journey; and their preparations being soon completed,

they departed in good spirits, and in due time arrived at the place of their destination.

Lodgings were taken in the neighbourhood of the town, near the beach ; and the lovers, now comparatively happy, daily strolled together along the margin of the Tyrrhene sea, which, rolling its blue waves in tranquil succession towards the shore, broke in soft murmurs at their feet. For a time the mighty demon of his imagination seemed to have deserted him for ever, while Love, with his playful mien and celestial countenance, sported in his stead in the warm recesses of his fancy. He now began to experience a secret exultation, in his delivery from his inexorable enemy ; and as he walked with Beatrice along the sand, or sat down on some wave-worn rock beside the waters, he would gaze with inexpressible triumph and delight upon the glorious form of his mistress, as the wind lifted her heavy golden tresses from her shoulders, which sparkled like alabaster in the sun. Ever and anon, however, when the beautiful creature suddenly turned her dark eyes upon him, a sharp pang would dart through his frame, and throw him into momentary but fearful perturbation. But these fits were not of frequent recurrence, and all his endeavours to discover their mysterious cause were vain and fruitless.

They had now been some months at Gaëta, when Beatrice was suddenly called home by her mother, who had been seized with a dangerous illness. Her father of course accompanied her on her return : but Spinello, in spite of his entreaties and remonstrances,

was compelled to remain where he was; as Beatrice, who feared that Arezzo might recal all his gloomy ideas, peremptorily insisted that he should never return, but settle at Gaëta, or remove to Naples. He therefore submitted, but with a heavy heart; and saw his guardians, as it were, depart from him, and leave him to himself.

What he seemed to fear when they left him, soon came to pass. With solitude Lucifer returned; and he now presented himself so frequently, and in such awful colours to Spinello's mind, that the little fabric of health which had been reared with so much care, was quickly thrown down, while visions of horror swept over the ruins. It should here be observed, that Spinello had now learned to associate every hateful and abominable idea with this tremendous demon of his imagination; and they who know what countless hosts of phantoms can be drawn from the regions of fear, and marshalled in terrible array by the fancy, will not greatly wonder at the effect which the fearful vision that perpetually floated before the eyes of the artist at length produced upon his mind and body.

His health, which now declined more rapidly than ever, was soon irrecoverably destroyed; his frame wasted visibly away; and as his body grew weaker, his visions increased in horror, until at length the intellect tottered upon its basis, and almost gave way beneath their intolerable pressure. In a few weeks he was shrunk to a skeleton, while his eyes shone with preternatural brilliancy; so that the people of the house

where he lodged, were terrified at his appearance and avoided his looks. For his own part, he was scarcely conscious of the existence of the external world, every thing around him appearing like the creations of a dream — mere shadows with whom he could have no sympathy. There seemed, in fact, to be but two beings in the universe — himself and Lucifer ; and he felt that he was engaged in a struggle which must terminate the existence of the one or the other. When he succeeded in freeing himself for a moment from the fangs of this vision, and could repel it to some little distance from his mental eye, he perceived, as distinctly as possible, its illusory nature, and wondered at the power it exerted over his imagination. If, however, he obtained a momentary respite of this kind, it was not, as in the case of Prometheus (whose vulture was of the same brood as his demon), by night, but at sun-rise, when the God of the Magi stepped, as it were, upon his throne to receive the homage of the earth. The hour of repose, as night is to the fortunate and the happy, was to him the hour of torture ; and he daily lingered about the sea-shore, anxiously watching the setting sun, and trembling more and more as the glorious luminary approached the termination of his career and disappeared behind the purple waves. As soon as darkness descended upon the earth, Lucifer, if absent before, invariably alighted with it, and stood beside his victim, who, clapping his hands upon his eyes, would fly with a howl or a shriek towards the habitations of men.

At length he became convinced that his last hour drew near; and he blessed God that his struggle was about to terminate. As soon as this idea took possession of his mind, he grew a little more tranquil; and, excepting when he thought of Beatrice, awaited the final hour with a kind of satisfaction. In this pious mood of mind, he one evening wandered to his usual haunt on the sea-side. The sun had set — the moon and all the stars were in heaven — and the earth and the sea were sleeping in the silver light. He sat him down on a lofty rock overhanging the sea, which was deep and still in that part; and with the waves on his left, and the earth in all its loveliness on his right, he raised his eyes towards heaven, and was absorbed in devotion. At that moment, a face of unutterable beauty presented itself in the bright moonlight before him. With a single glance, he discovered it was that of Lucifer, but softened to angelic loveliness. Uttering a wild and piercing shriek, he started from it towards the edge of the precipice. Beatrice — for it was she — instantly caught him by the hand to drag him back; and pronounced his name. The words and the touch dissipated his illusion; and with the rapidity of lightning revealed to his mind the fatal secret of his misery. He now saw that, having been occupied with thoughts of her when he painted his picture, he had lent a portion of her beauty to the fallen archangel; and hence the pain her looks had occasionally inflicted on him. While this conviction darted into his mind, he was already falling

over the precipice ; but he still grappled at the rock, and made desperate efforts to recover himself. Beatrice, also, finding that he was going and drawing her after him, for she still held him by the hand, caught hold of a tuft of grass which grew on the edge of the cliff and grasped it convulsively. In this situation they hung for an instant, suspended over the abyss ; but the grass-tuft by which she clung gradually gave way ; and in another instant a sullen plunge in the deep waters below told that the loves and miseries of Spinello and Beatrice were ended.

Note. --- The passage of Lanzi, to which I referred at the commencement, is as follows : " The ' Fall of the Angels,' still remains in St. Angelo, at Arezzo, in which Lucifer is represented so terrible, that it afterwards haunted the dreams of the artist, and, deranging both his mind and body, hastened his death. Bernardo Daddi was his scholar."--- *History of Painting in Italy*, vol. i. p. 65. *Roscoe's Translation.*

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

WE spoke no word ; we uttered not a sigh ;
 We only gazed upon the evening sky,
 Whose glories on our tranced vision grew
 Till heaven's own gates seemed opening to our view.
 — Oh ! 'twas an hour of pure intense delight !
 Life has but ONE so exquisitely bright !
 In vain — in vain ! — no *after* years may bring
 Aught like the bloom of Love's delicious Spring !

R. F. H.

TO MR. LUCAS.

(Written whilst sitting to him for my Portrait. December 1828.)

BY MISS MITFORD.

OH young and richly gifted! born to claim
 No vulgar place amidst the sons of fame;
 With shapes of beauty haunting thee like dreams,
 And skill to realise Art's loftiest themes;
 How wearisome to thee the task must be
 To copy these coarse features painfully;
 Faded by time and paled by care, to trace
 The dim complexion of this homely face;
 And lend to a bent brow and anxious eye
 Thy patient toil, thine Art's high mastery.
 Yet by that Art, almost methinks divine,
 By touch and colour and the skilful line
 Which at a stroke can strengthen and refine,
 And mostly by the invisible influence
 Of thine own spirit, gleams of thought and sense
 Shoot o'er the care-worn forehead, and illumine
 The heavy eye, and break the leaden gloom:
 Even as the sun-beams on the rudest ground
 Fling their illusive glories wide around,
 And make the dullest scene of nature bright
 By the reflexion of their own pure light.



Engraved by T. A. Dean

THE NEW MONTH

Printed by J. W. G. 1844

THE HONEYMOON

OF

Cupid and Psyche.

SWEET Cyprus ! the delicious breeze
Still floats across thy azure seas ;
The evening pours its western gold
Still lovely upon field and fold ;
Along the mountain's marble spine
Lovely as ever wreathes the vine ;
Still swells the mellow nightingale
As sweet a song along the vale :
On vale and stream, on grove and hill,
Nature is rich, bright, glorious still.

Yet all is changed. Oh, dull-winged Time,
Thou blight of Fancy's splendid prime,
No more the son of ecstasy
There breathes the strains that never die !
Upon thy mountain pinnacle,
Beside thy sea-shore's solemn swell,

Beside the rushing forest-stream,
Dreams he no more the poet-dream :
No more around the haunted springs
He hears the touch of golden strings,
Sees Faun and Nymph in sylvan glee,
Hears the soft Dryad from her tree,
And peoples sky and fount and grove
With tribes of beauty and of love.

'Twas here — some thousand years ago,
When Earth was in its summer glow ;
Before its winter's icy wind
Shook the rich blossoms of the mind —
Young Cupid and his blushing bride
The first fond month of marriage tried.
Here Psyche, of her woes beguiled,
Wandered unseen — a lovelier child :
Here Cupid, master of one heart,
Forswore for once his dangerous art ;
And broke his golden shafts and bow,
No more to sport with hearts below,
Giving sweet maidens restless pillows,
For lovers wild as winds or billows.

But Venus, with a mother's care,
Still kept her blue eye on the pair :
She felt, between a smile and sigh,
That honeymoons themselves will fly ;
That weeds will cling around the rose ;
And knew she had no time to lose ;

So called her group of little Loves
To bring her mantle, whip and doves ;
And, mounting in her crystal chair,
Began her journey through the air.
“ For Cyprus ! ” — Every harnessed bird
Looked brighter at the well-known word ;
All shook their plumage with delight,
And sprang from the celestial height.
A hundred Loves on perfumed wings
Swept round the car in silver rings.

A short half-hour, as Gods count time,
And Venus reached her native clime.
She found the wedded pair at play,
As if the world were always May ;
Waving their little restless pinions
Around their rosy-pathed dominions ;
Chasing and chased through groves and skies,
Like two enamoured butterflies.
But at their mother’s bright descent
They left their airy element ;
Arranged her couch beneath a bower,
Twined thick against the sun and shower ;
And nestling on the blossomed ground,
Awaited her advice profound.

“ My children,” said the handsome Queen,
“ Not even this Isle is always green ;
The brightest sky with clouds is fleckered,
And marriage is at best but chequered :

Now let your busy wings be furled,
And list to one who knows the world.
The blushes, Psyche, in those cheeks
Have had their spell four charming weeks ;
And my wild son has worn your chains :
Four times as long as mortal swains ;
And both you pretty idiots think
The eye of love will never wink !
But listen, Psyche, if you'd keep
That love from falling fast asleep ;
Watch the first rising of the yawn,
And, whether night or noon, begone ;
Disdain to talk of wrongs and rights,
The wife's long catalogue of slights ;
Let mortal spouses scold or pout,
Their breath but blows the taper out.
Be wiser, girl,—laugh, look sublime ;
(I've had some husbands in my time) —
Give hints that *two* can think of treason,
(Love never yet had brains for reason) —
And, though you wept to every star
Now beaming round the Evening's car ;
And though the midnight heard your sighs,
Show but one tear, the husband flies.
With answering scorn the truant meet—
The penitent is at your feet,
Implores the hand the mistress gave,
And lives the wife's eternal slave."

Ερως.

TO I—— M——,

DAUGHTER OF THE CELEBRATED HISTORICAL PAINTER.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

I.

I would this verse of mine could give
 The thing it paints to bloom for aye,
 Thy grace, thy beauty should survive
 When with his withering hand Decay,
 Envious of glorious things, had brought
 Temple and pyramid to nought.

II.

If thou, howe'er, to times unborn,
 Would'st pass with all the charms that now
 Thy buoyant sylph-like form adorn—
 The sunny smile, the thoughtful brow,
 The eye of summer light, the lip
 Whence the wild bee might nectar sip ;

III.

Lend me awhile thy father's art,—
In this above the powers of song,—
And I, for many a future heart
Treasuring anguish, 'mid the throng
Of women thus immortal made,
Will place thy beauty ne'er to fade.

IV.

Yet Ovid, and the Bard who sung
The Sparrow's Death, with glowing words
Have over Rome's young maidens flung
Tints warm and bright as art affords:
And if less fair thou seem to be,
Let the world blame my verse, not thee.

SONG.

GIVE ME, OH GIVE ME, MY DAY-DREAMS
AGAIN !

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

(Written in a Lady's Album.)

I.

I AM weary of thought, I am weary of strife,
I am weary almost of my profitless life ;
My brow is already all clouded and cold,
My eye waxeth dim, and my heart is grown old ;
My leaves in the spring-time are withered and brown,
And while yet it is morning my sun has gone down.

II.

Come, Spirit ! whom dimly I see through the gloom,
'Mid the moth-eaten tomes that encolumn my room,
Relume my dull lamp with the light of thy smile,
Once more of its cares my dark bosom beguile,
Shed the glory of youth o'er my life in its wane,
And give me, oh give me, my day-dreams again !

III.

With eyes like the blue-bell, when morning's rich dew
Mellows sweetly the depth of its heavenly blue —
With clustering ringlets that shadow a brow
No being would hide from man's worship but thou —
With a voice that of some long-lost melody tells —
With free step, and free glance, where bold innocence
dwells —

IV.

Appear! But if mortal the form thou wouldst show,
Take hers—thy sole sister and rival below —
Content and delighted a moment to dwell
In the shape and the soul of the young Isabelle —
Shedding flowers on my head, bringing smiles in thy
train,
Come, give me, oh give me, my day-dreams again!

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

THIS fair Volume to our eye
Human life may typify.
View the new-born infant's face
Ere yet Mind hath stamped its trace,
Or the young brain begun to think—
'Tis like this book ere touched by ink.
Look again : As time flows by
Expression kindles in the eye,
And dawning Intellect appears
Gleaming through its smiles and tears ;
Lightening up the living clay,
Year by year, and day by day ;
While the Passions, as they change,
Write inscriptions deep and strange,
Telling to observant eyes
Life's eventful histories.

Lady, even so thy book
By degrees shall change its look,

As each following leaf is fraught
With some penned or pictured thought,
Or admits the treasured claims
Of endeared and honoured names ;
While gleams of genius and of grace,
Like fine expression in a face,
Lend even to what is dark or dull
Some bright tinge of the beautiful.

Farther still in graver mood
Trace we the similitude ?
Apter yet the emblem grows
As we trace it to a close.
Life, with all its freaks and follies,
Mummeries and melancholies,
Fond conceits, ill-sorted matches,
Is—a book of shreds and patches ;
Stained, alas ! with many a blot,
And many a word we wish forgot,
And vain repinings for the past :
While Time, who turns the leaves so fast,
(The hour-glass in his other hand
With its ever-oozing sand,)
Presents full soon the final page
To the failing eye of Age,
Scribbled closely to the end—
Without a space to mar or mend.

MUIRSIDE MAGGIE.

*A Legend of Lammermuir.**

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE 'ODD VOLUME,' &c.

SOME years previous to the commencement of our story, the gudeman of Tullishill (a pasture farm in the uplands of Lammermuir, on the estates of the Earl of Lauderdale), after mourning a proper time for the death of his first wife, had wedded a young orphan, named Margaret Lylestone, who brought nothing to her husband but a frank blithe temper, a kindly heart, and a comely face; and pretty Menie, Tullishill's only child by his first wife, blessed her stars for having given her such a step-mother.

During a long period, Tullishill and his Maggie enjoyed uninterrupted happiness; for, although his years nearly doubled hers, the gratitude she felt for being taken from a state of dependence to be the gudewife of Tullishill, well supplied the place of more ardent feelings; and when, in consequence of failing crops and sheep smothered in the snow, poverty and distress

* Of the tradition on which this little rustic tale is founded, a particular account may be seen in Chambers' *Picture of Scotland*. Vide vol. i. p. 79.

unexpectedly invaded their once cheerful dwelling, her heart clung but the more kindly to the old man; and she strained every nerve to save him from the ruin which seemed to be fast approaching. But all would not do: and the dreaded term-day was now close at hand, and no rent prepared for their landlord.

“Maggie,” said the old man, as he sat at the ingle cheek, “Maggie, I’m daized with thinking what’s to come ower us; and my poor auld head can devise nae way but ane to get us out o’ thae sair straits; so you’ll just speed your ways to Thirlstane, and see what ye can make o’ the Earl. Ye’ll just tell him that fient a bawbee hae I to pay my rent, and if he’ll no gie us time, I kenna what’s to become o’ us.”

“Keep up your heart, gudeman,” replied Maggie, “and I’ll do your errand with right good will; for, though I ne’er had speech o’ an earl a’ my days, and folks say he’s but a rough-spun burly chiel, I’ll no boggle to face him to tell a true tale; and wha kens, Tullishill, but that he may gie us a lift out o’ this Slough o’ Despond yet.”

“May be, Maggie, may be; but certes, your great folk, wha ne’er hae had their taes tramped on by the black dog, canna be expected to ken what poor bodies hae to warsle wi’; and little do they think how sair it is to bide the cauld blasts o’ poortith, and the snash o’ them that hae mair o’ this warld’s gear than their neighbours. There’s Willie o’ the Hill-side, whom I mind a bare-legged herd-laddie at Kirtlebraes, had the impudence to say I surely didna guide my sheep

right, or I wadna hae lost sae mony o' them. It sets him, I trow, to gab to me that was a grown man afore he kent a hogg frae a gimmer!—but, bide a wee; it'll maybe be his turn next to lose his sheep, and gif a hunder or twa were smoored i' the snaw, troth, I wadna greet my een out."

"'Deed, gudeman!" answered Maggie, "it's a wonder to me that ye fash yoursel about him: let Willie just maunder on about the sheep, and never let on ye ken or care what he's hawering about."

"But, Maggie, d'ye no think it wad put up the birse o' ony man to be telled he didna ken the trade he was born and bred to? Haith! gin I hear ony mair o' his gab about my sheep, I'll sheep him."

"Tullishill," said Maggie, "it's mair than time for you to be in your nest: mind, gudeman, what I hae afore me the morn, and let me hae an hour's quiet to settle in my mind what I'm to say to the earl."

"Be sure, Maggie," said the old man, as he rose to prepare for bed, "be sure to tell him that the maist feck o' the sheep were smoored i' the snaw, and that the rot made an unco hishmahosh o' the rest."

"I wish," said Maggie, as she kindly drew a comfortable red nightcap on the head of her better half, "I wish the earl may ken what *hishmahosh* means; I'm feared he might think it some daft-like word."

"You're grown unco perjink," retorted her spouse; "but, to make a lang tale short, tell him they're a' dead; he'll surely ken what that means."

"Dinna put yoursel into a carfuffle, gudeman; but

just trust to me. It's no the first time that a woman's tongue has worked wonders. The earl is but a *man* after a'; and I reckon, Tullishill, I'm no that ill at turning *them* round my finger."

"Ye were aye a fleeching sorra', Maggie," said Tullishill, as he stepped into bed; "but if ye can fleech the earl to forgie us the rent, that will be ae good deed done by a woman's tongue; and take but this sack o' care aff my heart, and I'll ne'er say ye nay to ony thing ye may ask, as lang as there's breath left in this auld rickle o' banes. But hap my back, woman; I'm cauld without, and I'm cauld within. Heigh! but this is a dreigh weary warld; and what wi' ae thing and another, a feckless auld body like me is amaist driven doited."

"Now mind, gudeman," said Maggie, "if I speed in my errand, I'll keep ye to your bargain."

"Ye're unco ready," said the old man, as he poked his head above the clothes, "ye're unco ready to take a man at his word; hech sirs! folks should take gude care what they say afore ye, my woman, when ye're sae gleg to click them up: I see what ye're after; but, I tell you ance for a', Maggie, that my pet lamb shall ne'er gang into ane of Willie's pens. His lang-legged son, Jamie, needna come a-courting here. Sae gude night to ye, wife," he added, as he fluffed down under the clothes; "and let's hear nae mair about that job."

"Gude night, Tullishill," answered Maggie quietly; and, leaving the old man to his repose, she repaired

to the apartment of her pretty step-daughter, whom she found weeping bitterly.

“Menie, my bairn!” said Maggie, “this is no right; dry your een, and comfort your heart. There’s nae fear but that your father will be brought out o’ this strait. There’s One abune a’ that watches our ways, and orders a’ our steps. He has never failed them that put their trust in him, nor will he now.”

“But, mother, if my father canna pay the rent, what will become o’ us? Robert o’ the Lea says the earl is a hard man, and roup’d out auld Willie Johnstone last Martinmas, ’cause he wanted five pund o’ his rent; and if he does the same to us, it will break my very heart. Wae’s me! if I maun leave bonny Tullishill, where I hae lived sae lang, and been sae happy!”

“I hope, my bairn,” said Maggie kindly, “that that is no likely to happen; but, if it should be sae ordered, I trust you’ll no shame the godly example of your gude father and forebears, by gieing yoursel up to sinfu’ despair at the first gloom o’ fortune. Rise, my bairn! and let us ask a blessing on my errand the morn, and that He will put it into the heart o’ the earl to help your father in this his hour o’ need.”

This duty being performed, Maggie proceeded to give her step-daughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.

“Now, my dear bairn, ye maun be up betimes the morn, and I trust you’ll no forget to do as I shall bid ye. There are three bows o’ potatoes to be sent up to

the laird o' Scantrigs, and Jamie has promised to bring his father's cart to take them up; but ye needna fash your father wi' telling him wha is to take them to the laird, for ye ken he's no that weel pleased with Willie o' the Hill-side, and that makes him look sae dour at Jamie, poor chiel! wha has nae fau't that I ken o' but that o' being Willie's son, and I doubt that's past remeed: however, we'll get your father to look ower that. I wish ye could gar him lie in his bed the morn; he wad be weel out o' your road; but I doubt ye'll find that a kittle job. — And, Menie, there's three pund o' butter, and twa dozen o' eggs, and a pint o' cream to be sent by breakfast time to the laird o' Fillgullet; and he'll no be pleased if the cream is no sae thick as that a spoon may stand its lane in't, sae ye had best take it off Crookie's milk. And Sir John Fuddie has taken a notion o' the tappit cock and hen; and though I ken ye will be wae to part with them, we maunna say him nay, for he has muckle in his power to help your father."

"I got them frae Jamie," said Menie, as she wiped away a tear, "and he'll maybe think it no that kind in me to gie them away."

"I'll take Jamie in my ain hand: surely, when he hears the reason, he'll hae mair sense than to take the dorts for that. And now, Menie, it's time we were baith in our beds: gang awa, and tak' a fine sound sleep; for something in my heart tells me I'll speed on my errand."

Early the following morning, Maggie was seen wend-

ing her way to Thirlstane. On reaching the Castle, she entreated an audience of the earl, and the request was quickly granted.

"I hae come, my Lord," said Maggie with honest frankness, as she made a rustic curtsy, "a' the way frae Tullishill to tell you a' our distresses, and to ask you to forgie us the rent till better times come round. The sheep are amaist a' smooored in the snaw; and scant pasturage was there for the poor things, for the April snaw ne'er melts on the lands o' Tullishill. Sae, to make a lang tale short, my lord earl, we're no able to pay our rent, and if ye dinna help us, I kenna wha will."

"Are you the wife of old Tullishill, my good dame?" said the earl, as he looked with admiration on her frank and blithe countenance.

"That I am, your worship," answered Maggie; "and though I say it that shouldna say it, a better husband never lived; and hadna he been driven doited wi' the dunts o' misfortune, he wad hae been here himsel to tell your lordship's honour his ain tale."

"Tullishill, my pretty dame," replied the earl, with a smile, "consulted his interest fully as well in sending you to tell me the story of your mishaps. Why, a man must have a heart as cold as the unmelted snow on the Lammermuir hills to be able to resist such a pleader. But if I agree to your request, what am I to get in return?"

"Our thanks, our prayers, and our blessings," answered Maggie with fervor; "and, maybe, our help

in your hour o' need ; for the king may come in the cadger's road, and there are nane sae high but that they may hae a fa'. But take my gudeman out o' the pit o' despair, and I'll bring him here the morn to thank you on his bended knees."

"No, no," said the earl, with a good-humoured smile ; "let Tullishill keep among the hills of Lammermuir, and come yourself to see me."

"And will your lordship really help us out o' our distress ?"

"I have half a mind not to promise that now, just to bring you back again."

"I canna think that," replied Maggie, with a dignity that astonished the earl ; "ye hae mair kindness than ye'll let on, and mair humanity than to keep an auld man atween life and death, when ae word o' your mouth can send joy to his heart.—I see by your een that ye canna gainsay this, and that there's a yea or a nay coming.—I told Tullishill that I would speed on my errand, and surely, surely, my lord earl, you'll no let me be a fause prophet."

"I see, Maggie," said the earl, smiling, "that you want to have it all your own way ; but, if I agree to your request, you must let me name the terms."

"I will be blithe to do that," answered Maggie, with a look of honest confidence ; "for weel do I ken that your lordship will ne'er ask mair than I an' mine may fairly and freely grant."

"Well then, Maggie," replied the earl, "I freely forgive you the rent that is due ; and if you will bring

me a snow-ball in June, and a kiss as often as Martin-mas comes round, you shall sit rent-free as long as you will. And I may as well take my kiss just now, in token that the bargain is concluded ; and here," he continued, putting a purse of gold in her hand, " is a luck-penny to take home with you."

Overpowered by the generosity of the earl, Maggie poured out her gratitude in thanks and fervent benedictions. She then, with a joyful heart and light step, turned her back on Thirlstane Castle, and took her way homewards.

During Maggie's absence, Tullishill wandered from place to place, to the great discomfort of his daughter, who encountered him at every turn, and to whose repeated entreaties that he would settle himself in bed till Maggie's return, he lent a deaf ear. At length, provoked by her insisting on sending him to bed, *nolens volens*, he exclaimed—" I think the lassie has gane gyte ! what wad I gang to my bed for ? Do ye think that I could bow an ee when wae and distress are sae near my door-stane ? Na, na ; I'll just daunder about till Maggie comes hame."

" But, father," replied Menie, who was anxious to get the old man out of the way before the arrival of her lover and his cart, " I'm sure your daundering about the house this gate will no bring my mother back a minute sooner. Ye look real demented — sae I'll just gang and bring your cowl."

" Cowl me nane o' your cowls here !" replied Tullishill, waxing warm and striding to the window ; " it

passes my skill to ken what for ye are sae keen to put me to my bed at this time o' day. But wha the mischief is that coming up the brae? Sorra' take me if it's no Jamie o' the Hill-side! My certie! he is no that blate. — I see now what way ye were so keen to cocker me up with my cowl; but, I tell you, Menie, as I told your mother last night, that ne'er a bird out o' the Hill-side nest shall big in my tree. I wadna wonder that his father has sent him up to see if there are ony mair o' the sheep dead. But gang and see what he's wanting. By my conscience! he drives his cart up as briskly as if the lands of Tullishill were a' his ain!"

Menie was just about to obey this order, when Jamie entered, and, greeting the old man in a frank kindly manner, said that he was on his way to Scantrigs, and as he had heard Maggie say that she was going to send potatoes to the laird, he had called to offer to give them a cast in his cart.

"I'm muckle obliged to ye," said the old man, in a dry tone; "but there are nae potatoes going to Scantrigs the now: we hae other things to think o' than potatoes in thae times."

"But, Tullishill," continued James, "the gudewife hersel told me that the laird wanted them this very day; sae you may just as well let me take them up, now that I have come out o' my road for them."

"And wha the sorra' bid ye come out o' your road?" said the old man in a rage; "no me, I trow!"

"Nae offence, Tullishill," replied Jamie; "I only meant to do a neighbour-like action; and as the gude-

wife said that they were to gang up the day, I thought I wad just ca' in and take them up with me."

"If the gudewife," said Tullishill, in a sour tone, "tell't you that there were potatoes to be sent to Scant-rigs, the gudeman tells ye there are nane gaun that gate; sae there's an end o' t, and dinna fash me with ony mair o' your gab about the matter."

Menie, fearing that her lover's well-meant kindness would only serve to encrease her father's irritation, made a sign to him to drop the subject; and Jamie, finding that there was no hope of a private interview with his pretty Menie, soon after quitted the cottage.

When Maggie once more made her appearance at Tullishill, her first action was to throw her scarlet mantle to the other end of the room, and to send her straw bonnet spinning after it; her next was to take her husband round the neck and give him a hearty kiss.

"The deil's i' the wife!" said Tullishill, considerably discomposed by the vivacity of Maggie's movements; "is this a time for daffing?"

"Nane better, Tullishill," replied Maggie, "for we are brought out o' a' our straits this day! Aih! man, but my heart's just rinnin' ower with joy; and I daresay my een too," continued Maggie, as she wiped away a tear.

"And is it sae?" replied the old man; "His name be praised! But, Maggie, woman, tell us a' about it; tell us a' about it."

"Fient a bit o' me will tell you a word o' the matter," said Maggie, with a smile, "except that ye are to pay nae rent this term, and maybe as little the next."

“Maggie! Maggie! you’re surely maundering.”

“Maundering, or no maundering,” answered Maggie, “it’s as true as I tell you; but ye’re no to ask me ony questions, for I’ll no answer them; but this I will say, Tullishill, that I’ll ne’er put muckle faith in the character that the world gies to ony body. The earl is called a burly chiel; but a mair fair-spoken civil gentleman I ne’er saw atween the een. He has nae mair pride than our colley there; and spak to me in the same hamely way that I’m doing to you, gudeman. To hae heard him ye wad hae thought I was his marrow. But I’m dead wearied: sae we will just return thanks for the mercies o’ this day, and then stap away to our beds, for my feet are blistered, and my een are gathering straes.”

From this time forth every thing flourished with Tullishill; and as even his sheep prospered and grew fat, his displeasure against Willie o’ the Hill-side was considerably mollified. Enough, however, still remained to occasion the youthful lovers many anxious hours; but, cheered with the hope of vanquishing his enmity, they continued to love on, and left the event to time and fortune.

“What’s that you’re doing, Maggie?” said Tullishill to his wife, one fine morning in April, while she was busily employed in scraping together a large quantity of snow.

“I’m gathering our rent, hinney,” replied Maggie, with a merry laugh.

“That’s an ill joke, wife.”

"But I'm no joking, gudeman," replied Maggie, as she gaily shovelled the snow into a deep cleft of the rock, and strewed a quantity of oatmeal over it.

"Are ye gane clean gyte, Maggie, that you're wasting the gude meal that way?"

"It will no be wasted," said Maggie; "that pickle snaw will be worth mony gowden guineas to us afore a' is dune, for as little as ye think o't."

"Weel, Maggie," responded her husband, "if it's your pleasure to divert yoursel wi' gathering snaw-ba's, I'm sure I'll no be the man to hinder ye."

"That's right, Tullishill; and take my word for't, that my snaw-ba's are no to be sneezed at, for they'll bring us profit and pleasure baith, or I'm mista'en."

Many a time and oft did Maggie visit her concealed treasure, where it remained undisturbed until the month of June; when one fine morning she sped to the rocky dell, where even the rays of the summer sun could not penetrate, and, assisted by Malcolm, one of Tullishill's young shepherds, rolled the snow into a ball about three feet in diameter. She then desired him to bring round the cart, which stood prepared for her expedition, and into which Malcolm lifted the gigantic snow-ball; and Maggie had just seated herself beside it, when Tullishill appeared at her elbow.

"Gude guide us!" exclaimed the old man, in utter amazement, "my wife's deleerit! She's gotten a bee in her bannet!"

"If I hae a bee in my bannet," replied Maggie, "it is ane that will make store o' hinney for us. Now gang

awa hame, gudeman, and dinna be feared about me, for I hae a friend beside me," she continued, as she patted the snow-ball, "that will bring us good luck. Fareweel for a wee: Malcolm, gie the horse his head:"—and with these words away went Maggie.

On reaching Thirlstane, Maggie was told that she could not possibly see the earl, as he was then at dinner with a party of friends. "But I *maun* see him," replied Maggie; "I *maun* see him, though the king himself were taking his dinner wi' him. I am come here by the earl's ain commands: sae you'll just gang and tell him that Muirside Maggie has keepit tryst, and is here waiting his pleasure."

"I cannot believe, good woman," said the servant, "that the earl desired you to come here to-day; and yet if it should be so, I would not like to turn you away."

"Ye had as gude no," answered Maggie; "but, if ye dinna believe me, gang and ask the earl himsel, and no stand glowring there as if ye had seen a warlock."

Thus admonished, the servant disappeared; and soon returned to usher Maggie into the presence of the earl.

"Ye'll believe me another time, my man," said Maggie, with a good-humoured smile; "but ye *maun* now help me to row this *snaw-ba' ben* to the earl: I canna gang before him wanting that."

"Is the woman out of her senses!" answered the domestic; "what the mischief is the earl to do with that mountain of snow?"

"That's between him and me," said Maggie, with great composure; "but sin' ye winna lend me a help-

ing hand, I maun e'en take the herd lad wi' me ;" and as the domestic did not think proper to object to this, he quickly ushered Maggie and her treasure-bearer into the presence of the earl.

" I hae come, my lord earl," said Maggie, with a curtsy down to the ground, " according to my tryst ; and I hae brought you a sample o' the April snaw frae the lands o' Tullishill. And now that I hae keepit *my* word, I wad fain hope that your lordship will no gang back o' *yours*." And, so saying, Maggie rolled the snow-ball to the feet of the earl, much to the amusement of the guests, who seemed to enjoy the singularity of the scene, the cause of which the earl quickly explained.

" Well, Maggie," said the earl, " I must allow that you have fairly earned your reward ; and here I declare, in the presence of this company, that the gudeman of Tullishill shall sit rent-free all the days he has to live. And now, my blithe dame," he added, filling a bumper of claret, and presenting it to Maggie, " pledge my toast, that should any of us e'er be placed in difficulty or distress, we may find a Muirside Maggie to plead our cause, and help us to our ain again."

" With right good will I shall do that," answered Maggie, as she took the offered glass from the earl ; " and may ye find as kind a heart, and as willing a hand, as ye hae shewn to us when we were up to the neck in the cauld pit o' poortith."

" Bravo, Maggie !" said the earl, as he rose to drink the toast ; and, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the party, Maggie quitted the apartment, and gaily sped her way to Tullishill.

On seeing the joy of her husband at the intelligence which she brought to him, Maggie felt herself richly rewarded for her exertions ; but the pale cheek of her step-daughter reminded her that there was yet one thing wanting to complete her happiness ; and this was the consent of the old man to receive Jamie for his son-in-law, a point which Maggie, ' fleeching sorra,' as her husband called her, had hitherto failed to accomplish.

Time passed on : but while it restored peace and plenty to the board of Tullishill, it was preparing a very different fate for his benefactor, who, having in the ensuing civil war adopted the cause of royalty, was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester and committed to the Tower. This news spread grief amongst his friends and retainers ; but none took it so grievously to heart as Muirside Maggie, who directly set her wits to work to devise some mode of assisting the earl.

" Gudeman," said she, one evening, as they sat lamenting over the misfortunes of their landlord, " it will no do for us to be sitting here wi' our hands afore us, when he wha has gien us bread to eat is clapped up between four stane wa's. Clavering about his mishaps winna mend them : we maun be up and doing and no be daidling here, when we dinna ken what straits he may be in. That Tower o' London maun be an awfu' place : folks say there are wild beasts there ; but, beasts or no beasts, we maun try to get at the earl."

" But, Maggie," answered her husband, " how can we help him, when he's sae straitly shut up and watched ?"

" A gowden key will open ony lock ; and we canna

better ware our siller than in gieing a pickle o't to him that has a right to a' that we hae."

"I dinna begrudge the siller, and I would soon let you see that, if I kent how to get it to him."

"I ken a way to get it to him; but, I'm no gaun to tell you what it is, for ye wad be saying, this 'll no do, and that 'll no do; but just gie me ane o' your bit bags o' gowd, and ask nae questions about it."

"Weel, gudewife," said Tullishill, "I'll let you tak your ain way this time; but, for the future, I tell ye plainly, I'll hae mair to say in my ain house; nae man likes to see his wife aye roosed up, and himsel' cast by like an auld kail runt."

"Fye, gudeman!" said Maggie, with a coaxing smile; "how can ye speak that gate, when a' body kens ye hae half o' the haill sense i' the parish. I doubt na that ye would guide this matter far better than me; but I hae just ta'en a notion to try, and ye're no to say me nay."

"Weel, Maggie, a wilfu' wife will hae her way; sae there's the key o' my kist, and ye may mak a kirk and a mill o' the money bags in't. But I'll awa to my bed, for this ill news has made me heavy."

"Ye canna do better," said Maggie; who, as soon as the old man was out of hearing, cried—"Run, Menie; run ower the brae, and tell Jamie to come down to the back o' the fail dyke, for I want to speak anent a matter o' life and death."

As soon as she had seen Menie set out on this mission, Maggie placed her good Culross girdle on the fire;

and with eager haste baked a large bannock, which she seasoned with a costly ingredient. She also bound up in her long hair, under her head-gear, some of the same talismanic dross. These operations were scarcely performed, when Menie returned to tell her that Jamie was waiting at the dyke. Away went Maggie; and after a short conference she returned to the house, and bidding Menie bring her a sheet of paper and the bottle of ink, she sat down to the difficult task of inditing a letter. This important affair completed, she kissed Menie, and sent her off to bed. Maggie's next exploit was to array herself in the Sunday clothes of Malcolm, the young shepherd. She then knelt down and fervently asked a blessing on her undertaking; then resigning herself to the protection of Heaven, she softly opened the door, and was quickly joined by Jamie, who was to be her companion on this mission of gratitude and mercy.

The amazement of Tullishill at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, may be more easily conceived than described; and he was becoming seriously alarmed, when Menie suddenly recollected that Maggie had written a letter the preceding evening: it was searched for, and found. It ran thus:—"I ken, Tullishill, there will be a bonnie hobblesheew when I am missed the morn; but, gudeman, I'm going on an errand o' mercy; and I hae *Him* for my guide that nane can withstand; so keep up your heart, for I am in safe hands; and dinna be short and dorty with Menie, for with a' her wee fau'ts, (and wha's without them), she's a gude bairn,

and likes ye better than she whiles lets on. And tell her I hae taken her faithfu' doo with me to help me to find out the road ; so she need na be feared when she misses it. I hae nae muckle mair to say : I doubt na ye 'll no forget to ask a blessing on me night and morning ; and that ye may be heard is the prayer of your loving wife till death—MAGGIE."

During her long and fatiguing journey, Maggie had abundant leisure to arrange her future plans ; and, after much consideration, she resolved to assume the dress and deportment of a beggar, and to affect a silliness of manner which would prevent the gaoler of the earl from suspecting that any sinister design lurked beneath her desire to see the prisoner. As soon, therefore, as she reached London, she changed her shepherd's garb for some tattered female habiliments, over which she flung a hodden grey cloak. She then stained her face and throat, so as to give her skin a brown and weather-beaten appearance ; and, hiding her long hair under a close coif, she slung two or three meal bags round her neck. Then, wrapping her bannock up in her apron, she forthwith proceeded to the Tower ; being guided by Jamie, who had previously reconnoitred the premises, but who took care not to appear to have any connection with the silly beggar. Some of Old Noll's grim-visaged soldiers were lounging about when Maggie reached the Tower. She, however, affected not to see them, and looked round her with a vacant air ; then suddenly approaching the soldiers, she dropped a low curtsy, and said —
" Mony happy days to your honours ; will I sing you

a sang?" and without waiting for an answer, she immediately began to sing —

"Thou hast left me ever, Jamie."

"Away with ye, you old Scotch witch! and let us hear no more of your profane ballads," said one of the soldiers.

"Let her alone, Tom," said another soldier, who spoke with a Scottish accent; "the woman is doing no harm, and if she were ten times uglier than she is, you cannot deny that she has a pipe as clear as a lark."

"Oh! you think so, because she sings the songs of your cold country."

"There's a bonny sang that begins this way," said Maggie —

"The king rade round the Merecleugh head,
Booted and spurred, as we a' did see;
Syne dined wi' a lass at Mossfennan yett,
A little below the Logan Lee"—

"I'll sing you the rest some other time; but, Sirs, ye maun now take me to my jo, for I've come a long way to see him."

"And who may your jo be, my pretty dear?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Wha should he be, but the grand earl that ye hae caged up here for naething that I ken o'. Now, my bonnie lad," she continued, turning to her champion, "just gang and let him out, and him and me will step cannily awa back to Lammermuir. He'll be

company for me on the road ; for, oh ! I wearied sair coming siccan a lang gate without a living soul to say — ‘ Maggie, how are ye : ’ odd, I was whiles fain to talk to my very meal pocks for want o’ better.”

“ And so you have really come all the way from Lammermuir to see the earl ? ” asked the soldier.

“ Ye may say that,” replied Maggie ; “ I trow there’s little else worth seeing in this wildernees o’ stane and lime : but I’ll tell you a’ about it. Ye maun ken when I heard that the earl was locked up here, says I to mysel, Maggie, says I, it’s mair than likely that thae daft Englishers haena the sense to bake a bannock for the earl ; so, says I, by my faith Maggie, ye’ll just bake ane yoursel ; and nae doubt the earl will be weel pleased to see ony thing that puts him in mind o’ the bonny Lammermuir hills. So, ye see, sirs, that I ran and baked my bannock, and toasted my bannock ; and mair than that, I hae carried my bannock up to Lon’on town : and now, let ane o’ ye, like a gude bairn, tak’ me to the earl. He has been kind to me and my forbears, and I ken it will warm his heart to see ony thing frae Lammermuir ; so just let me ben.”

“ It is impossible, good woman,” said her friendly countryman ; “ no one is permitted to see the earl.”

“ Oh ! dinna say that, dinna say that ! ” exclaimed Maggie, while the tears started in her eyes, as she laid her hand on the soldier’s arm, and looked imploringly in his face.

“ I cannot help you,” said her friend ; “ but here

comes the warden of the Tower; perhaps he may allow you to have admittance."

"What is the matter?" asked the warden.

"This poor creature, sir," replied Maggie's friend, "has walked all the way from Scotland to see the earl of Lauderdale. She talks in a rambling sort of a way; but from what I can gather it would appear that the earl has been very kind to her in former days, when probably she was a retainer of the family, and she has taken this way of shewing her gratitude."

"And what for no?" said Maggie: "may the wild hawks pike out my een when I forget what he has done for me and mine. As you would wish to find grace in your hour o' need," continued Maggie, falling on her knees before the warden, "let me see the earl. I'll just gie him this bannock that was baked in auld Scotland, and then I'll daunder awa down to the Lammermuir hills, and tell them a' that I hae seen the earl; and the daisies and the blooming heather will haud their heads up at the grand news; but I'll haud mine higher."

Struck with the fidelity and gratitude of Maggie, the warden consented that she should be allowed to see the earl.

"But mind," said Maggie, "there are nane o' you to gang in with me: I couldna thole that; for young lassies like me are unco shame-faced; so me and the earl will just hae a crack to ourselves."

"Let her be humoured," said the benevolent warden; "fidelity to the unfortunate entitles even a

beggar to respect ;” and cutting short Maggie’s benedictions, he committed her to the care of her good-natured advocate whom he ordered to conduct her to the apartment of the earl.

“ Oh, man !” said Maggie to her guide, as he led her on ; “ I wish I could let ye in to hae a crack with the earl ; it would do your heart gude to hear me telling him a’ about our bonnie country and its bit burns and streams — the Ettrick and the Slitterick, the Feeder and the Leader, the Fala and the Gala, the Ayle and the Cayle, the Yod and the Jed, the Blackater, the Whittater, the Teviot, and the Tweed. But I doubt it wadna answer to take ye in with me ; the earl mightna like to be fashed with fremit folk.”

“ I dare say not,” replied the soldier, good-naturedly ; “ but this is the door of the earl’s room ; I must lock you in ; but I’ll not be long in coming for you.”

No sooner did Maggie find herself in the presence of the earl, than hurrying up to him, she dropped on her knees, and amidst sobs and tears cried out — “ Wae’s me, wae’s me, that I suld ever see this day !”

“ Who are you, my good woman ? and what has brought you here ?” asked the earl.

“ Wha suld I be but Muirside Maggie, that ye took out o’ the mirk pit o’ grief ; and I maun hae had a heart like a whinstane if I could hae forgotten a’ ye hae done for us. But I maun haste to tell my errand. This is what brought me here,” she continued, snatching off her cap, and unplaiting her long hair from which fell a goodly number of gold pieces.

"Why Maggie! this is like a fairy tale," said the earl."

"I've mair yet! I've mair yet!" cried Maggie, as she broke the bannock and showed it to the earl stuffed full of gold; "I havena time to pike the gold out o' the bannock, so ye maun e'en just let me put it in your pouch;" and Maggie hastily crammed the bannock into the earl's pocket.

"Well, Maggie," said the earl, considerably affected by this proof of her gratitude, "I accept of the assistance you have brought me, in the same spirit in which it is offered. It may, perhaps, be the means of helping me to my own again; and should that day ever arrive, you and your's will not be forgotten."

"Dinna speak that gate; it's only your ain that I've brought you; if we served ye by night and by day on our bended knees, it would be a' ower little for your mercy to us in the days of our great distress. But, gude sake, there is the sodger! I maun awa; Oh! get out o' this place as fast as you can, and come hame again to your ain bonny heathery hills."

The soldier now appeared, and conducted Maggie to the Tower gate, where she found Jamie waiting for her.

"It's a' right," said Maggie; but dinna speak to me yet; I'll tell you a' about it when we get into the hostelrie."

We shall not stop to describe Maggie's journey home, nor the joy with which she was received there. Suffice it, that Tullishill's heart was so much softened

by happiness at her safe return, which the good dame insisted was in consequence of Jamie's great care of her, that he consented to the immediate marriage of the lovers.

To complete Maggie's delight, she soon after heard that her golden key had unlocked the prison of the earl, who made his escape to Holland. The Restoration soon afterwards relieved him from his troubles, and advanced him to higher worldly prosperity than he or his family had ever previously enjoyed; and he had gratitude and good feeling enough (whatever was his general character as a private man, or as a party politician) to reward the generous devotedness of Maggie, by giving her and her husband a free lease of Tullishill for the term of their own lives, and that of their daughter Menie. This boon of honour and gratitude was conferred by the hands of the earl himself, who at the same time threw round his benefactor's neck a rich silver chain for the adornment of her handsome person — a gift still carefully preserved by the descendants of the family, respectable farmers in Berwickshire, as a memorial of the singular and fortunate enterprise of 'Muirside Maggie.'

THIRTY YEARS.*

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

SUMMERS I 've numbered three times ten,
I'm a fitting mate for the goodliest men —
Yet the blood red-rushing from my heart,
With a flood of life to each colder part,
Recoils, like a steed from hostile spears,
When I think of what will be in Thirty Years.

In Thirty Years, these locks so gay
Will be thinned, or grizzled, or worn away ;
This eye, like a long-forsaken hearth,
Will sparkle no more with the fire of mirth ;
O'er the smooth white of an ample brow
Will lie frequent tracks of Time's rusty plough :
The rose will fly from my sinking cheek,
My mellow tones will wax sharp and weak ;
The limb that seems turned in ivory
Will sink like the branch of a blasted tree ;
And the faithful face of the looking-glass
Will show but the phantom of what I was.

* It may be as well to observe that the age and person of the moralizer have been selected solely with a view to the forcible illustration of the sentiment.

Nor is it the worst that a noble form
Must yield up its core to the canker-worm —
Other and darker change may come,
With dismal signs of a certain doom ;
Age can fix its stern controul
Over the heart and over the soul :
It can sweep the heart of its high-wrought feelings,
It can rob the soul of its bright revealings ;
The hate that rolled like hell's sulphur tide,
May to a stagnant pool subside ;
The love that blazed, a celestial flame,
May wane to a glimmering of shame,
A wretched flicker that guides to gold
For which the dotard's peace is sold.
And the spirit — the spirit ! — whose far-away flight
Mocks the tardy motion of light,
Which, by its own great impulse driven,
Roams free in the limitless walks of heaven —
May quiver and fall, like a butterfly,
When a storm has blackened the summer sky —
A thing of pitiful hopes and fears
Crushed by the trample of Thirty Years.

Thirty summers past and gone,
Are crumpled by Memory into one ;
Still doth thy screech-owl, Wisdom ! hover
Around and shriek " the best is over !"
The touch of the Harpy years has tainted
The glorious banquet Fancy painted ;
As a felon whose day of hope is done,
Who meets his farewell morning sun,

I see that my sands will soon be flown—
While in life's cold hall I must watch alone,
With nought to remind me of by-gone hours,
But dying torches, and fading flowers,
And bread that hath polluted been,
And fruit all rottenness within,
And wine that turns young smiles to tears—
Such is the promise of Thirty Years.

ON RETURNING FROM ABROAD.

LAND of my fathers, sea-girt Albion, hail !
Hail ! to thy cliffs, where the proud Cross of Red
Floats o'er the unconquered steep : Soon shall I tread
Once more thy green turf over hill and dale.
Now driving free before the favouring gale,
High swells my heart, by busy memory led
O'er by-gone days, when rapture's tears were shed
Amidst thy cloud-capt mountains.—Fling the sail
Yet wider to the winds ! Speed on, my bark—
Speed, like a courser, through the sparkling foam :
Soon shalt thou gain the goal—for now I mark
Thy well-known haven, with its ancient dome
Bright o'er the blue waves rising—ay, and hark !
The bells—the curfew bells—welcome the wanderer
home !

LEYDEN, *May 1, 1829.*

ST. C. M.



Printed by T. Swinburn R.A.

Engraved by W.A. Wood

THE SPAR WIFE.

Published by T. Swinburn & Co. 3, Cornhill

THE SPAEWIFE.

WHERE Grubet's ancient copsewood skirts the vale,
 Fringing the thymy braes of pastoral Cayle,
 Near to the spot where oft, in other times,
 Our gentle Thomson tuned his youthful rhymes,
 (Deserted now, for good Sir William's race
 Are 'wed away' and 'gathered to their place ;)*
 Beyond the hamlet, 'neath an aged tree,
 Crooning some scrap of ballad minstrelsy,
 Sits the old crone — prepared with cunning tale
 To cozen yonder damsels of the dale,
 Whose smiles but half conceal the fluttering qualm
 With which they yield in turn the anxious palm ;
 While, o'er the pale, sly Sandy of the Mill
 Lends in a hint to help the gipsy's skill.

* Sir William Bennet of Grubet was the early patron of the poets Thomson and Allan Ramsay. It was at his seat on Cayle Water, a branch of the Teviot, that Thomson is said to have written several of his juvenile pieces ; and there is still a tradition current in the vicinity, that the impressive description, in his 'Winter,' of a man perishing in the snows, was suggested by an affecting incident of this sort which occurred at a neighbouring farm, during one of the poet's Christmas visits. Grubet is now a mere pastoral hamlet. The last of Sir William's descendants was 'gathered to his place,' as the country people quaintly but touchingly express it, about seventy years ago.

Old Madge the Spaewife, though now worn and frail,
Can travel still her rounds from Jed to Cayle ;
With panniered donkey trudging o'er the moors
To bear her almous-bag for winter stores ;
While frugal housewives, scolding as they give
The wonted handful, add—' Poor Madge maun live ;'
And maidens, though demure, are willing still
To purchase sixpence-worth of gipsy skill,
Even at the hazard of a stern rebuke,
Should such colleaguings meet some elder's look.
—Thus Madge contrives to 'make a fend.'* But time
Has sadly changed her since her stalwart prime,
When straight and tall, with locks like raven's wing,
She roamed, the jocund mate of gipsy king ;
Now bent and palsied, cowering in her cloak,
While 'neath the hood steals out the silvery lock,
We scarce can recognise the form and mien
Of her who once was 'every inch a queen.'
Yet still she tells, as from the chimney nook
She awes the rustics with a sibyl's look,
How, in the blithe and boisterous days of old,
Ere clanship's links were broke or blood grew cold,
A hundred kinsmen drank her bridal ale
To whom both Tweed and Tyne had paid black-mail ;

* Madge the Spaewife is not a sketch from fancy, but from real life—although the author has in some respects blended the features of two gipsies of this name and vocation, who were well known to him in his boyhood. The elder of these was Madge Gordon (grand-daughter of the famous Jean Gordon, the prototype of Meg Merrilies), of whom a description was given in the first No. of Blackwood's Magazine, which has recently had the honour of being quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his interesting introduction to the tale of Guy Mannering, in the new edition of the Waverley novels. The younger Madge may probably be still alive.

And how her friends, from Humber to the Tay,
Sped at her call to lykewake or to fray.
“But times are changed,” she adds; “Och! weel I trow,
Kin are grown fremd—and blood’s but water now!”

Poor Madge!—And yet, perchance, in other guise,
Our own regrets are not a whit more wise.
Comparing the dull present with the past,
The afternoon of life seems overcast,—
Not that the sun his brightness has withdrawn,
But *we* have lost the freshness of our dawn.

Ay! while I dally with this rustic strain,
Blithe schoolboy days come back to me again:
Th’ adventurous rambles high o’er Hounam fells;
The feast of blaeberries by Wearie’s Wells;
The harrying of hawk-nests on Græmeslaw rock;
The hunts at CraggyCleugh of tod or brock;
Long quiet days of lonely angling sport;
Long hours by mirthful converse rendered short,—
When by the Manse, beside the cherry trees,
We tilled our little plots ’mong flowers and bees,
With hearts like that fair garden in the spring
When buds unfold and birds break forth to sing;
And he, the good old Pastor, smiling nigh,
And lifting aye, at times, our thoughts on high —
“How happily the years of Thalaba went by!”

But where’s our Spaewife?—With her tawny brood,
I see her sitting ’neath old Gaitshaw wood;

Her asses grazing down the broomy dale,
And Faa, her husband, fishing in the Cayle.

'Tis thirty years since, near that very spot,
Just where the stream sweeps round old Elshie's cot,
Madge stopped me at the ford to spae my lot ;
And, poring o'er my palm with earnest look,
Said that my name should be in printed book ;
For I (a scape-grace then some nine years old)
Should travel to far lands, and gather gold ;
Should be a scholar — wed a ' gentle bride' —
And build a castle fair on Teviot's side :
—“ And this shall sooth betide,” quoth black-browed
Madge,
“ Ere nine times thrice the haw grows on the hedge.”

My Sibyl's *spae-weird*, like Pelides' prayer,
Was half fulfilled, half lost in empty air :
I grew a scholar—*such* as Madge foretold ;
Became a traveller—but caught no gold ;
Was wedded — but (thank Heaven !) with happier fate
Than to be matched with a patrician mate,
Though here my fortune, faithful to the letter,
Failing the gipsy's meaning, found a better.
—But, castle-building !—that has been my joy,
In all my wanderings ever since a boy ;
Not in the Greek or Gothic style restored,
Or on Sir Walter's plan at Abbotsford,—
But, scorning line and plummet, rule and square,
I build ('tis most convenient) in the air !

THE POET'S OAK.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I.

I've planted thee, I've planted thee
Fast by the fountain side,
And watered thee—in gladness rise,
Assume thy summer pride.
I've planted thee, I've planted thee
Where wild-deer come to drink,
Fast by a rivulet running clear,
With lilies on its brink : —
The dew is on the barley's blade,
The lark is in the sky,
The sun is up ;—put on thy robes,
And lift thy green head high.

II.

I planted thee, I planted thee
What time the leaf was down,
And now the young doves seek thy boughs,
The thrushes, too, are flown.
Sink thy strong roots deep in the earth,
Lift high thy budding bough,
Yon tree that shadows half the vale,
Was once what thou art now.
The elm is for the shrouded dead,
The ash for ploughman's hand ;
But thou, proud oak ! wert born to give
Green Britain wide command.

III.

I've planted thee, I've planted thee —
All other trees are mean
Compared with thee, thou'rt more to me
Than aught that groweth green.
Beneath thy forebears' boughs his rest
The laurelled Cæsar took,
And in their shade their conqueror plumes
The sable Edwards shook :
And thou, with terror on thy front,
And mercy on thy lee,
Hast yet to sail ; -- what kings of earth
Can match the kings of sea ?

IV.

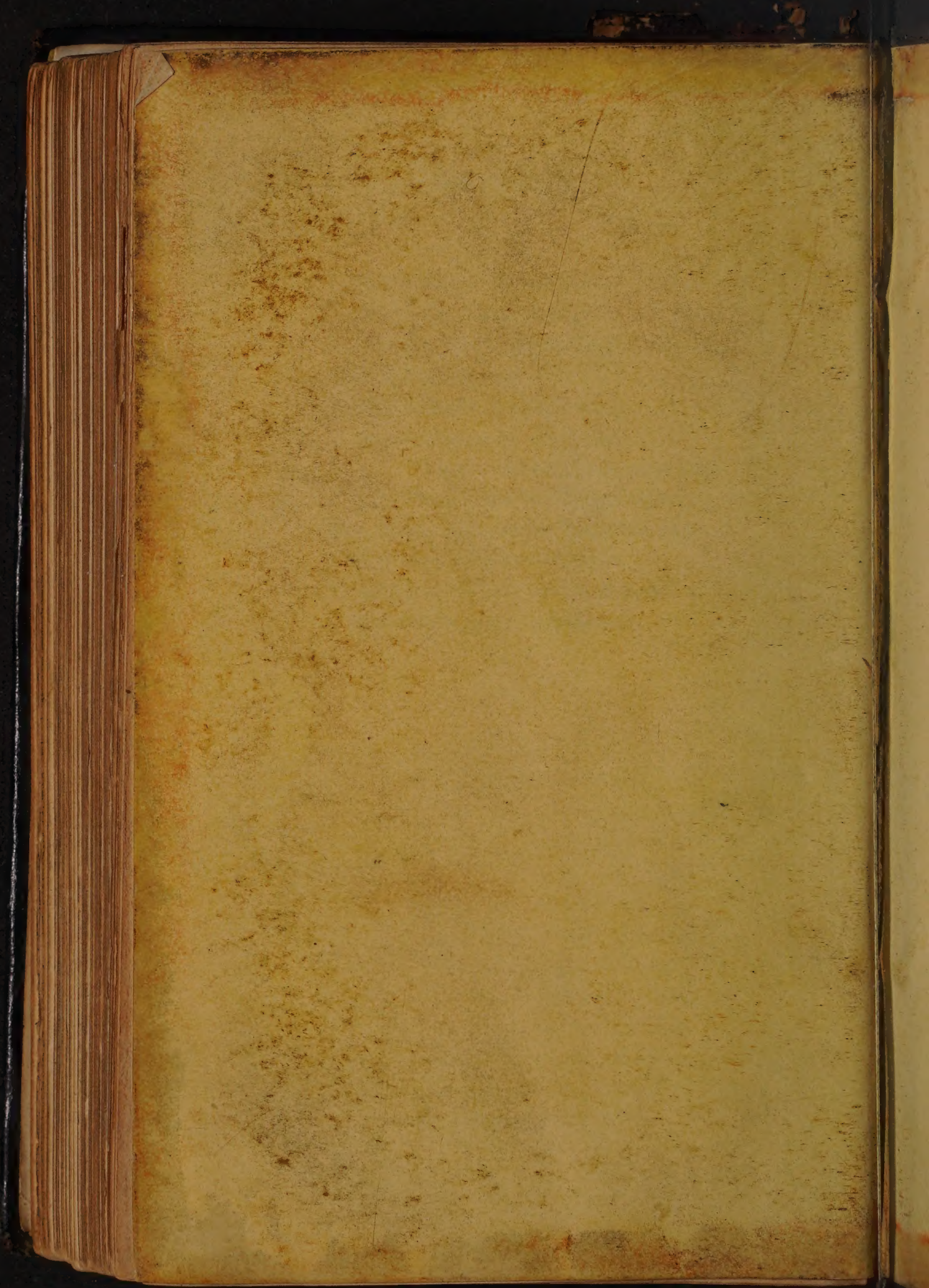
I've planted thee, I've planted thee —
Grow tall, and straight, and fair;
High wilt thou climb (when I am low)
And dwell in sunny air.
Five hundred summer suns are thine,
Five hundred winter showers;
Round thee shall autumn rear her corn,
And summer nurse her flowers;
Upon thy boughs a thousand birds
Shall build their nests and sing,
A thousand pheasants gather in
Their brood beneath the wing.

V.

Round thee shall England's gladsome sons
And lovesome daughters meet,
What time there's music o'er their heads,
And flowers beneath their feet.
Round thee the gipsy's bright-eyed brood
Shall cast the tattered cloak,
And fix, in joy, their roving camp
Beside their favourite oak;
And deal out single blessedness,
And wedded fortune free,
And glad men's hearts with airy hopes,
As fortune gladdens me.

VI.

I planted thee, I planted thee,
Not for thy golden fruit,
Nor for thy bloom, nor thy perfume —
So anchor deep thy root.
Thou'lt be in time a gallant ship,
And bear the conquering cannon
Of those three famed sea-kings, who come
From Thames and Tweed and Shannon.
And though his name be mute who sings
This strain so rude and free ;
There's something of his spirit lives
While there is strength in thee.



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